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NME

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

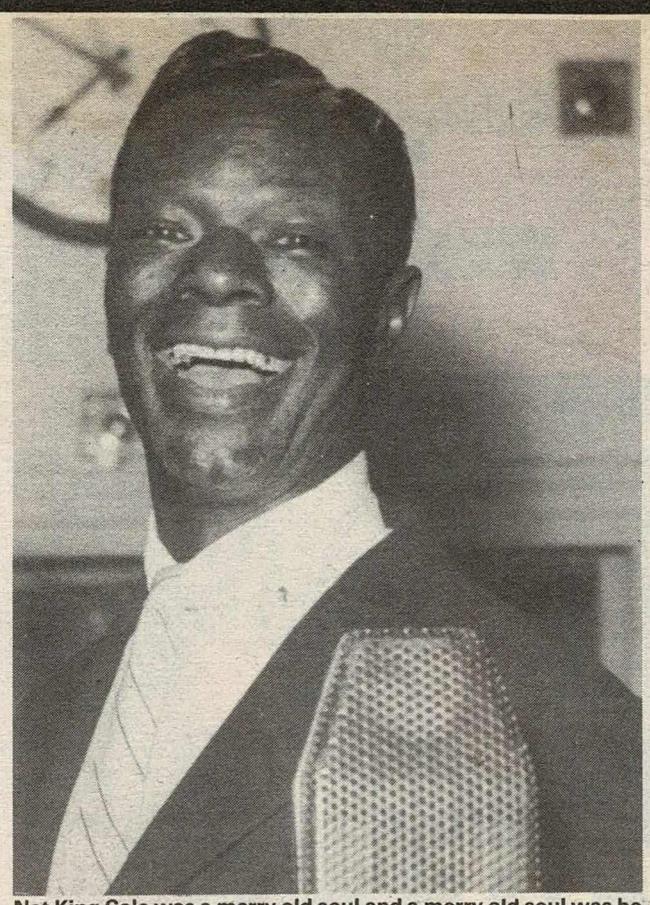
E.T.
THE COINING OF A CULTURAL CLICHÉ
by Andy Gill

MR MIDNIGHT
THE SEX, SOUL AND SUCCESS OF MARVIN GAYE
by Gavin Martin

Marving Gaye with a midnight lady, his ex-wife Anna Gordy. Pic Peter Anderson.

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	14	**THE BEAT SURRENDER**	**The Jam (Polydor)**	2	1
2	1	MIRROR MAN	Human League (Virgin)	4	1
3	3	YOUNG GUNS (GO FOR IT)	Wham! (Innervision)	4	3
4	6	SAVE YOUR LOVE	Rene & Renato (Hollywood)	4	4
5	11	TRULY	Lionel Richie (Motown)	3	5
6	23	TIME (CLOCK OF THE HEART)	Culture Club (Virgin)	2	6
7	7	LIVING ON THE CEILING	Blancmange (London)	5	7
8	9	RIO	Duran Duran (EMI)	4	8
9	2	I DON'T WANNA DANCE	Eddy Grant (Ice)	8	1
10	21	HYMN	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	2	10
11	10	WISHING (If I Had A Photograph of You)	Flock Of Seagulls (Jive)	3	10
12	15	YOUTH OF TODAY	Musical Youth (MCA)	3	12
13	17	THE OTHER SIDE OF LOVE	Yazoo (Mute)	3	13
14	20	OUR HOUSE	Madness (Stiff)	2	14
15	(4)	HEARTBREAKER	Dionne Warwick (Arista)	6	1
16	19	BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES	Modern Romance (WEA)	3	16
17	28	WHERE THE HEART IS	Soft Cell (Some Bizarre)	2	17
18	(—)	LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT	Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	1	18
19	5	(SEXUAL) HEALING	Marvin Gaye (CBS)	5	4
20	8	MAD WORLD	Tears For Fears (Mercury)	7	3
21	(—)	FRIENDS	Shalamar (Solar)	1	21
22	22	STATE OF INDEPENDENCE	Donna Summer (Warner Bros)	5	13
23	12	CRY BOY CRY	Blue Zoo (Magnet)	4	12
24	(—)	I CONFESS	Beat (Go-Feet)	1	24
25	13	THEME FROM HARRY'S GAME	Clannad (RCA)	5	5
26	(—)	YOU CAN'T HURRY LOVE	Phil Collins (Virgin)	1	26
27	(—)	BUFFALO GALS	Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	1	27
28	30	IT'S RAINING AGAIN	Supertramp (A&M)	3	25
29	29	TALK TALK	Talk Talk (EMI)	2	29
30	(—)	PEACE ON EARTH/LITTLE DRUMMER BOY	David Bowie & Bing Crosby (RCA)	1	30



Nat King Cole was a merry old soul and a merry old soul was he. He sung hits for Capitol and he sung for the BBC. And now his 'Great Love Songs' scale sixth in the long players of *NME*.

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**THE SINGLES — THE FIRST TEN YEARS**	**Abba (Epic)**	3	1
2	7	THE JOHN LENNON COLLECTION	John Lennon (Parlophone)	3	2
3	9	PEARLS II	Elkie Brooks (A&M)	4	3
4	6	FROM THE MAKERS OF	Status Quo (Vertigo)	4	3
5	4	THE KIDS FROM FAME	Various (BBC)	20	1
6	10	GREAT LOVE SONGS	Nat King Cole (EMI TV)	3	6
7	(—)	CODA	Led Zeppelin (Swansong)	1	7
8	2	HEARTBREAKER	Dionne Warwick (Arista)	6	1
9	12	RIO	Duran Duran (EMI)	25	2
10	8	SINGLES — 45s & UNDER	Squeeze (A&M)	5	2
11	3	I WANNA DO IT WITH YOU	Barry Manilow (Arista)	2	3
12	5	HELLO I MUST BE GOING	Phil Collins (Virgin)	5	2
13	14	REFLECTIONS	Various (CBS)	8	7
14	13	MIDNIGHT LOVE	Marvin Gaye (CBS)	3	11
15	26	CHART HITS '82	Various (K-Tel)	3	12
16	(—)	THE YOUTH OF TODAY	Musical Youth (MCA)	1	16
17	25	LIONEL RICHIE	Lionel Richie (Motown)	2	17
18	17	GIVE ME YOUR HEART TONIGHT	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	9	3
19	27	LOVE OVER GOLD	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	11	1
20	15	CHART WARS	Various (Ronco)	2	15
21	11	SAINTS AN' SINNERS	Whitesnake (Liberty)	2	11
22	19	KILLER ON THE RAMPAGE	Eddy Grant (Ice)	2	22
23	(—)	GREATEST HITS	Olivia Newton-John (EMI)	5	11
24	20	THE RISE AND FALL	Madness (Stiff)	4	7
25	21	FAMOUS LAST WORDS	Supertramp (A&M)	5	5
26	22	KISSING TO BE CLEVER	Culture Club (Virgin)	8	2
27	18	UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S	Yazoo (Mute)	14	1
28	13	THE KIDS FROM FAME AGAIN	Various (K-Tel)	8	1
29	(—)	WILD THINGS RUN FAST	Joni Mitchell (Geffen)	1	29
30	(—)	LOVE SONGS	Diana Ross (K-Tel)	1	30

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(2)	**For You**	Anti Nowhere League (WXYZ)
2	(1)	**The Other Side Of Love**	Yazoo (Mute)
3	(3)	**Give Me Fire**	GBH (Clay)
4	(4)	**Shipbuilding.**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
5	(6)	**East World**	Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
6	(5)	**How Does It Feel**	Crass (Crass)
7	(8)	**Save Your Love**	Rene & Renato (Hollywood)
8	(15)	**Summer Of '81**	Violators (No Future)
9	(12)	**Chinese Take Away**	Adicts (Razor)
10	(9)	**Into The Abyss**	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
11	(11)	**Shake Up The City**	UK Subs (Abstract)
12	(22)	**Alice**	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)
13	(7)	**Drumbeat For Baby**	Weekend (R Trade)
14	(23)	**Groovin' In Green**	March Violets (Merciful Release)
15	(—)	**Heartache Avenue**	Maisonettes (RSG)
16	(16)	**Russian Roulette**	Lords Of The New Church (Illegal)
17	(21)	**State Violence**	Discharge (Clay)
18	(—)	**Government Control**	Expelled (Riot City)
19	(—)	**Keep On Running**	Crux Crash (No Future)
20	(17)	**Agents Of Change EP**	Blue Orchids (Rough Trade)
21	(30)	**All About You**	Thomas Leer (Cherry Red)
22	(—)	**Christmas Bop**	Marc Bolan (Marc On Wax)
23	(14)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
24	(29)	**Burn 'Em Down**	Abrasive Wheels (Riot City)
25	(26)	**Lullabies**	Cocteau Twins (4AD)
26	(24)	**Day Tripper**	The Wall (No Future)
27	(25)	**Weary Of The Flesh**	Andy T (Crass)
28	(18)	**Baby Turns Blue**	Virgin Prunes (R Trade)
29	(19)	**Woman In Disguise**	Angelic Upstarts (Anagram)
30	(—)	**More Than A Dream**	Farmers Boys (Backs)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(3)	**La Variete**	Weekend (Rough Trade)
2	(2)	**Upstairs At Eric's**	Yazoo (Mute)
3	(7)	**The Sound Of Music**	Adicts (Razor)
4	(1)	**Voice Of A Generation**	Blitz (No Future)
5	(15)	**I'd Like To See You Again**	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
6	(4)	**When The Punks Go Marching In**	Abrasive Wheels (Riot City)
7	(8)	**If I Die, I Die**	Virgin Prunes (Rough Trade)
8	(5)	**Seduction**	Danse Society (Society)
9	(11)	**Burning Ambition — The History of Punk**	Various (Cherry Red)
10	(16)	**Pigs On Purpose**	Nightingales (Cherry Red)
11	(6)	**Warrior Rock**	Toyah (Safari)
12	(13)	**Broken Frame**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
13	(19)	**The Maverick Years**	Wah (White Label)
14	(9)	**UB44**	UB40 (Dep International)
15	(10)	**Christ — The Album**	Crass (Crass)
16	(23)	**Nothing Can Stop Us Now**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
17	(24)	**Under The Flag**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
18	(20)	**Songs To Remember**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
19	(25)	**Dr John Sings Mac Rebennack**	Dr John (Demon)
20	(18)	**Garlands**	Cocteau Twins (4AD)
21	(—)	**We Are The League**	Anti-Nowhere League (WXYZ)
22	(12)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
23	(14)	**Defective Breakdown**	Defects (WXYZ)
24	(17)	**Bullshit Detector 2**	Various (Crass)
25	(21)	**City Baby Attacked By Rats**	GBH (Clay)
26	(26)	**United Skins**	Various (Boots And Braces)
27	(—)	**Blood And Thunder**	Outcasts (Abstract)
28	(—)	**Room To Live**	Fall (Kamera)
29	(—)	**Black Album**	Damned (Big Beat)
30	(—)	**Live At Shepperton**	Damned (Big Beat)

REGGAE SINGLES

1	**If This World Were Mine**	Dennis Brown (Tads)
2	**Hello Stranger**	Derek Lara (Pama)
3	**Gunshot**	Anthony Johnson/Jah Thomas/Ranking Toyan (Midnight)
4	**Untrue Love**	Marcia Griffiths (Intense)
5	**Sexual Healing**	Jimmy Riley (Taxi)
6	**Wild Like A Tiger**	Eek A Mouse (Greensleeves)
7	**Special Lover**	Freddy McGregor (Music Works)
8	**You Baby**	Linval Thompson (Thompson Sounds)
9	**Lovers Race/Mix Up**	Suger Minott (Black Roots)
10	**Open Book**	Barrington Levy (Oak Sound)
11	**Fly Me Away**	Jr Brown/Shaka (Shaka)
12	**Rocking Time/Stop The Fussing & Fighting**	Dennis Brown (Yvonne Special)
13	**You Just Talking**	Michael Prophet (Greensleeves)
14	**Raggy Joey Boy**	Tapper Zukie (Mobilizer)
15	**Just My Imagination**	Al Campbell (Exclusive)

REGGAE ALBUMS

1	**Dub Me Crazy Pt 2**	Shaka/Mad Professor (Ariwa)
2	**Harvest Time**	Don Carlos (Negus Roots)
3	**DJ Explosion (Live)**	Various Artists (Heartbeat)
4	**Jungle Fresh**	Mikey Dread (DATC)
5	**Mi Cyaan Believe It**	Michael Smith (Island)

Compiled by Daddy Kool

US SINGLES

1	**Truly**	Lionel Richie (Motown)
2	**Gloria**	Laura Branigan (Atlantic)
3	**Mickey**	Toni Basil (Radial Choice)
4	**Maneater**	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
5	**Heartlight**	Neil Diamond (Columbia)
6	**Up Where We Belong**	Joe Cocker & Jennifer Warnes (Island)
7	**Steppin Out**	Joe Jackson (A&M)
8	**The Girl Is Mine**	Michael Jackson/Paul McCartney (Epic)
9	**Dirty Laundry**	Don Henley (Asylum)
10	**Muscles**	Diana Ross (RCA)

US ALBUMS

1	**Business As Usual**	Men At Work (Columbia)
2	**Built For Speed**	Stray Cats (EMI-America)
3	**Lionel Richie**	Lionel Richie (Motown)
4	**Night & Day**	Joe Jackson (A&M)
5	**Famous Last Words**	Supertramp (A&M)
6	**H_2O**	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
7	**The Nylon Curtain**	Billy Joel (Columbia)
8	**Midnight Love**	Marvin Gaye (Columbia)
9	**Heartlight**	Neil Diamond (Columbia)
10	**Get Nervous**	Pat Benatar (Chrysalis)

Courtesy Billboard

CANADA

1	**Up Where We Belong**	Joe Cocker & Jennifer Warnes (Island)
2	**The Look Of Love**	ABC (Mercury)
3	**It's Raining Again**	Supertramp (A&M)
4	**Steppin' Out**	Joe Jackson (A&M)
5	**Pressure**	Billy Joel (CBS)
6	**Maneater**	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
7	**Gloria**	Laura Branigan (Atlantic)
8	**Da Da Da**	Trio (Mercury)
9	**Rock This Town**	Stray Cats (Arista)
10	**Heart Attack**	Olivia Newton-John (MCA)

Courtesy CBC/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	**Mull Of Kintyre**	Wings (Parlophone)
2	**How Deep Is Your Love**	Bee Gees (RSO)
3	**Floral Dance**	Brighouse & Rastrick Band (Logo)
4	**Egyptian Reggae**	Jonathan Richman (Beserkley)
5	**I Will**	Ruby Winters (Creole)
6	**Dancin' Party**	Showaddywaddy (Arista)
7	**Put Your Love On Me**	Hot Chocolate (Rak)
8	**Rockin' All Over The World**	Status Quo (Vertigo)
9	**Daddy Cool**	Darts (Magnet)
10	**Love's Unkind**	Donna Summer (GTO)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	**Gudbuy T'Jane**	Slade (Polydor)
2	**My Ding-A-Ling**	Chuck Berry (Chess)
3	**Crazy Horses**	Osmonds (MGM)
4	**What Made Milwaukee Famous/Angel**	Rod Stewart (Mercury)
5	**Ben**	Michael Jackson (Tamla Motown)
6	**Crocodile Rock**	Elton John (DJM)
7	**Solid Gold Easy Action**	T. Rex (T. Rex)
8	**Long Haired Lover From Liverpool**	Little Jimmy Osmond (MGM)
9	**Why**	Donny Osmond (MGM)
10	**Lookin' Through The Windows**	Jackson Five (Tamla Motown)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	**Hello Goodbye**	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	**Let The Heartaches Begin**	Long John Baldry (Pye)
3	**Something's Gotten Hold Of My Heart**	Gene Pitney (Stateside)
4	**Everybody Knows**	Dave Clark Five (Columbia)
5	**If The Whole World Stopped Lovin'**	Val Doonican (Pye)
6	**Careless Hands**	Des O'Connor (Columbia)
7	**I'm Coming Home**	Tom Jones (Decca)
8	**World**	Bee Gees (Polydor)
9	**All My Love**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
10	**Magical Mystery Tour (EP)**	Beatles (Parlophone)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	**Return To Sender**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
2	**Lovesick Blues**	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
3	**Sun Arise**	Rolf Harris (Columbia)
4	**The Next Time**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
5	**Bobby's Girl**	Susan Maugham (Philips)
6	**Guitar Man**	Duane Eddy (RCA)
7	**Let's Dance**	Chris Montez (London)
8	**Swiss Maid**	Del Shannon (London)
9	**Rockin' Around The Christmas Tree**	Brenda Lee (Brunswick)
10	**Telstar**	Tornadoes (Decca)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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Destiny deferred

SPEAR OF DESTINY, the Theatre Of Hate splinter band launched by Kirk Brandon and Stan Stammers, have called off their debut tour which should have opened last weekend.

A spokesman explained that it's because of recording commitments, as they have to complete their first album by the end of the year.

With three dates already down the drain, a further ten gigs were scheduled from tonight (Thursday) onwards, climaxing at London's National Ballroom on December 22. But the band say that all cancelled dates will be re-scheduled for around the end of January, to coincide with the LP's release. Meanwhile, Burning Rome Records will issue the outfit's debut single 'The Flying Scotsman' at the end of this month.

The band will, however, be playing just two shows before Christmas. The first is at St. Albans City Hall this Saturday (11), which is the only gig retained from their original schedule. And the other is a new booking at London Brixton Ace Cinema on Thursday, December 16, as one of the concerts being filmed for Channel 4's *Whatever You Want* series (transmitted on December 20) — special guests are Big Country.

Same old disband blues

THE BLUES BAND are the latest act to be caught up in this year's biggest craze amongst big-name outfits — namely, splitting up.

They announced at the weekend that their two previously reported Christmas shows at London Victoria The Venue on December 17 and 18 will be their final appearances.

Formed four years ago, they spearheaded a major blues and R&B revival in Britain, aided by an exceptionally strong line-up comprising Paul Jones, Dave Kelly, Gary Fletcher and Hughie Flint, the latter being replaced earlier this year by Rob Townsend. Their relatively short career has produced over 750 gigs, four albums, a feature film and numerous TV and radio appearances.

Although there's no official word on the subject, it seems likely that the decision was prompted by Paul Jones' ever-increasing stage commitments. However, the Dave Kelly Band will continue to function and — although it's stressed that this is *not* The Blues Band minus Paul Jones, since its repertoire is totally distinctive — the nucleus of the personnel is, nevertheless, drawn from The Blues Band.

● *KING TRIGGER'S future is in some doubt, following the departure of lead vocalist Sam Hodgkin, who has left the band to pursue a career in films — and, in fact, he is already on location in Italy. With their original drummer Trudi Baptiste also having left recently, the rest of the group are now said to be "considering their future".*

Gavin Prune. Pic J. Mahon

ICA'S '83 PRESS UPS

LONDON'S Institute of Contemporary Arts has now confirmed most of the acts for its latest Rock Week, starting on New Year's Eve and again sponsored by Capital Radio.

Object of this particular season is to predict the sounds of 1983, and it's being billed as "Press Gang" because the line-up has been chosen by members of the Music Press. With a few more names still to be confirmed, the running order so far is:

December 31 — Shriekback, Go Fundamental and The Restless Element (chosen by *Time Out*); January 1 — Pride, The Three Courgettes and The Ruby Turner Band *(The Face)*; January 4 — Oban, 3 Mustaphas 3 and Frank Chickens *(Collusion)*; January 5 — Wah!, Everything But The Girl, King and compere Gary Crowley *(Jamming)*; January 6 — The Box, The Chevalier Brothers and New Cabaret with Benjamin Zephaniah, Little Brother and Pauline Melville *(NME)*; January 7 — Hot Quisine, La Famille and Medium Wave Band *(Black Echoes)*; January 8 — Orchestre Jazira, Impossible Dreamer, Design For Living and compere Alexei Sayle *(City Limits)*.

Tickets for all shows are £3, plus 40p day pass for non-members. Capital will be recording all the concerts for subsequent broadcast. The venue is the ICA Theatre in The Mall.

SHOCK! HORROR! SPECIAL!

Hatchets out for Channel Four after pop show fiasco

TORY PRUDES SLAM PRUNES

"HORRIFYING, DISGUSTING, deeply offensive" — these are just some of the slurs that have been slung at Channel Four in the wake of last week's *Whatever You Want*.

Dublin primitives The Virgin Prunes opened the floodgates of outrage after a concert recorded at the Ace in Brixton.

It was here in the wastes of South West London that a wandering clergyman was "absolutely appalled" by scenes of "simulated intercourse and oral sex", and promptly complained to that self-appointed guardian of the nation's morals Mary Whitehouse. She was so shocked in her turn that she passed on his report to Home Secretary Willie Whitelaw.

That was the start of a week in which MPs rushed to deflect the latest wave of filth to be flung at our defenceless pop kids. Tory MPs signed a motion calling on the Government to instruct Channel Four to "clean up or get out". The Home Secretary acknowledged "widespread public concern throughout the country." And MP John Carlisle described a gay programme due to be screened on New Year's Day as "the last straw".

In the midst of all this red-faced huffing and puffing, the fact that not all the Virgin Prunes footage was ever intended for transmission appeared to have been forgotten. Although the whole concert was filmed, only one song — 'Jericho' — was shown on the programme.

Dick Evans of The Virgin Prunes described the ensuing furore as "fairly silly.".

"It was obviously a carefully co-ordinated campaign," he claimed, "and I think we were used as pawns."

***Whatever You Want* did not intend to show that part of The Virgin Prunes performance that caused such offence to a man of the cloth.**

"That particular bit would never have gone out," said Maddie French, one of the show's two producers. "Although we're responsible for what goes out on the programme, we can't be responsible for controlling the whole world.

"The incident did seem to produce a response that was out of all proportion," she added.

Once again the efforts of a small but vociferous section of the viewing population have made the chances of a genuine TV experiment significantly smaller.

● *STOP PRESS:* NME *writer X. Moore's advertised contribution on Youth Unemployment for this week's* Whatever You Want *was dropped at the last minute. X's part of the programme, which had already been recorded, included several numbers from his band The Redskins, an interview with veteran Unemployed Rights campaigner Joe Kenyon and footage shot at this year's TUC conference in Brighton. As* NME *went to press, neither Channel Four nor the makers of* Whatever You Want *were prepared to make any comment. But X said, "It's not whatever* you *want, it's whatever the Home Office want."*

Benjamin Zephaniah. Pic Peter Anderson

NEW BMRB "CHART-FIXING" ALLEGATIONS ● P4

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SHORT SHARP SHOTS

Noel noises

☐ An *OGWT* favourite is its New Year's Eve compilation, and this year's 90-minute programme (starting just after midnight) features highlights from the 1981-82 series — with clips of **Spandau Ballet, Ry Cooder, Gang Of Four, The Thompson Twins, Japan, Aswad, The Doors, The Damned** and **King Crimson,** among others. At the same time on LW-TV, **Grace Jones** stars in *My Jamaican Guy,* a shortened version of her one-man show.

Although the weekly *OGWT* is now off the air until April, a new series of *Sight And Sound In Concert* begins on Saturday, January 15, on both BBC-2 and Radio One

And in recognition of the demise of **Squeeze,** the same channel is repeating the band's concert filmed at Hitchin Regal on Saturday, December 18 (5.25pm).

Granada say they've used their most sophisticated techniques ever in the production of the hour-long *Pop Goes Christmas,* screened at 4.45pm on Sunday, December 26. The show took a week to record, and features top acts performing seasonal songs as they've never been heard before. The line-up includes **David Essex, Dexys Midnight Runners, Duran Duran, Musical Youth, Mari Wilson & The Wilsations, Shakin' Stevens, Toto Coelo** and **The Nolans** among others.

Airwaves attack

☐ Legislation currently being debated could give the police drastic new powers to curb the sale and use of high-power CB rigs. The powers, contained in the new Telecommunications Bill, could mean arrest for anyone seen buying unauthorised or unlicensed radio equipment, and police could stop motorists whose cars carry a 'suspicious' aerial.

The bill increases the penalties for using such equipment to a £1000 fine and/or three months in prison. At present, shops can legally sell unauthorised rigs, and may try to unload their stocks at bargain prices.

The new measures seem designed to make life very tough indeed for pirate radio stations, who currently accept the periodic arrests and limited fines that result as an operating hazard, but will be less eager to face up to three months in jail.

Pic: James Palmer

King's 3-tier DMs

King's thing

☐ **Perry Haines,** young entrepreneur extraordinaire, is now manager of a bona fide group — **King**. You can see them in action at Flicks in Dartford on 23 December or at the ICA on January 5.

Yobz for free

☐ **Skeemin' Yobz,** the unemployed young musicians collective who operate from the threatened Lancaster Music Project, are staging a free Christmas Jamboree. It will take place at the Acklam Hall on Saturday 18th December from 1 - 5pm. **12 Inch, Barefootin', Straight Music** and **ANM** will play, with special guests **Tree Man Army**.

CBS versus MCA — fun and games over 'The E.T. Storybook'

BATTLESTAR CONTRACTICA

Michael Jackson (left). Bad luck Paul; the girl is his.

AS THE *E.T.* bandwagon zooms into the cosmos, and the film itself beams into London for its British premiere, CBS have decided to clash laser swords with MCA in New York's Supreme Court.

The court case is over an innocuous 'storybook' album called, surprisingly enough, 'The E.T. Storybook'. The thing is, it features Michael Jackson as narrator and singer. CBS who own Epic (and therefore Jackson) are claiming that MCA have interfered with their 'contractual relationship' with the singer and are seeking $2 million in punitive damages and an injunction banning MCA from marketing the album.

Rumours are now circulating however that the law suit is aimed at promoting Jackson's new LP, the less than exciting 'Thriller'. One point in favour of this rumour is that in the original agreement between the two companies there was a clause demanding that MCA would not release the storybook before Christmas so as not to harm sales or confuse the public (both records being exceedingly bland).

The album has now been withdrawn in the States and the single that was sent to DJs and radio stations ('Someone In The Dark', the only song on the albums) has been called back. Included in the package is a 24-page booklet and an *amazing* poster of the E.T. arm-in-arm with an Osmond-toothed Jackson. Highly sophisticated 'touch-up" techniques have been employed to remove all trace of sores and wrinkles from the shot.

As the battle rages a new factor, that may blockbust everyone involved with the film, has been unearthed by the soaraway (we can only hope) *Sun*. It seems that the U.S. law chiefs have ruled that anybody found harbouring an *extra-terrestrial* will be harshly dealt with, which can now mean up to a year in prison and a $5,000 fine.

A Pentagon consultant and physicist, Brian Clifford, claims that an alien life form could carry a virus that could wipe out the human race. Speculation continues as to whether there is any relationship between the outbreak of herpes and the beginning of filming on *E.T.*

— DAVID DORRELL

Police deny BMRB investigations claim

Chart laundry won't wash

JUST AS it looked as though the British Market Research Bureau might see out their chart-compiling contract without further taint, they have got themselves embroiled in what could turn out to be a right stinker of a hype scandal.

The trade, as they say, buzzed with rumour this week following the dismissal of one of the BMRB's own employees and a statement from the Bureau admitting that "following an internal investigation, information has come into our hands that some false entries have indeed been made into some of the diaries that go into the preparation of the charts.

"A member of our staff has been dismissed and information is being placed in the hands of the police."

Chart watchers and a couple of tabloids were immediately drawn to the peculiar up and down journey one recently-issued single made through the various competing charts. During one week in October it logged No. 25 in *NME's* listings; No. 8 in the BMRB's compilation (prepared on behalf of the BPI, the BBC and *Music Week*); and number 60 in a third list by the trade journal *Record Business*.

When *NME* contacted the label concerned, the proprietor issued a denial of guilt fit to scorch the ears of a libel lawyer.

The BPI, meanwhile, have issued a press statement in which they make plain their ill temper with the BMRB and yet another foul-up in "the management of the chart contract".

"The chart partners," says the statement, "have written to the BMRB and made it clear that a claim will be made for breach of contract and negligence. However, BMRB have been requested to continue to the end of their contract period provided that they are prepared to allow the chart data to be scrutinised by an independent expert prior to being processed by computer."

BMRB would not comment on this highly insulting arrangement although the BPI assured us that "a third party had already been lined up" and would be physically present at Bureau HQ when chart data came to be inserted into the processor.

BPI also invoked the spectre of "possible civil action" and say BMRB have already sent papers to the Commissioner of London police as a prelude to anticipated criminal charges.

Scotland Yard were bemused by this last claim. Their press office, having checked three times and "at the highest level", was adamant that no papers had been received and no investigation was planned.

BPI were naturally puzzled by Scotland Yard's bemusement. They had been assured by the BMRB that papers *had* been sent; that the law *was* on the case.

The new-fangled Dataport

So has the understanding between these two mega-giants of the corporate world finally and irrevocably broken down? And just how deep does the present scandal go?

Various insiders we canvassed this week seemed to point specifically to one record label and one song. But it was generally felt that hyping of the BMRB chart is as thorough now as in the blackest days of the *World In Action* investigation two years ago. Certain shops, it is being alleged, depend on record company handouts for their very existence.

The BPI themselves were careful to direct attention away from any single culprit, calling the present investigation "a fairly wide thing". BPI spokesman Richard Robson did say, however, that an inquiry was under way into a record by The Pinkees called 'Danger Games', issued on the Creole label. The enquiry is by themselves.

IF THE BMRB's exit from chart compiling is to be more ignominious than they might have wished, what fate awaits Gallup as they prepare to take the baton in the new year?

Gallup will be supplying 250 select retailers with a £1000 counter-top gizmo called a Dataport. This will be used to compile the new charts as well as helping take the sting out of stock control.

However, the Dataport is a conspicuous instrument. Those with it on show will be easily identifiable to would-be hypers and subject to the usual free offers of gold watches, wine and albums. Pundits have already suggested that Gallup's system will be even easier to hype than the BMRB's — but Gallup claim an inbuilt failsafe in that the Dataport is also available to non-panel shops which might want to use it exclusively for managing their stocks.

It is because of this potential proliferation of the new gizmos that one arch-critic of record company corruption — Iain McNay of Cherry Red — believes the Gallup era could "mark the beginning of the end of easy chart manipulation."

"According to Gallup" McNay writes in *Music Week,* "they will constantly rotate the shops they use (in the compilation of the charts). Everyone who buys a machine will be considered, so record company reps won't know whether dealers are chart return or not, so they'll have to give them the benefit of the doubt.

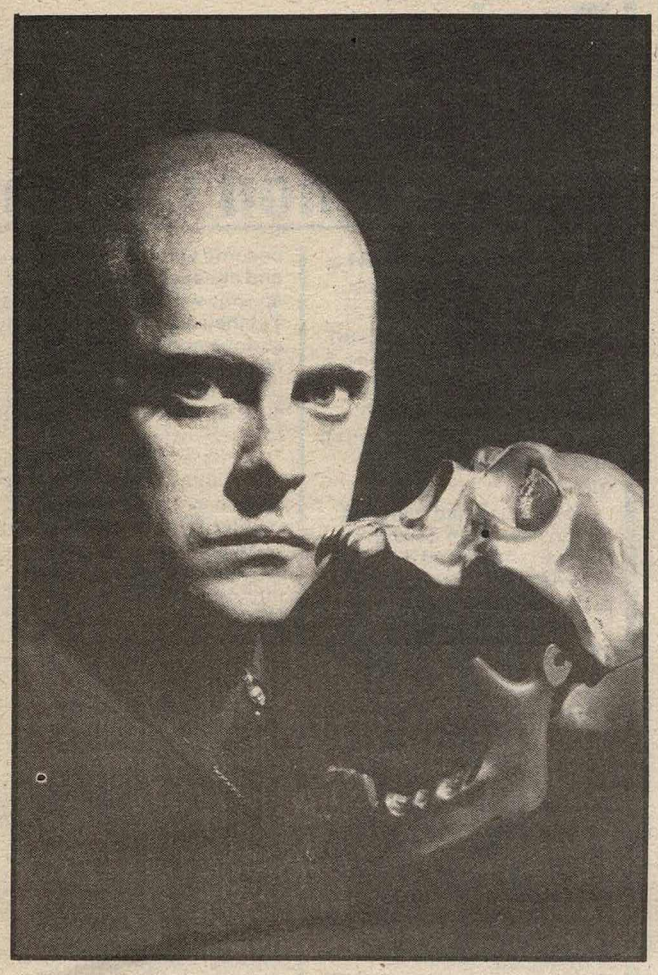
"Maybe I have an over-active imagination, but what I do know is that dealers who don't buy their new box fast will get well behind in the freebie stakes and there will come a point when record companies will have to stop giving away freebies to every shop with a box."

It's not exactly what the BPI or Gallup had in mind when the contract was awarded but it might just be a working solution.

— ANDREW TYLER

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

GENESIS P-ORRIDGE



IDEOLOGY
Romantic Existentialist.

TV
Should be functional and instead of conspiring to limit the knowledge of the individual TV should be like BRION GYSIN's DREAMACHINE and give limitless information and vision as a means to DE-PROGRAMMING.

FILMS
E will never tire of watching Apocalypse Now, Pink Flamingos or Shivers, Sexuality, human confusion, ridiculous spirits and people who are larger than real. Should be functional, teach me new things.

CLOTHES
Should be functional and coumfortable. Lots of pockets, spy cameras, cassette recorders, and money filling them. Grey because it lies between black and white and nothing is certain everything permitted.

PEOPLE
Too precious to analyse. Each must inspire trust and committment and help us to grow. Rivalry and betrayal have no place here. Thee greatest treasures coum in human bodies.

MUSICK
Should be listenable, intelligent, full of ideas and thoughts, thee lyrics a diary laid open, vulnerable. It should also have longevity.

SOME BIZZARE
We are all united in creating mischief in thee business and a total assault on thee culture. To repeat thee question "WHY" to make people think, however briefly and to keep on pushing to make things happen. It's thee unity in Some Bizzare that makes it work and scares people.

LIKES
Paula P-Orridge, Caresse P-Orridge for givin me thee morning after thee night, for killing thee darkness with their light. For happiness. And Tanith my dog, for coumplete love and lots of licks.

SEX
An orgasm, focussed through will, forces thee hand of chance and brings closer thee objects of your desire, thee fulfillment of potential. It can literally, make things happen, it is practical and functional.

IDEAS
Thee truth, thee Truth, everywhere possible thee Truth.

FORWARD YOUTHNIKS WITH THE NEW INTERNATIONAL CLASSIC BLUEJEAN

IT'S NOW almost a year since work began on a factory to produce blue jeans in Czechoslovakia, the result of a licencing deal between Slovakotex, the state textile organisation, and Lee Cooper, a brand of revisionist Western-style clothing.

Lee Cooper in Czechoslovakia and Levi's in Hungary are the only blue jeans offered for sale (legitimately) behind the Iron Curtain. And it's with an eye to the potentially vast market of Russia itself that Lee Cooper have begun their Czech operation.

The blue jean, a symbol of youth revolt and Yankee imperialism, neither of which is looked upon too happily by the Soviet authorities, has become a much-coveted article east of the Berlin wall. Ironically, in the West, where three hundred million pairs of jeans are sold each year, the blue jean has become a virtually classless garment (designer versions notwithstanding). Ideologically, it would appear to be in perfect accord with communist thought.

As part of their Five Year Plan for 1980–85, the planners of the Eastern-bloc economy (Comecon) provided for a gradual introduction of the boons of consumerism — not least among these being the infamous blue jean. With Comecon's financial ties to the West being already quite substantial, imports had to be kept to a minimum, and so a deal was struck with Lee Cooper (worth about £25 million) to provide machinery and raw materials, including the fabric and trimmings, as well as managerial guidance, technical expertise and marketing and sales know-how.

Lee Cooper's licenced product, a classic straight-leg, five-pocket jean, recently went on sale in Czechoslovakia, and is reportedly doing brisk business. "The demand," says managing director Michael Cooper, "is out of all proportion to what you might expect in a Western country."

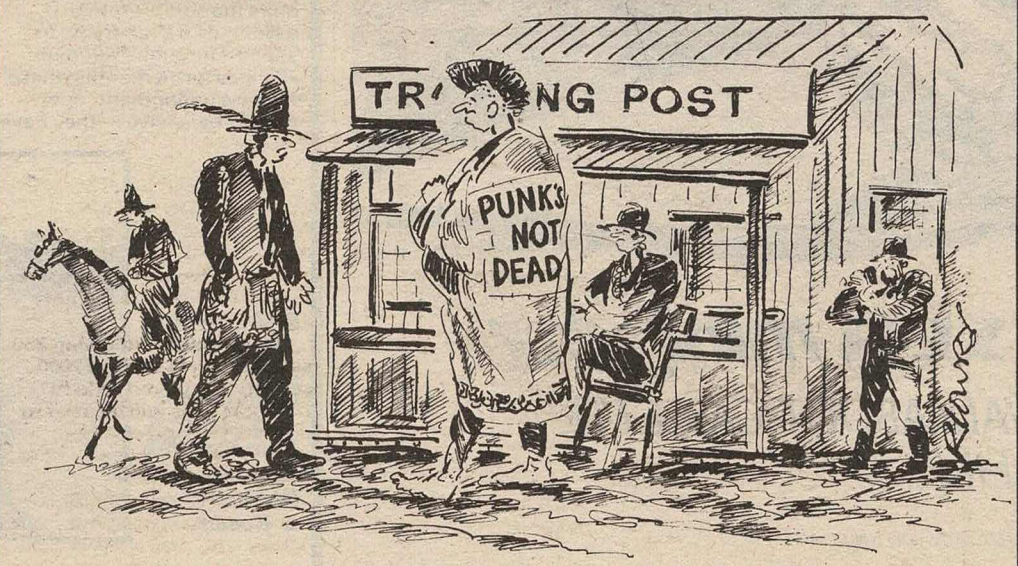
The designer jean, however, is still a long way off. "There is fashion," says Cooper, "but it exists in a different way. It's much slower than we're used to in the West. Everything we do in a Western country is based on consumer demand . . ." Whereas in the East, of course, there is no such thing as market forces. The International Classic Western Jean, the staple of Lee Cooper ranges throughout the world, was chosen by *diktat* for the Czech youth.

A Czech worker secures a side-pocket rivet. Pic: Leon Strausski.

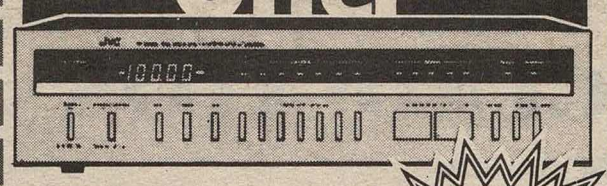
The Soviets will no doubt be watching with interest for any subversive groundswells that result from the introduction of the blue jeans in Czechoslovakia, and Lee Cooper are presently trying for a similar deal with Russia itself. "We have a provision to export to Russia from the Czech factory," says Michael Cooper, "but that's a time-consuming business." Eventually though, it could mean the end of the £100 pair of black market jeans in Moscow.

— PAUL RAMBALI

lowry



SENSATIONAL
JVC Tuner Offer



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Eleven of the women of the Greenham Common Peace Camp have just served prison sentences for their continued protest against the Cruise missile.

CYNTHIA ROSE spoke with four members of the campaign about direct action — what it is and where it hurts.

Back to Suffragette City for the Common Cause?

ON SEPTEMBER 5, 1981 a march led by 40 women, accompanied by several men and children, arrived outside the main gate of the US air base at Greenham Common in Berkshire: site for Britain's first batch of Cruise missiles.

The women had marched for ten days from Cardiff, to demand a televised debate between "those responsible for our defence policy and those who elect them". The extent to which the authorities ignored their concern led them to establish the first of Britain's peace camps, and their tenacity in the face of threats and evictions has heightened awareness of what Cruise missiles mean.

Even more important, the series of actions instigated by the camp's supporters (all of which have been non-violent) have eventually led them into court. There they began to demonstrate further determination by choosing to serve prison sentences rather than pay the small fines which would constitute an admission of wrong-doing. Like their predecessors the Suffragettes, they have found imprisonment the necessary path to proving that it is not they whose actions are morally wrong.

The three cases whose hearings began on the 15th of last month involved 23 women accused of attempts to breach the peace in three separate instances. Eleven of these women were sentenced to and served 14-day prison terms.

With three Greenham Common campaigners — Deborah Law, Shushu Al-Sabbagh and Helen John — I wait in a loaned London HQ for the return of recently-released Rebecca Johnson. The phone never stops ringing; requests for appearances, advice and posters (posters and handbills are continuously delivered upstairs) pour in.

Deborah regales us with the saga of a radio phone-in she has already fielded earlier that morning — besides "the usual Russian questions" there was a Tory MP who voiced his estimate of the women as "cut-price Delilahs; the sort of women who traditionally hang around military bases".

Slowly, I begin to realise something. *These* are not quite the sort of women I assumed I'd been trying to support through *Plutonium Blondes* for 16 months; these four are undogmatic, open and un-defensive — they have become very well-informed and are exact, articulate and specific with their objections. Yet they also seem genuinely curious and compassionate, respecting the opinions of others as well as possessing substantial, sensible grounds for their own.

In age, situation and dress they differ widely — yet each discusses the issues of their mutual involvement with great care: no one excludes sophisticated economic or political realities. But, equally, I don't hear anyone voicing reductionist judgments about anything: women's feelings, American politics, the military, prisons, or the standard arguments for and against nuclear fission.

As campaigners, the four women have obvious staying power — and if the media has persisted until recently in mis-representing them, it might just be because of that.

"The Press described the scene with mendacious untruths, alleging that its participants were hysterical viragoes. Officialdom everywhere treated militancy as a pernicious form of hysteria . . . Throughout the history of our struggle it was ever thus; we had to make a fight which brought in the light of publicity."

— Sylvia Pankhurst, 'The Suffragette Movement', 1931.

"IN THE beginning, says Helen John, "We used to get hurt when we'd give an honest, simple account of why we were doing what we were doing — then read that we were naive dupes of the KGB!

"Yet in the end human determination can win. The simple fact is that you have people stating clearly that they object to something but they do it so that they leave the authorities very little option to remain credible in any way. I mean, if you're not offering violence or illegality in either a physical or a verbal manner — what on earth *can* you be accused of?"

Deborah: "Greenham Common is something specific for us to focus our energies on — yet at the same time it is symbolic, hopefully, of our opposition to *all* nuclear proliferation. It's not like we want 50 million people to come down and create 'the biggest' peace camp; we want to encourage others, show people all over the country how they can institute successful, legal actions of their own.

Shushu: "Whatever the authorities do, it's bound to work against them. Because if they don't arrest us when we

Right: Helen John — one of our interviewees — is escorted from the NME car park. (Very droll — C. Rose.)

All pictures by Ed Barber.

Left: Greenham protestors invade the sentry post at the main gate.

Below: modern-day Suffragette throws herself in front of an air base construction vehicle.

PEACE of the ACTION

go and occupy a sentry box then the day after twice as many, three times as many people will do it. But if they lock us up when no law has been broken — something which was made extremely clear about all the actions for which we were prosecuted and jailed — it has virtually the same result."

Helen: "To be put in prison for an opinion of this nature — an opinion about decisions taken to bring in money at the cost of your future and which you have not been consulted about! — it just shows the government trying to repress any dissent.

"The real point is that a year ago few people knew what Greenham Common could come to represent in their lives and now I think a hell of a lot of people do know."

Deborah: "I was thinking last night that the a politicalness of how the Camp first started is in fact its greatest political strength; just ordinary people *driven* to do this. That you have that strength, that you needn't feel powerless about controlling your own life, is such a basic point."

But isn't it hard to make people tackle the *realities* of fighting a nuclear 'future'? Everyone who stands to make money (bankrupt governments, multinational companies and their ilk) conspires to assure you it's all OK, that the 'experts' are looking out for you. Everyone suddenly has a relative with cancer, and it's terribly frightening, but as long as people can't *see* it, they prefer to pretend it will go away.

Shushu: "Oh yeah. It's like the way the sport is on after the news — to assure that any disasters you heard about earlier were really nothing to worry about."

Helen: "Nobody has a simple answer for that fear. But a major tragedy is this concept of 'enemies' which we've all been raised under. It prevents people from seeing the close economic links which exist in the world — and will continue to exist no matter who's saying *what*.

"The vast majority of human beings all over the globe are well-intentioned, kind, humane individuals. But there are these few aberrant monsters running around in our society — often, in fact, *running* it — who want to convince us everyone shares their motives and values. And they lie to themselves; they tell themselves they really are doing everything for the long term good of everyone and the fact that they happen to make money out of it is just a pleasant coincidence."

"The action of the prisoners has touched the imagination of the country in a manner which quieter methods did not succeed in doing."

— Mrs Fawcett, reversing her anti-militant stand in the National Union of Women's Suffrage after the first suffragette imprisonments in Holloway.

SHUSHU: "There are few people who will actually *admit* to being converted when you talk with them; it's a gradual process. Maybe first they'll read about the arrests, then they might realise women are being imprisoned for objecting to something they never voted on.

"We were talking to someone who was anti-nuclear, from Reading CND, but who really objected to what we were doing. Then one day he was given custody of his 8-year-old daughter and she happened to say to him she was sorry she was ever born — because she knew she was going to die in a nuclear war. Suddenly, he *understood* what we'd been saying about urgency.

"I mean, whether or not you talk about biological or social differences between men and women, being associated with children and being responsible for the children they bear is a very important part of women's action against nuclear weapons."

This began as a woman's protest and it's continued to evolve that way — but has that caused problems?

Helen: "Well, it's caused *misunderstandings*, though the support of men has been incredible."

Shushu: "Because of the nature of the publicity, some people do associate us with hardline feminism; but then because of one magazine cover with *'USA'* written prominently on a sort of threatening figure, people assume we're anti-American when we're anti-military and anti-Cruise. We're very careful about our relationship with the Americans at the base — we want to be."

Helen: "From the beginning there were women involved who were clearly, deeply involved with feminism and they did have an enormous influence on the whole understanding of the subject as things developed so quickly. But Greenham got underway because there was *nothing* which appeared to be working to make ordinary viewpoints heard."

"During the first few days in prison you have serious doubts about whether you will ever see the outside world again. You know you will, but you do not feel it."

— Christabel Pankhurst upon her release from a short sentence in Holloway, 1907.

HELEN: "The week before I went into Holloway, I was at this school to speak and they

☐ Continued Page 48

The Greenham Common Peace Camp campaigners invite all women to take part in an international action to stop the siting of Cruise anywhere in Europe on December 12 and 13. The aim is to 'embrace the base' on the 12th, forming a ring of human bodies round the base perimeter (please gather at one of the 7 gates from 10 am that morning) prior to closing the base for all of Monday. This non-violent action will have legal back-up plus overnight accommodation in tents and marquees will be provided as well as a creche at the children's gate — where men who wish to support the action are also welcome.

To arrive at Greenham Common: take XI from Victoria Coach Station, BR to Newbury. For more info contact Christine on 01-272 0056.

note oilskin base lowry

MONTY, THE SINGING CAMPER, IS FOUND 'EN FLAGRANTE' WITH A LADY POLICE CONSTABLE SHORTLY AFTER HIS ARREST!..
SHE BORED THE PANTS OFF ME, HONEST..!!
CHEAP JOKES WONT HELP YOU DIRTY BOLSHEVIK!
I DID ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO ENCOURAGE HIM - HE WANTED TO TRY TROTSKYITE ENTRYISM..
DIRTY *G!!X*!!
LOON KILT
THIS IS THE FLOWER OF POLICE WOMAN-HOOD! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?
MONT THINKS FAST..
WILL YOU MARRY ME?
MONTY'S LIFE FLASHES BEFORE HIS EYES AS HE WAITS...
At Age 25
I'M WORRIED SICK ABOUT BAD BREATH, PREMATURE EJACULATION, BALDNESS, BOB DYLAN AND THE BOMB...
At Age 35
SOCIALISM OR ANNIHILATION.. PREMATURE ANTI-FASCISM.. BALDNESS.. GAY RIGHTS.. CANCER.. WAR..
At Age 45
BUY ME A DRINK!..
DROP THE BIG ONE NOW!..
WHO GIVES A SHIT!?
At Age 55
At Age 65
THEN - THE CHIEF OF POLICE HALLUCINATES!..
LET MY MONTY GO!!..
HEY!
MUST BE THAT CONFISCATED COKE WE'VE BEEN SNORTING!!..
NEXT.. Without a pension I really don't know what I shall do..
MICK JAGGER SPEAKS..

FUR-WRAP

As Grandmaster Flash tours the UK — VAL WILMER taks to Sylvia Robinson, Queen of Sugarhill records.

Here's to you Mrs Robinson . . . *Pic: Val Wilmer*

THERE CAN'T BE many women in the world who own a Rolls Royce Silver Shadow with all the trimmings. Speculate on the number of black women who can invest in such luxury and you are down to the fingers of one hand.

Sylvia Robinson has one. It sits in the car park outside Sugarhill Records, waiting to whisk her home from her 'castle' after a hard day looking for the rhythm to out-rap the rest of 'em.

It's a fitting means of transport for the Queen of Rap who, together with Joe Robinson, owns the largest independent record company in America. But then Sylvia has had her finger on the pulse of popular music for over 27 years.

'Love Is Strange' is a case in point. Based on a two-chord Bo Diddley piece and revamped to Sylvia's specifications despite reservation from Mickey Baker, her co-singer, the simple ditty spent 15 weeks in the charts in 1956, some indication of her early awareness of popular susceptibilities.

Not surprisingly, when rap started to become a saleable commodity Sylvia was in there, looking for talent and hitting the record stores with artists like The Sugarhill Gang as fast as payday came around.

Rap had always existed in some shape or form in Afro-American society, a streetwise combination of braggadoccio and deliberately hidden meaning, but Sylvia's uncanny ear led her directly to a string of hits like 'Rappers' Delight'.

But Grandmaster Flash And The Furious Five's 'The Message' was the ultimate, the first really big political record since James Brown's 1970 'Say It Loud'. "It was something that people all over, black and white, could relate to," says Sylvia.

Sitting in Sugarhill's Englewood studios, a far cry from the burnt-out South Bronx that is Grandmaster Flash's home territory, she is reluctant to be drawn on the music's deeper significance.

"Revolutionary? I didn't mean to start a war or anything like that! But we can all relate to *'Don't push me/'Cause I'm close to the edge'*. I'd had that rap for some time and I think that when I really decided I wanted to dig back and get that message was when people were pushing *me* to the edge. I said, 'It's time for that record now! It really got to be personal."

IT IS HARD to imagine anyone pushing Sylvia Robinson close to the edge. With a pleasant though controlled manner in conversation, she has all the wariness of the born pro. Rumour has it that she runs the business with a rod of iron, despite the 'happy folks' image the label projects, but she has always come up with the goods.

After the demise of her partnership with Baker, she recorded on her own. 'Pillow Talk', a massive hit in 1974, was her biggest single, and she wrote 'Shame, Shame, Shame' for Shirley Goodman. The rappers she has 'discovered' are a history of the genre in themselves: Sugarhill Gang, The Sequence, Grandmaster Flash, Funky Four and so on. The names of the labels she has owned speak volumes for her attitude: nothing less than the best will do. Sugarhill, once the name of Harlem's classiest residential district, grew out of All-Platinum. It was always a black term for sophistication and class. As Bobby Bland once sang: *"Put on your red dress, baby/We're going up to Sugarhill"*.

Born Sylvia Vanderpool in New York, the Queen was raised in Harlem by West Indian parents. She was no stranger to poor social conditions. "I never realised that I may have been poor, because we always ate and had a warm place to stay. My mother and father were not rich by no means, but as far as I was concerned we were because my father worked, my mother stayed home and we had a nice family life. But I stayed very close to the grass roots always. I've seen people that I would consider to be doing bad all around me. And once you see these things they also become a part of you. You're human, you have to feel other people's pain."

Despite her history, Sylvia has always been concerned with the present. Sugarhill is currently issuing the massive Chess catalogue, acquired by the Robinsons when they owned All-Platinum. It's a prestigious programme but that, she says, is Joe's pigeon.

For a while the Robinsons owned several bars including Sylvia's Blue Morocco in the Bronx which featured local talent as well as recording artists like Little Willie John and Bobby Hebb. Then they built a studio in New Jersey and started All-Platinum. Sylvia found herself doing all the writing, producing and singing — and taught herself engineering into the bargain.

By her own admission Sylvia Robinson knows no other way of life: "I wouldn't know anything else to do besides make records — and cook!" She acknowledges the mutual respect between her and Joe that has enabled her to do what she wants, and admits that it might not be so easy for another woman with writing and engineering skills equal to her own. "I imagine that the reason I do have such freedom is that by me owning the company I never had a boss to tell me what to do."

The impression Sugarhill gives to the outside world is that of a happy bunch of folks, guesting on each others records, having such *fun* out of music. Rumour has it that the artists are not that well paid, that the use of basslines from other people's recordings have led to law-suits. Sylvia made it clear that such topics were not on the agenda for discussion, however.

'It's Good To Be The Queen', her recent 12-inch co-written with Pete Wingfield, is an amusing and ever so slightly haughty statement of her status up there at Sugarhill. She brags, in a kind of fur-rapped way, about the money she has earned from 'her' rappers, about how she controls her 'castle'. With tongue firmly in cheek, her cracks and chuckles are amiable enough but there's no mistaking who is in charge.

When it comes to money, success and power, "Your fantasy is my reality," she says. And you know that she means to keep it that way.

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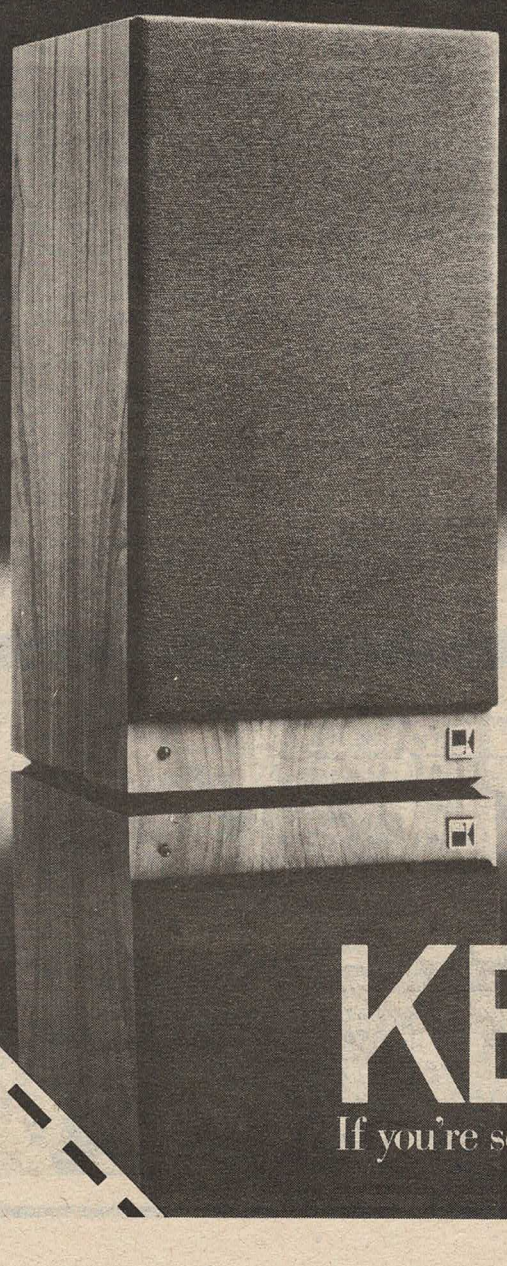

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LEANING ON THE COLOUR BAR

**The Scratch Club was a mixed dance venue in Cape Town, South Africa.
This is the story of its final night.**

Where would you say this photo was taken?

The Scratch Club. Pic: Vikki Pereira.

NINE IN the morning on November 28, 1982 and the start of a hot day in Cape Town. Sundays in South Africa are empty holes of outlawed sport and entertainment. The streets of this city are quiet and deserted.

It would be easy then to pick up the hint of a bass beat in the stillness and track it down along the empty sidewalks to its sweaty, life-size source at Club Scratch, where a jostling throng struggle in a frantic marathon jive on the last night of the club's existence.

The police tear gas, fired into the entrance of the club earlier in the morning, has blown away. Reluctant to quit, the dancers stay on till past midday.

As they file out into the blazing sun they pass a scrawl of graffiti near the door: "OPERAYSHON ERADICAYSHON". After just over two years of brave existence, Scratch finally bowed to intensified police harassment.

In a society that legislates against social mixing between races and generally frowns on youth culture, Scratch was doomed as soon as young blacks from the townships on the outskirts of Cape Town found they were welcome to come and dance with whites to the club's predominant choice of reggae music.

One of the club's founders, ex-Londoner Gerry Dixon, is bitter: "I'm getting out of this country. I'm leaving for Zimbabwe next month."

Two months ago Dixon and several others were brutally beaten with sticks in the club entrance by a group of men who were later claimed, by clubgoers who recognised faces, to be members of the South African police.

Charges have yet to be laid as endless identity parades, arranged by the police, fail to bring the culprits to light.

Meanwhile the public prosecutor is pushing ahead with charges against the club for "allowing dancing on a Sunday" — a contravention of the Sunday Observances Act — before the Scratch management found a legal loophole and went "private".

The list of harassment is endless, Blacks, many sporting dreadlocks and the red, gold and green colours of the Ethiopian flag, were often turned back at Cape Town station, on their way in from the townships; Police, constantly patrolling the street outside the club's entrance, would shout and hurl abuse at club-goers on the sidewalk; stray club-goers were often physically assaulted if found on their own in the streets nearby.

Once, a teenager was grabbed at the door, bundled into the boot of a car, taken for a 'joy ride' and roughed up.

Scratch has closed but its influence has been considerable. For many whites and blacks it set the standards for musical taste and fashion. "Scratch was a reference point for many young people in the City," said co-manager Steve Gordon.

"Musically the line came directly from Rough Trade. Dance styles evolved and developed at the club. In 18 months we went through the whole black music span of R&B, ska, rock steady and reggae. And township mbaqanga music — that was important for bridging the culture gap for whites and blacks."

Regularly Amampondo, a township group similar to the Burundi Drummers, would perform, laying down a rhythmic backing while mikes circulated on the dancefloor for ad libbed singing.

Hopefully some of the Scratch Club spirit of stylistic adventure will survive. But for many club regulars it is the end of a lifestyle.

— MIKE VAN NIEKERK

ANOTHER SHAGGY GRAPHIC STORY

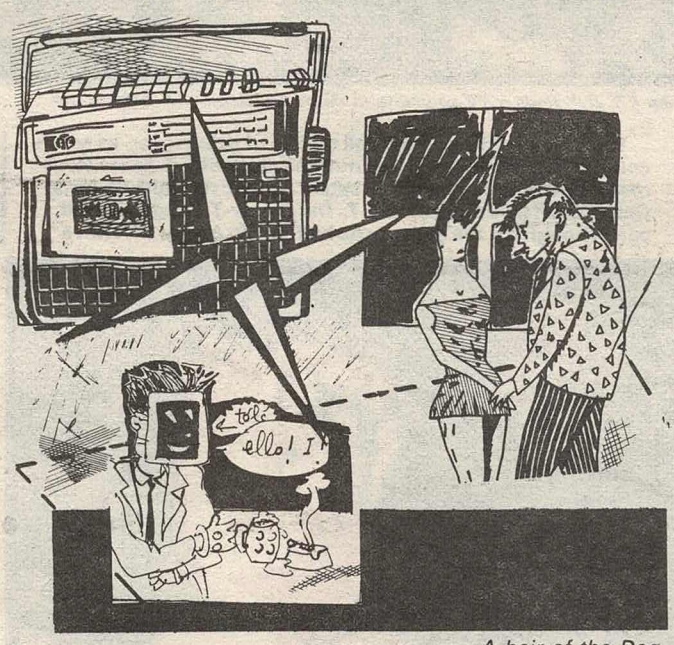
THE ICA's current Graphic Rap exhibition has created a healthy, albeit temporary, climate for visual/graphic publications.

The arrival of issue 1 of *DOG* magazine could, therefore, not be more timely. Published by three Camberwell art students, Ollie Howard, Adrian Bland and Andrew Johnson describe *DOG* as "hard, sexy, violent and lonely". Its large format teams with images that deal graphically with these socially peripheral areas. The magazine is produced by collective effort. Despite each of the trio possessing a distinctive style, individual credits are rejected.

They are currently working on the next issue and would welcome financial support from advertising or a publisher. They deserve your support; remember, every dog must have its day.

***DOG* is available mail order from 15 Country Grove, London SE5 9LE and from the Virgin Megastore, the ICA bookshop, the Arts Council bookshop and Forbidden Planet.**

—RICHARD KRZYZAK



A hair of the Dog

Here's looking at Juke — kid

DO YOU remember that once hallowed British institution, the boozer? Remember the sawdust, the Guinness-swilling 'domino' player? The G&T-guzzling executives fresh from the office, the hale and hearty publican, the pale and tarty barmaids?

Those scenes of *Coronation Street* splendour could soon vanish completely if a company called V&I Leisure have their way. V&I are the perpertrators of a new craze, the video juke box.

As the loud and usually raucous air of pub chat is zapped by Space Invaders and nudged by fruit machines, the vid-box is emerging as the ultimate killer of conversation. The box is an innocuous looking bundle of buttons, with a tariff of ten bob (50p) for two shots.

There are now 500 of these boxes in pubs up and down the country. The makers claim that profits are running high, on average £90 per week, and in good pubs £200 per week is not unknown. As the managing director of V&I states, "We can't oversell it!"

It is eight months since we reported the first box to appear, and already the contraption has wormed its way into the clubs in Spain and the bierkellers in Germany.

In Britain, we are assured, the major breweries are already selecting pubs in the hope of developing a new trend in public house entertainment. With all contractual ties ironed out, more and more bands are using the boxes as testing ground for their latest promos, and as David Williams of V&I proudly proclaims, "We're not against the music business, we're ahead of it."

The present tape includes such chart-toppers as Duran Duran, Kid Creole, Eddy Grant, The Jam and Blue Zoo with preference being given to the most exciting visuals not the most wondrous sounds. Could '83 be the year that Big Boy George is watching you?

— DAVID DORRELL

the lone groover benyon

LANCE CRISP? WHAT 'RE Y'DOIN' IN TH' GUTTER? — Y'MADE A ZILLION DOLLARS IN TH' STATES!!
I SPENT IT ON COKE, CHICKS, FAST MOTORS AN' DUDES RIPPED ME OFF — NOW I'M A BROKE HEROIN ADDICT WITH A BAD CASE OF HERPES AND PARTLY BLINDED BY OPTICAL GONORRHEA!
SIGHO!.. IT'S AN EVIL BUSINESS...
SURE IT'S EVIL — BUT I'M STILL WORKING —
WHAT 'RE Y'WORKIN' ON?
MY COMEBACK.....

SILVER SCREEN

LITTLE MYTH WONDERFUL

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial

Directed by Steven Spielberg

Starring Henry Thomas, Dee Wallace, Robert Macnaughton, Drew Barrymore and Peter Coyote (UIP)

IF, AS an old friend never tired of telling me, "all Art aspires to cliche", then Steven Spielberg's *E.T.* may well be Art.

It's certainly the only film I can think of — *Star Wars* is the sole competitor in these stakes, and that's not really in the same league — to have achieved saturation cliche status months before it even opens in Britain.

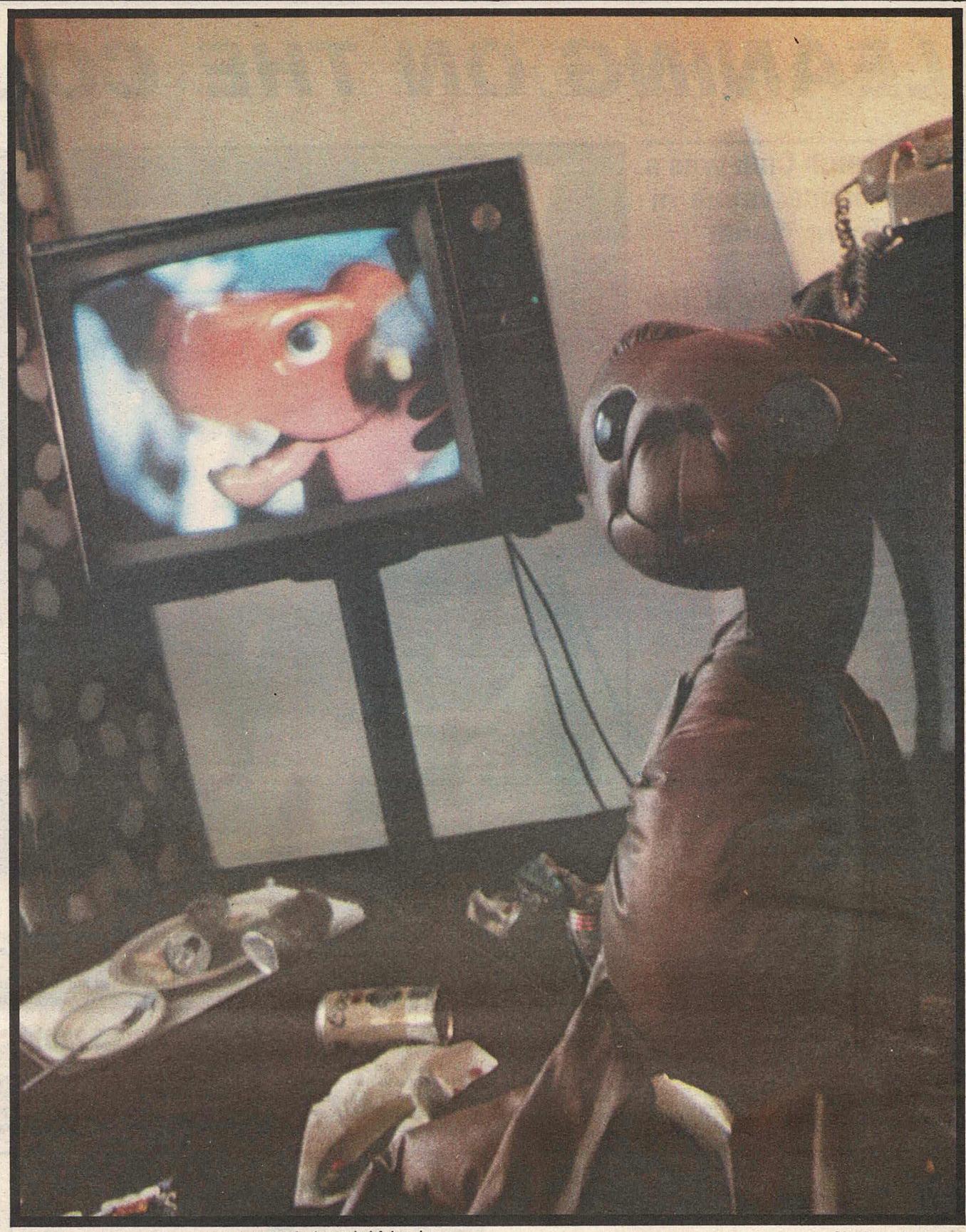
When *TV Times* has the little squishy guy with big eyes on its cover, when every two-bit magazine in the country has done its Spielberg feature, when a short stroll down Carnaby Street can net you 57 varieties of plastic E.T. doll, T-shirt and poster, when the phrase "phone home" takes on new meaning, when even *The Sun* has had an E.T. week — when all this happens before all but a privileged handful have actually *seen* the movie on the big screen, then you're dealing with something that's transcended the category of 'film' and ledged itself in that part of the popular consciousness which trades in myths and legends, the ultimate cliches of human experience.

All this, of course, does not of itself make *E.T.* Art, for, fortunately, not all cliches arise from Art. I say "fortunately" because this relieves us of the embarrassment of having to consider much current Pop Music (and the 'journalism' which feeds on it and supports it) as Art. If, say, the Mona Lisa is a cliche (and it surely is), or Dali's floppy clocks, or Joyce's streams of consciousness, or the intro to Beethoven's Fifth (ditto all), the status of cliche-dom is surely subsequent and secondary to the status of Art.

With *E.T.*, we simply have the process whereby an Art-work well worthy of that status becomes a cliche — part of the public domain, if you like — speeded up to match the pace of modern times and of the medium it uses.

But why *E.T.*, rather than any other of this year's contenders? If this is the age of the *Tron*, then why not that? Or Carpenter's *The Thing?* What is it about *E.T.* that strikes a chord in nearly every human heart?

(At this point, a few statistics might be interesting. *The Illustrated Book Of Film Lists*, using information gleaned from *Variety*, lists three Spielberg films in the all-time American box-office Top Eleven up to the end of 1981: *Jaws* at number three, *Raiders* at five and *Close Encounters* at eleven. By now, the latter will have easily outstripped *The Sting*, and probably *The Sound Of Music*, to set itself firmly in the Top Ten, and *Raiders* will have overtaken *Grease* to take fourth place. The biggest-grossing film of all time, *Star Wars*, was then way out in front with a total take of 185,138,000 dollars spread over four years. *E.T.*, which opened on June 11 of this year, has so far taken over 300,000,000 dollars. Like I say, nearly every human heart. . .)



An E.T. doll finds a TV soulmate in Peter Anderson's LA hotel room. *Pic: Peter Anderson*

The chord it strikes may well be one of *deja vu*, for, as some commentators have pointed out, the story of *E.T.* bears close resemblance to that other Greatest Story Ever Told, of Jesus Christ and The Crucifixion. *E.T. The Easter-Terrestrial?* Well, sure, though for the sake of the half-dozen of you that have yet to see it, I won't spell out the parallels. The funniest magazine in the world, America's *National Lampoon*, has also remarked upon the similarities with the story of *Frankenstein*, but that's probably more a matter for Professor Spielberg's conscience than yours or mine.

The Biblical parallel is interesting on at least a couple of levels. The most obvious (and the one most likely to be cited as explanation for the film's Stateside success) centres on the religious mania still lapping up the saps from coast to coast — though how any self-respecting born-again Christian could sanction a movie in which a pre-teen uses the insult "penis breath" is, I must admit, beyond my grasp of the Christian character.

A more interesting — and positive — viewpoint turns this interpretation on its head; rather than explaining *E.T.'s* popularity by recourse to born-again Christianity, I'd prefer to view the success of the film as evidence of an outbreak of xenophilia in the popular (young) American consciousness.

In this respect, comparison with John Carpenter's *The Thing* (which bombed at the box-office) is illuminating: stripped of its state-of-the-art "creature" effects, *The Thing* is basically your classic Cold War anti-communist allegory monster movie, in which the creature (the creed) subverts invisibly, taking over the bodies (the minds) of people who were once your friends and colleagues. (Given that the paranoia is concentrated to quite absurd extremes, it's odd that so few critics were prepared to view *The Thing* as either parody or harsh moral lesson on the perils of xenophobia).

E.T., on the other hand, presents an alien who possesses all the positive human virtues in superhuman abundance, and who, despite being — to use Harrison Ford's memorable phrase — an "ugly little fuck", still manages to arouse the protective instinct in young and old alike. Besides which, he can heal the sick. A proper little saviour, to be sure.

One-and-a-half million dollars and a lot of thought went into the creation of the E.T. itself, designer Carlo Rambaldi basing it on his earlier *Close Encounters* creature but cannily accenting those features which inspire security in small children: short and podgy, with a waddling gait, big blue eyes and twitchy features, and a breath that comes in soothing, purring undulations. A cuddly toy for every Christmas stocking, and one which works so well that questions of suspension of disbelief just don't crop up. Sure, I love the little thing. Who could resist?

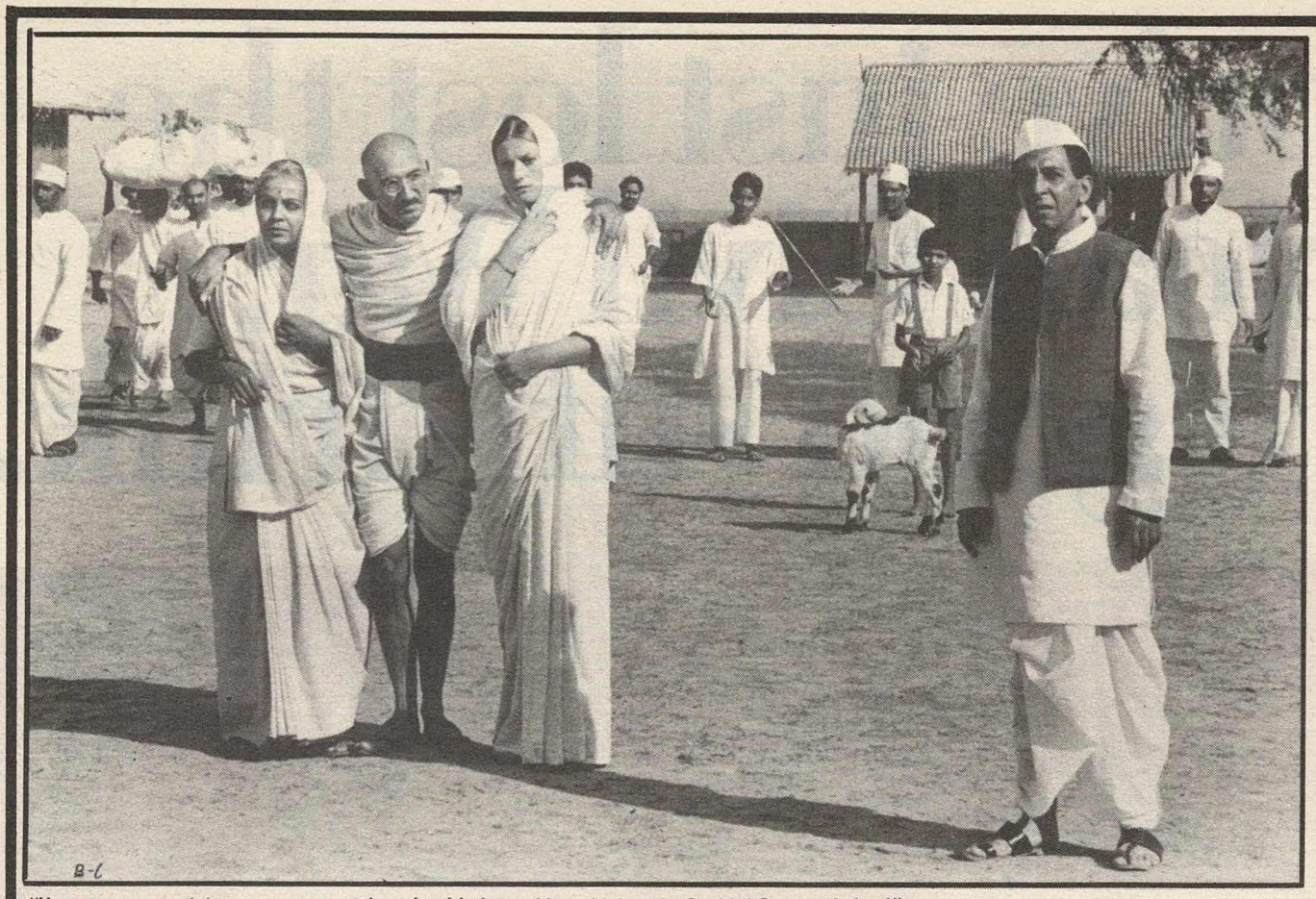
But. . . is it Art?

Hell, yes. And entertaining Art at that. Spielberg and his cinematographer Allen Daviau have wrought rare miracles in nearly every scene, including an opening sequence which

CONTINUED PAGE 14

"Ah! Home at last!"

When you've just lost the American Civil War, you need a good stiff drink.



"Hey, man — you ain't never gonna get the gals with those old-world threads. Get hip! Get nappied up!"

WILL THE PROPER GANDHI PLEASE STAND UP?

Gandhi
Directed by Richard Attenborough
Starring Ben Kingsley, Rohini Hattangady, John Gielgud, Geraldine James and Martin Sheen (Columbia)

PERHAPS THE most immediately striking thing about Richard Attenborough's *Gandhi* is how old-fashioned it is as a work of film-making. In its huge length (a gruelling three hours eight minutes), frequently ponderous tone and stately relation of a story of empire-sized grandeur it comes from a cinematic tradition defined by the statuesque epics of the *Greatest Story Ever Told* calling.

The tide of history is used to sweep aside shadings of detail; discrepancy is engulfed by an insistence on *enormity*. No matter, surely, if character is whitewashed and incident is trivialised or telescoped — not when nations are being born and greatness of utterance displaces mere talking?

Possibly — but to pull off that sleight of hand one needs to be a sight more devious and less altruistic than Sir Richard seems intent on proving himself. Despite a fair quota of memorable scenes — which it would take a dunce to mishandle given the breadth and beauty of most of the locations — *Gandhi* unavoidably emerges as a work of hollow splendour.

To be fair, it probably is the best film that could have been made from the idea and subsequent script: this is no misanthropic calamity of the *Heaven's Gate* ilk. The 20 years of preparation, impeccable care with sets and compulsory period detail are suited to a treatment that bypasses a genuine emotional profundity in favour of what could be called a deep surface: a suggestion that basic morals and motivations are being portrayed without ever dissecting the hidden core of those forces. That would be outside the epic scheme.

Instead, all we are delivered is a huge welter of characters defined by their outermost traits. In the many cameos involved this is to be expected, yet even Gandhi himself seems to have been conceived of as a visionary naif rather than the educated

ARISTO-CRAP!

Privileged
Directed by Michael Hoffman
Starring Robert Woolley and Diana Katis

FROM THE title, I expected *Privileged* to be a subtle probe into the mechanisms of the self-fuelling elitist stronghold of English aristocracy.

Taking into acount the fact that the film is entirely acted by Oxford students themselves, I also anticipated that an attempt would be made to dispel the popular stereotype of the typical Oxford undergraduate life centred on *Brideshead* style fun and frolics. *Privileged* fulfilled neither expectation, nor did it cast so much as a healthy sneer at the superficiality of the upper crust existence reflected.

Focused on the Oxford University Dramatic Society, the film centres around Edward (Robert Woolley), an arrogant and ambitious science student who lands the part of Bossola in the society production of Webster's *The Duchess Of Malfi*. Edward finds his presumptuous vanity challenged by Anne (Diana Katis), the self-possessed and independent leading lady. Restoring his wounded pride, Edward seduces Lucy, the shallow and effete girlfriend of weak, effeminate Lord Adrian, who responds by committing suicide with a duelling pistol in the typically melodramatic surround of a formal dinner dance at Rhodes House. The story continues to its logical and feather-light conclusion, mingling play rehearsals and performances with narcissistic confrontations at comfortably decadent parties, wallowing in the strobe light of its glorified debauchery.

The fact that 'real' life is intertwined so deeply with the melodrama of Webster's revenge tragedy speaks worlds in itself. Ultimately, *Privileged* is nothing more than a smug and joyless celebration of a closed and outdated silk cocoon world. The only message I heard was "Let them eat cake".

Leyla Sanai

E.T. *FROM PAGE 12*

ranks with *Touch Of Evil's*, transforming simple woodland into something magical, the haunt of elves and faeries: an enchanted forest lit with mystery and foreboding.

And let's not forget the humans: Henry Thomas, Robert Macnaughton and Drew Barrymore, as Elliott, Michael and Gertie, the brothers and sisters who find and take care of E.T., make a mockery of the old showbiz adage about small children and animals (and even the dog turns in a rattling good performance, come to that). Perhaps it's that their parts are so finely tuned to current American youthful mores — the PacMan, Asteroids and Dungeons & Dragons generation — or maybe they're all just naturally gifted actors. I don't know. It just seems as if there's no *acting* going on: everything flows with an open, unforced realism which simply sucks you in, makes you forget at times that this is fantasy.

Peter Coyote — last seen as the unfortunate Sgt Poole, first casualty in *Southern Comfort* — hardly has time to make his presence felt as the adult searcher, but Dee Wallace, as the kids' mother, is playing the same tune as them: this, be sure, is *a family*, not a cinematic approximation.

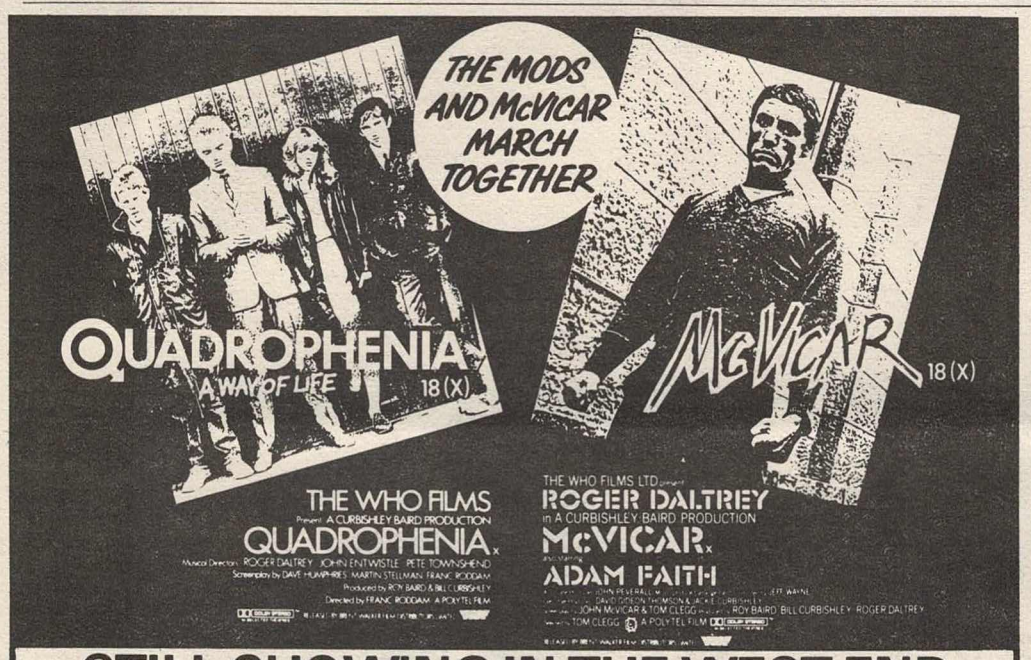
That's about it, I guess. The rest — the story, the emotion — you'll see and feel for yourselves. And you *will* be seeing it, won't you?

Thought so. But just spare a thought, a moment or two of pity, for those whose sense of judgement and aesthetics has been reduced, in *E.T.'s* case, to mere reaction — the people who, when you try to tell them how good the film really *is*, respond with a sneer and a mutter about "sentimentality", even though they've not actually seen it — as if this told you anything about them other than the depth of their prejudice. *Sure* it's sentimental. So what? So am I, some of the time. But at least I try to keep a fairly open mind.

Film of the year? Well, it's got to be in the running.

Cliche of the Year? No contest!

Andy Gill



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and practical man he undoubtedly was. It's insufficient to protest in the name of a fundamental humility, as this biography does, because in the end nothing is so simple: and as the film obviously draws all its strength from its central character, so that deficiency spreads through every level of the picture. It results in blind simplification where an intelligent filleting might possibly have cut deeper.

In fact, the earliest quarter of the story promises more than we actually receive. The exploits of the young, Oxford-educated Indian lawyer in the South Africa of the 1890s have an energy and crystallisation about them that evaporates as the film proceeds and the task of slimming a long lifetime of political and social exploits into its confines grows impossible.

No sooner has Gandhi returned to India and taken up his crusade of self-denial and creed of non-violent non-cooperation than Attenborough and scriptwriter John Briley begin to look for every chance to compress events to a minimum of footage and in some cases enclose entire decades inside a few minutes. Gandhi's Indian years are formulated as a series of flashpoints interspersed by calm homilies of universal truth delivered on a front porch with a spinning wheel to hand. A flippant summary, maybe, but that is all one tends to remember.

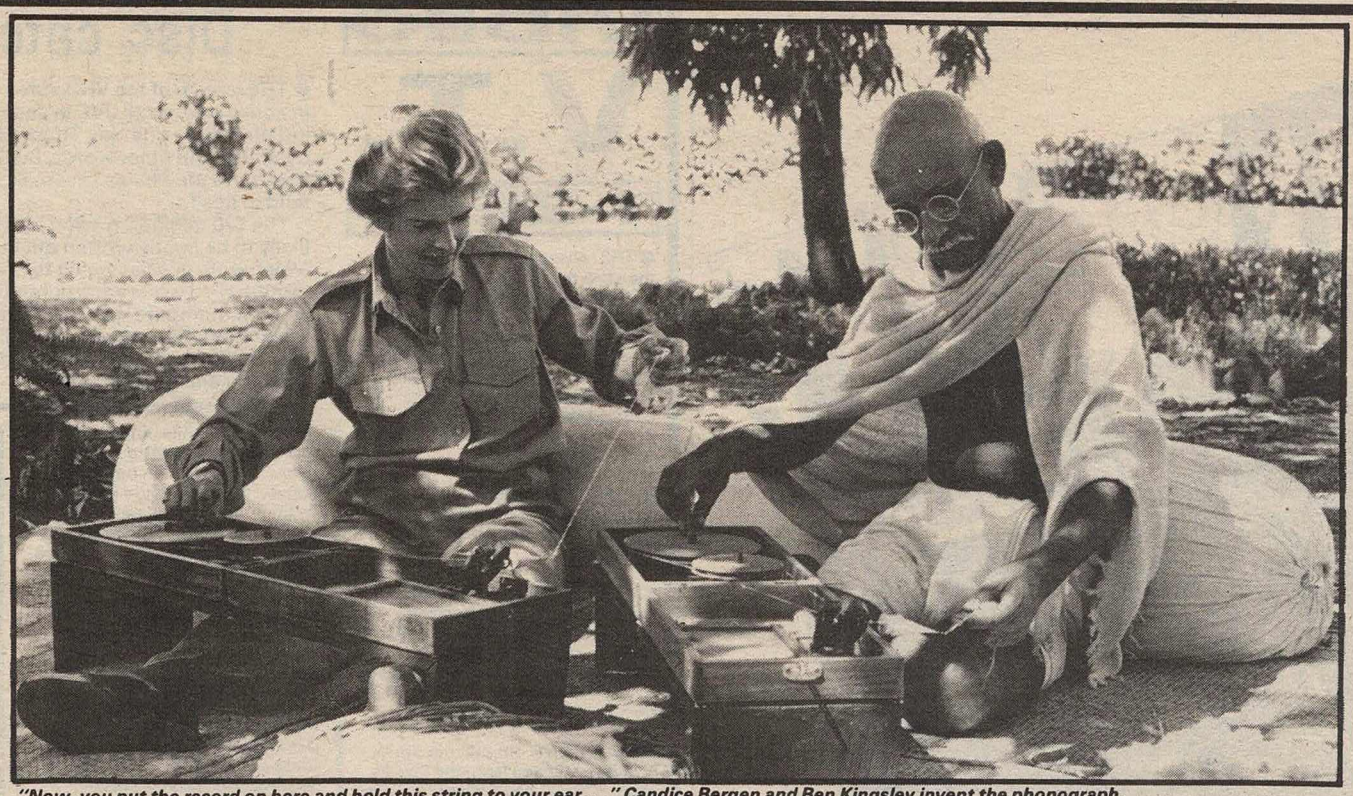
Aside, of course, from some tableaux of violence that do strike very forcefully. The Amritsar massacre, where British troops murdered a helpless crowd of civilians, has an impact of undeniable horror; and Attenborough's cut to the grave silence of the subsequent investigation where General Dyer (played with iron steadfastness by Edward Fox) is questioned is a brilliant stroke.

Fine as the playing by familiars like Fox is, it finally becomes like a parade of historical mannequins, performed by the inevitable gallery of dignitaries (Gielgud, Mills, Howard etc etc) with expressions waxed by a march of time aired with the sense of respectful pageantry. While the bastions of empire seem suitably jingoistic, it becomes hard to accept the beneficent nature of not only Gandhi himself but also his Indian allies too. I speak without extensive knowledge in the matter but surely the almost parallel humility of Nehru is a misconception.

Ben Kingsley's central performance is diligent and honestly attuned to Attenborough's attitude, although it's hardly of the magnitude necessary to sweep the film into more than an essentially polite homage. The part is written as a kind of empty virtuoso turn — it is lamentably short on Gandhi's innermost struggles which must have coloured his later struggles over the country's independence, and the potentially fascinating relationship between the Mahatma and his wife is made relentlessly simplistic — and Kingsley responds with a truthful enough effort.

The final impression *Gandhi* leaves is more act of atonement than mark of respect. Attenborough may have wanted to pay tribute to a remarkable man but his film falls carelessly into an indictment of imperialism that ultimately tells against a truly substantial portrait of his subject. Conscience has prevailed against objectivity. I'd be interested to see Satyajit Ray's Gandhi; this model leaves me unbelieving.

Richard Cook



"Now, you put the record on here and hold this string to your ear . . ." Candice Bergen and Ben Kingsley invent the phonograph.

ON THE BOX

Thursday December 9
Mephisto (Directed by Istvan Szabo 1981). The politics of expediency exemplified by Hendrik Hofgen, rising star in German theatre, who is raised to the status of cultural figurehead by the Nazis on the strength of his Mephistopheles performance in Goethe's *Faust*. Don't let it be said that the Reich's Ministry of Culture lacks a finely tuned, savagely demoralising sense of irony. Extraordinarily entertaining, everything about *Mephisto* is great, not the least because of Klaus Maria Brandauer's excellence in the central role. Its object lesson on artistic responsibility is something that should be borne in mind when watching **Channel 4**'s Saturday showings of Elia "Supergrass" Kazan's *A Tree Grows In Brooklyn* and *Panic In The Streets*. **(Channel 4)**

Mephisto

Witness For The Prosecution (Billy Wilder 1957). Agatha Christie's double cross (times two) whodunit cum courtroom drama is on paper an odd project to grace with the talents of Wilder and his cast of Charles Laughton, Elsa Lancaster, Marlene Dietrich and Tyrone Power. Nevertheless it works handsomely, not the least because of the suffocating narrow sense of grime and place Wilder imposes on a murdersome middleclass '50s England. **(BBC2)**

Friday December 10
Closed Circuit (Guiliano Montaldo). A murder in the movie house provides the basis for a double investigation; the first into the murder itself and the second into the nature of voyeurism. Or something like that, according to Andy Gill who knows about these things. He is usually right. **(BBC2)**

Saturday December 11
True Grit (Henry Hathaway 1969). Excessively long and long over-rated, *True Grit's* only real appeal lies in the eyepatch-and-whiskers reworking of John Wayne's face. Wayne otherwise plays to type as the blustering, loud mouthed marshall Rooster Cogburn and won an Oscar for long service. Kim Darby is the cute, foul-mouthed kid foil, who hires him to help her avenge the murder of her dad. **(ITV, all regions)**

Sunday December 12
The Valiant Ones (King Hu 1974). Kung Fu for Critics, who oppose the graceful, balletic choreography of the fight sequences to the hectic H.K. brawl of Bruce Lee movies; preferring the luxuriously slow laying out and carrying through of strategy of the former to the endless running battles of the latter. They have a point. **(C4)**

The Westerner (William Wyler 1940). The Westerner being Gary Cooper who, driven by a classic sense of justice, interferes in the land disputes of cattlemen and farmers, protecting the good guys from the erratic decisions of Judge Roy Bean (Walter Brennan). **C4's** accompanying press release provides the best apology yet for a Cooper performance, describing it as "superb underplaying"! C'mon, we all know the man can't act, but we love him all the same. **(C4)**

The King Of Marvin Gardens (Bob Rafelson 1972). Despite its featuring of Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern and Ellen Burstyn, this is the most insufferable film on the London late night art-house circuit. Then, Rafelson even managed to make The Monkees pretentious. **(BBC2)**

Tuesday December 14
Wise Blood (John Huston 1979). Joe-jan gothic Americana distilled from Flannery O'Connor's novel about a pedlar of a Church without Christ, not finding many takers in the Bible Belt. A rare film, not the least because it's one of Huston's few recent successes. **(C4)**

Soldier Blue (Ralph Nelson 1970). The Hollywood revisionist view of genocide sparked, one suspects, more by the urge to cater for the expanding civil rights consciousness than deep-seated humanitarian motives. **(Thames)**

Wednesday December 15
The Good, The Bad And The Ugly (Sergio Leone 1968). Impressive visual accompaniment to an Ennio Morricone soundtrack. Though *The Good . . .* made of former *Rawhide* cowpuncher Clint Eastwood a top box office draw, it is, in fact, quite boring and should be passed over for the excellent *Once Upon A Time In The West* or the Leone-produced *My Name Is Nobody*. **(BBC1)**

Bad Hats (Pascal Ortega 1982). Written by and starring Mick Ford. Don't let my unwarranted aversion to this West Country "talent" interfere with your enjoyment of his anti-war drama fought in the trenches of WW1. **(C4)**

Chris Bohn

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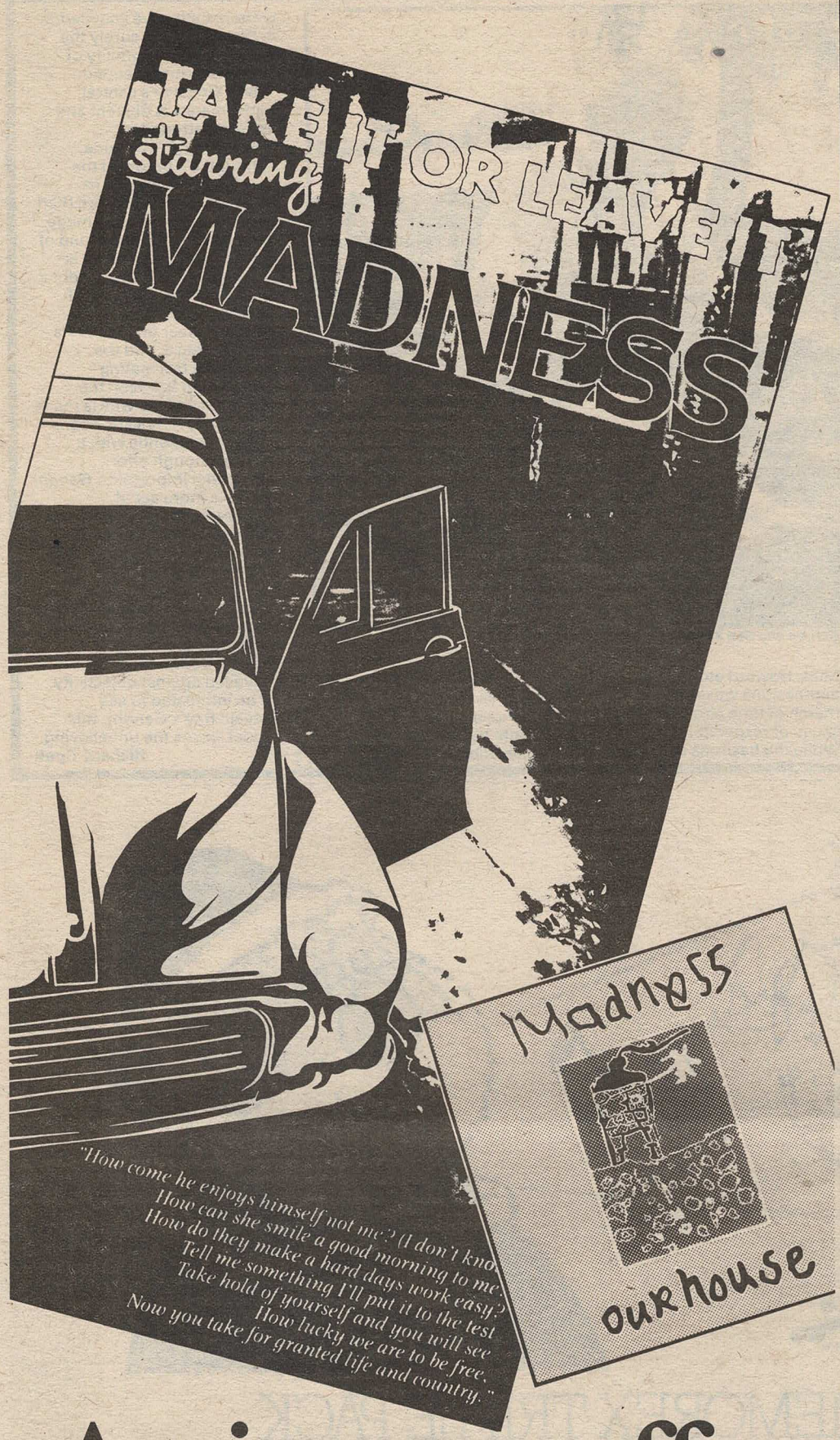
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VIDEO V.T.

T-ZERS

● THE videocassette equivalent of the vinyl pop single is currently CBS/Sony's fast-selling fifteen dollar-plus reality in Japan. Now plans for a Stateside launch are imminent. Guess it's brown paper bag over the head time for many artists, whilst, others can take comfort that for bands like The Boomtown Rats video killed the record star.

● AMERICA'S video chart-toppers: Sales: *Jane Fonda's Workout;* Rental: *Conan The Barbarian.*

● **CONTRARY to press reports, Britain is not the market leader for bootleg video. Whilst estimates brand over 50% of all UK video product as pirate, Holland tops the league with at least 70%. We must try harder next month!**

● SQUEEZING out the maximum possible mileage from the Pistols legacy, Virgin have released Julian Temple's *The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle* on video. Also available, but less likely to annoy, is XTC's *Look Look,* a compilation of their promo videos from the last four years. Don't all rush at once, now.

● A COUPLE of early rock'n'roll videos hit the racks and rentals this month. Atlantis Video release *Blue Suede Shoes,* featuring Bill Haley, Eddie Cochran and Gene Vincent alongside homegrown talent such as Billy Fury, Tommy Steele and Cliff Richard. Precision Video, meanwhile, are putting out *The London Rock And Roll Show,* a film of the 1973 Wembley concert featuring Little Richard, Bo Diddley, Jerry Lee Lewis, Bill Haley and Chuck Berry, including interviews with some of the stars concerned.

● NEW videocassettes due this Christmas: *Fort Apache, The Bronx* (Paul Newman), *American Gigolo* (Richard Gere), John Carpenter's *Escape From New York* (Kurt Russell). Also available — Bruce Lee's last kick *Game Of Death,* Neil Young's *Rust Never Sleeps* and Bianca Jagger's less-than-successful *Success.*

● PASS The Duchess: *The Stranglers' Video Collection 1977-1982* (EMI) includes the allegedly 'blasphemous' promo clip for 'Duchess'.

● **NOT content with marketing videos of Rainer Werner Fassbinder's films *Fox And His Friends, Fear Eats The Soul, Satan's Brew* and *The Bitter Tears Of Petra Von Kant,* Palace Video are releasing such genre classics as Jean-Luc Godard's *Alphaville,* with Eddie Constantine as Lemmy Caution, and what is alleged to be the worst movie ever made (and outright winner of the Golden Turkey Award), Edward D Wood's *Plan Nine From Outer Space,* "starring" Bela Lugosi. Also available or impending: Derek Jarman's *The Tempest,* Herzog's *Woyzeck* and *Even Dwarves Started Small,* Wenders' *Alice In The Cities* and Sam Raimi's *Evil Dead.***

● MEANWHILE, Thorn EMI continue their "art movie" releases (which already include such classics as Polanski's debut *Knife In The Water*) with Billy Wilder's *Fedora,* Marcel Carne's *Les Enfants Du Paradis,* Fassbinder's *Despair,* Fellini's *Nights Of Cabiria* and Wajda's *A Generation.*

● **IT HAD to happen: Granada Television are starting to release old *Coronation Street* material. The first collection, modestly entitled *The Magic Of Coronation Street — Distant Memories 1960-1964,* takes the form of reminiscences by Len, Elsie and Annie which introduce six early episodes of the series, including The Very First Episode Of All and the legendary Gas Main Leak.**

● RICHARD Loncraine's film of Dennis Potter's *Brimstone And Treacle* is now available on video from Brent Walker. The original BBC-produced version of the play was shelved six years ago, when it was considered too strong for TV audiences; the tape release of this 1982 version starring Sting, Denholm Elliott and Joan Plowright gives viewers a chance to see the play in its intended medium.

VIDEO CHART

JOHN COUGAR	Jack And Diane
FLEETWOOD MAC	Hold Me
A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS	I Ran
DAVID JOHANSEN	Animals Medley
JUDAS PRIEST	Another Thing Coming
MEN AT WORK	Who Can It Be Now?
EDDIE MONEY	I Think I'm In Love
EDDIE MONEY	Shakin
SQUEEZE	Black Coffee In Bed
PETE TOWNSHEND	Face Dances Pt 2
JOHN WAITE	Change

These videos are in heaviest rotation on MTV, the 24-hour rock video cable channel in the US. *(Men At Work? Who he? — Ed.)*

Disc catches cold

● THE launch of the VHD video disc, developed by Thorn EMI in conjunction with JVC in Japan, has now been postponed indefinitely — due, say Thorn EMI, to adverse market conditions. In other words, buyers have been in no great hurry to acquire the Philips Laservision system, which now has the field to itself.

The £20 million invested by Thorn EMI in the VHD is not likely to be lightly written off. Plants in Swindon and Cologne, which were specially built to produce the VHD discs, are being moth-balled while work continues on developing the VHD discs for computer and video games. The VHD disc, similar to the disc memory stores of medium-sized computers, is reputed to be ideal for so-called interactive TV uses in games, teaching and other areas.

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HALL & OATES/H20
PSYCHIC TV/Force The Hand Of Chance
ULTRAVOX/Quartet
LED ZEPPELIN/Coda
JONI MITCHELL/Wild Things Run Fast
SUPERTRAMP/Famous Last Words
WHITESNAKE/Saints 'n Sinners
SQUEEZE/Singles
SHAKATAK/Invitation
FOREIGNER/4
DONNA SUMMER/Donna Summer
FLEETWOOD MAC/Mirage
FLEETWOOD MAC/Rumours
DONALD FAGEN/The Nightfly
EAGLES/Their Greatest Hits 1971-75
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THE DOORS/L.A. Woman
JOHN MARTYN/Well Kept Secret
RY COODER/Bop Till You Drop
RY COODER/Borderline
CHRISTOPHER CROSS/Christopher Cross
DOLLAR/The Dollar Album
PRETENDERS/II
CHICAGO/16
AC/DC/Back In Black
AC/DC/For Those About To Rock (We Salute You)
TALKING HEADS/Remain In Light
ELVIS COSTELLO/Imperial Bedroom
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ULTRAVOX/Vienna/Rage In Eden
SPECIALS/Specials/More Specials
SPANDAU BALLET/Journeys To Glory/Diamond
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19

THE COLLECTIVE ART OF TODAY IS CONSTRUCTIVE LIFE

HOW A GROUP OF STEELWORKERS CALLED TEST DEPT JOINED FORCES WITH A PAIR OF POP DUOS — FAN TAN, AND THE CREATURES BENT ON DEATH AND DESTRUCTION — AND SUPER 8 FILM MAKERS TO FORGE PICTURES OF A BETTER LIFE!

TEST DEPARTMENT

THEIR PLACE of work is a small cellar in New Cross, South East London. It is scattered with the tools and materials of their trade: mallet, steel coils, iron rods, corrugated sheets, and more conventionally, guitar, drums, film and electronics.

The nature of their labour is heavy. Metal determines both the degree of fitness and level of commitment of the workforce, who number five and go under the collective name Test Dept.

Their faces are pinched by the intensity of activity, while their muscles bulge in meeting the requirements of the job. Otherwise unemployed, they spend night and day pounding primitive rhythms into dense walls of sound, which in turn are shaped by spartan melodies or collages with taped voices and chants — "GDANSK! GDANSK!" — to forge a music that is at once hypnotic and harrowing.

But make no mistake, this is hard work and consequently all aesthetic considerations spring from the arduousness of the task at hand. The awesome ponderousness of the rhythms is dictated by the weight of the instruments they wield — no sense in trying to make lead mallets skip! Their utilitarian dress sense is singularly appropriate and has nothing to do with the currently fashionable nods to depressed times. The sweat on these boys' brows is for real.

"Aye, it's fucking hard work!" asserts Buxton born Paul H, who has in the past experienced doubts as to why he does it — certainly nor for the pittance it brings them. "But sometimes after it's over you feel so good!"

So what is it that has enslaved them to their labour? Of course, once you get into the swing of things, its very physical demands can be intoxicating, specially when combined with revolutionary fervour. That excitement stems from their experimenting with the resonant qualities of the metal! Their heady pursuit of new tones!

Finding something heroic in their endeavour, they've moulded themselves into the inspirational figures of Soviet poster art. Their filmed backdrop finds glamour in the grimed surfaces of sweaty faces, the camera, meanwhile, focusing on their gaze — fixed firmly on a faraway, optimistic future. But the drugging drudgery of their toil has unsurprisingly alerted them to the essential lie of propaganda art, to the failures of five year plans and the disillusioning gap between the dream state and the reality, which seemingly makes a mockery of all that hard work and sacrifice.

"We formed around the time when the Polish situation was getting really heavy," says Paul J, whose father is Polish, "which gave us some kind of unity . . ."

"And the time we came together it was really cold," remembers Paul H. "The atmosphere was somehow right for that ambivalent image to evolve out of it."

Test Dept's music checks for the idealism of those early years, when even the wildest dreams seemed possible, just as it sadly acknowledges its downslide into the oppressive states of Eastern Europe.

"We are using the heroic look both as propaganda and as a powerful image," says Paul J, "sending it up just as we're utilising it for our own ends".

"To me it's like uncovering the forces at play," posits Angus cautiously, "in states so firmly aligned to a political dogma, that people are crushed by it. Here, people can read about it in a newspaper but they're not going to feel anything. Our way of coming to it, our music hopefully gets closer to it, touching on those feelings and emotions, those forces involved . . ."

TEST DEPT'S effectiveness lies in the totality of their presence, the sophisticated integration of image and sound. For the former they can thank Super 8 film maker Brett, of Fan Tan, for doing all the things they would have been too shy to do themselves.

"The film I made for Test Dept," he says, "well, if they did it, they would have been so self-conscious that they would never have dared make themselves into such heroes, whereas I think there's nothing wrong with it, so long as you do it so over-the-top that there's some irony in it. I wanted to make them look like huge statues, so over-the-top that nobody could knock them for it. Unashamed vanity!"

Thus great propaganda is made: apply politicians with a heavy layer of pop cosmetics!

BRETT'S FAN TAN and their offsprings The Creatures Bent On Death And Destruction form the entertainment wing of the loosely knit New Cross Collective. Their tacky pop sensibility is a necessarily light complement to Test Dept's dark austerity.

Their show comprises a pop ersatz distilled from the swollen emotions of The Human League, the bloated bluster of Ultravox and the dime store romance of Dollar, illustrated with Super 8 "epic" films. Not so much accomplished satirists as engaging pomp prickers, they're as funny as they are ludicrous. The closer they think they're getting to the real thing, the farther away they slip, which isn't to say they can't touch the same pleasure points.

They do go out alone, but for the moment they are best seen as part of the exceedingly odd revue they make up occasionally with Test Dept. Together, they come across as a deadly variation of the tough and tender cop routine: Fan Tan lower the audience's defences long enough for Test Dept to deliver their withering blows.

(A Test Dept cassette called 'Strength Of Metal In Motion' and a forthcoming Fan Tan-Creatures cassette is available from Test Dept Productions, 8 Nettleton Road, London SE14).

BY CHRIS BOHN

PHOTOS: PETER ANDERSON

FAN TAN CREATURES

SINGLES

THE GAVIN MARTIN SINGLES COLUMN

IN THE '60s and the greater part of the '70s, the archetypal single was about three minutes' long. The ideal was that with brevity, incision and thrust the single could uncover and draw you into its own private world. That maxim still works a treat — Marvin Gaye, Culture Club and Eddy Grant are just some current examples of its potency.

But another type of single was hatched through the late '70s disco boom and welcomed by consumers, who were not only increasingly aware of technical detail and precision, but were also unable to afford many LPs and were hence looking for more from their singles. This type was 12 rather than seven inches and about six rather than three minutes long.

No longer confined to disco, the 12-inch, six-minute single is now firmly established as a new art form. The qualities are still the same but the ways of achieving them are different. There's an emphasis on resonance rather than economy of musical motion and ideas, contrasting extremes rather than compactness of sound and a construction that demands the record's theme be weaved, warped and really tested through the course of the record.

I love both types of single when they deliver the goods and this week it's the 12-inchers that have the staying power. Grandmaster Flash's 'The Message' was possibly *the* classic six minute single for this year. **MELLE MEL & DUKE BOOTEE: Message II (Survival) (Sugarhill)** is the follow-up by two members of The Furious Five and, although it could never be expected to have the same searing impact of its predecessor, works its way with scythes and pick axes through a scorched, meshed backdrop to become perfect electronic folk music for the last days of capitalism.

The horror of decay is quickly becoming NO BIG SECRET but it takes the pained emotion of a playwright like Alan Bleasdale rather than any of our bright musical sparks to capture the intensity and pathos it generates. That's why 'The Message I & II' are a vital companion pack — they're unflinching confrontations, with cutting insights and indictments of the 'free' world: *"Babies born each morn with their bodies gone because of some crazy drug that their mother was on."*

But they are also tremendously powerful singles — the spirit of Travis Bickle backed with a pioneering, hypnotic new dance, drawing on energy, passion and commitment as their very life blood.

At the other end of the rainbow — gold diggers and good time gals rather than gloom-ringed spiritual sufferers — are **THE WEATHER GIRLS : It's Raining Men (CBS).** This is lush, racy and ephemeral, made by a group who sound like they really set out to enjoy making a scene, making it big, making records, and simply making it.

'It's Raining Men' is a big thundercrack of rejoicing with some seriously wild post-gospel larynx-swooping, and like 'Survival' is just brimming with quotable couplets: *"Hurrah for mother nature she's a simple woman too. / She took from the elements and did what she had to do. / She's a loving angel, she's arranged the sky so that each and every woman could find the perfect guy. / It's raining men, hallelujah, It's raining men."* Some crazy pre-holocaust cosmic fantasy to be sure and a nice way to finish for the ladies. Both this and 'Survival' have the buzz, should be irresistibly BIG hits and are further proof of the single's capacity to convey any sort of world.

It makes you wonder if the likes of **PSYCHIC TV: Just Drifting (Some Bizzare)** should even bother making singles. PTV recently played hand-maidens-in-waiting to William Burroughs on the stupid git's recent visit and now they're making records for Stevo's label. Like most of Steve's recent signings they sound like they're playing nursery rhymes for ageing acid casualties.

THE BLUE ORCHIDS: Nothing Left To Hide (Rough Trade) seems to yearn for another time as well — with its dull plodding drugged rhapsody soaked in the opiated imagery of the Romantics. The back sleeve boasts, "This EP has been completed under extraneous influences working upon the three brained beings hereafter known as The Blue Orchids". I suppose if they become famous, their record company will give them a bottle of nembutal, a dog-eared postcard of Lou Reed and a dingy hotel room so they can finish the job in the proper way.

Still, back to business and time to climb aboard another 12-inch, six-minute adventure. Arthur Baker is becoming quite an expert at the craft and his new production vehicle **NAIROBI: Soul Mokassa (London)** is a subversive upsurge of considerable magnitude. As with his Rocker's Revenge 'Walking On Sunshine', Mr Baker's other golden moment *so far*, he tears the old Manu Dibango hit up by the roots and replants it in an unnatural hot house of sound growth and explosions.

The drum machine's a huge febrile beast, at once pulverising and nimble; the whole sound is a big experience that threatens, cajoles and finally welcomes. It puts out tentacles and draws you into a thick, fleshy tropical otherworld. A weird type of sex in operation? Nah, a splendid type of music going for its goal, getting there, bringing the listener along and keeping body and soul right on course.

But hey, listen, what's that sound? It's the new thing going down, it's **SOUTHERN DEATH CULT: Fat Man (Situation 2).** We're told that SDC are definite signs of life, an escape valve from the usual punky morass, and their debut single is certainly a taste of something a lot stronger than we've been used to in this field. It's Echo And The Bunnymen on methedrine, it has the most brilliant rock drumming in yonks, the guitar spits pure spleen and the whole thing reeks malice and havoc. Not exactly my sort of thing but I can still appreciate its edge and commitment.

The first thing I ever heard of Southern Death Cult was when I met a local Bradford punter in a London club some months ago. He proudly displayed their tattoo. He'd been an Adam fan until Adam "went and sold out" and his forearm was covered in an Ant tattoo he was now trying to have removed. With their name and with records like this, it'll be a long time before the SDC tattoo comes off.

A single should always make you feel that you're venturing forward, seeing something that would not otherwise be exposed, laying bare emotion and desire. A lot of people have been saying **PANTHER BURNS** has this gift but I've been unable to detect it until the new **Blow Your Top (Rough Trade).** On this 12-inch EP (not the same thing as Melle Mel & Duke Bootee, The Weather Girls or Nairobi but good value all the same) he slices through to a raw nerve in the mud-swamps twilight zone where a pagan beat pounces on the modern world and The Cramps are best forgotten.

It's catatonic, rabid rockabilly with the old Memphis angel or demon hound on the trail (the sun's coming up but the moon is still preying on the mind). The playing's *not* 'solid and reliable'. Sure, it stamps the beat down hard but then goes off somewhere wild and crazed, howling into the night.

Also howling, but in sorrow and despair, is **THE SPECIAL AKA: 'War Crimes' (Chrysalis).** Through the bombed, burned-out carnage of Beirut the record stalks, and you can hear the spirits wailing, thousands of helpless refugees paralysed, destroyed in a hideous massacre. That incident in Beirut earlier this year was the biggest question mark ever on Israel's 'noble' tradition. 'War Crimes' spells it out: *"From the graves of Belsen where the innocent were burned. / To the genocide in Beirut, Israel was nothing learned? / I can still hear people crying, now who takes the blame? / The numbers may be different, the CRIME is still the same."*

Again this clocks in at just over six minutes and Jerry Dammers uses all the space and time to create a stark, insistent atmosphere. Rhoda Dakar leads a three-pronged vocal lament laced with Dammers' own daunting keyboards, eerie violin, swift buzzsaw guitar and a relentless heavy drum sound which sends punishing reverberations through the whole record.

The Specials Mk Two output hasn't been prolific but with this and 'The Boiler' (criminally banned by the BBC), Dammers has shown his faculties as a composer are sharper than ever. From his ska beginnings and love of musak he's carved an uncompromising new music which broods, is genuinely scary but still vibrant and very much alive.

Records like we have before us, a truly vintage week for singles in case you hadn't noticed, make it so easy to dispense totally with the likes of **WHODINI: Magic Wand (Jive), YOSSER'S GANG: Giz A Job (Rialto)** and **BINKY BAKER: Toe-Knee-Black-burn (101)** —

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three ponderous, contrived attempts to turn (a) rap music, (b) the best television series of the decade's most famous character and (c) a Radio One DJ into a cheap little gimmick to appeal to the simpleton in the great British public. All three so obviously dire and gammy music business ideas of a wizard jape.

They make you realise the chances missed by **THE BABY ALLIGATORS: Your Mind Not Your Body (Stiletto).** It could have been a caustic attack on every middle-aged pot-bellied eunuch who ever tried to use a fat movie / music modelling industry expense account to find his way into an aspiring starlet's knickers. It could have been a record to pour hot fat on the sort who promise a sepia-tinted vision of the good life and end up delivering 30 squelchy seconds (on a good night). Instead it's a limpid, winsome ditty that sounds like Godley & Creme live at The Squash Club coffee bar. Music to please the self-same pot-bellied eunuchs it would take to task.

Back where the action is and it's **THE MONTANA SEXTET: Heavy Vibes (Virgin)** — Entertaining, fully rounded and a nicely spiced slab of modern day Philly. Usually vibes mean a music as languid and sickly as the soundtrack at Heathrow's Foreign Departures Lounge but not this mobile, luxuriating piece with its double drum thump that gives the cool pace the pressure it requires. 'Heavy Vibes' comes in three fully-flavoured mixes on the 12-inch, is a worthy Number One in the national dance chart at the moment and is also a worthy inheritor of the Philly sound moulded by Gamble and Huff and Thom Bell at the end of the '60s.

The number Vincent Montana and his sextet ousted from the top-spot was Marvin Gaye's magnificent 'Sexual Healing'. **JIMMY RILEY: 'Sexual Healing' (Island)** is nothing to be sniffed at either. I'll stick with Marvin's original coital remedy but this takes its reggae undertones and makes them more obvious with a neat Sly 'n' Robbie production. Riley's a fine singer and his lean yearning vocals don't discredit the song, though the lucidity and nuances of the original aren't as magical here.

All that's missing from this week's list of winners is a total seduction, a long warm rapturous embrace. Would-be contenders in this field fare

Illustration Adam Peters.

badly, smothered in bland English whimsy. The non-commital cheesy grin on the face of national pap is still polishing itself out of existence — anonymous, faceless, spineless. **DISLOCATION DANCE: 'You'll Never Know' (New Hormones)** is blandish, bossa novaish and the next big thing. I know bossa nova is the next big thing because I read about it in *The Face* (the ever-helpful magazine that features the trends that are happening, the trends that are going to happen and the trends that haven't a hope in hell of happening). DD are all swishy, wishy-washy acoustic guitars and breathy lead vocals. They're not so hot on tunes but that salient factor is compensated by lots of lalalalalalala's.

TRACEY THORN: Plain Sailing (Cherry Red) and **TOUCAN JIVE: I Want You To Be My Baby (Kay Drum)** are more of the same — wetter and weaker than water de-carbonated 'pop'. Tracey is a Joni Mitchell for boys in chunky woollies and pointy shoes, without the wit, the warmth or the Woodstock, and Toucan Jive are the Rezillos with advanced cerebral palsy.

It wasn't necessary to look very far to find five or six compelling singles this week but now as I gaze around the floor at the 40 or so that are left it's all the same old blubber and fluff. Like **TYRONE BRUNSON: The Smurf (Epic),** not a disco tribute to a member of that suspect priest's gang of hairy little men but a-nothing-much-to-say-title for a-nothing-much-to-say-piece. It works itself into an ineffectual funk — electro ciphers, buzzes and bleeps modulate around the mix but at the centre is a riff that grunts and sweats relentlessly, like a hog mating on salt petre.

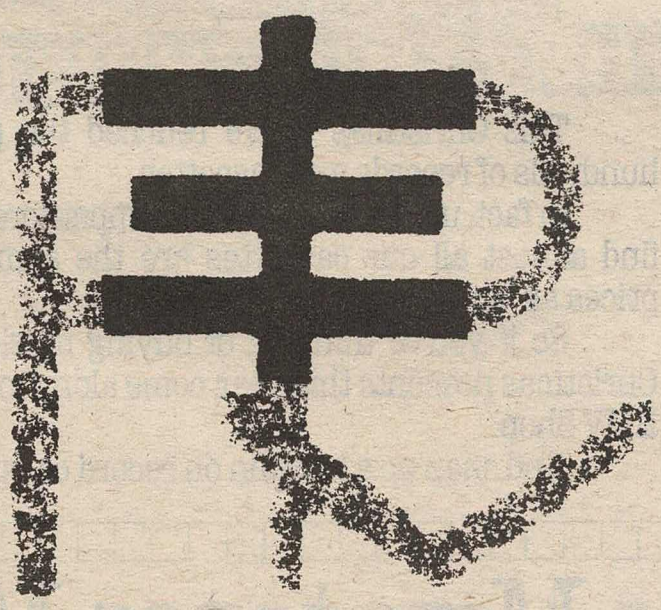
THE ANTI NOWHERE LEAGUE: For You (WXYZ) is really tame for the boys, perhaps considering the possibility of a hit after numerous controversies. This piece of instant self mythology could be just the one to do it, if enough people find four grown men sticking their tongue out in public an appealing prospect.

From New York, and hopefully staying there, come **KONK: Master Cylinder's Jam (Rough Trade),** a post-jazzartinaloft combo who sounded good on 45 until the singing started and then at its proper 33 rpm it sounded stuffy and uninspired, a damp barely realised exhortation to par-tay that drags like hell.

These records that are left don't even coax a reaction — so what if **THE FRANTIC ELEVATORS: Holding Back The Years (No Waiting)** don't live up to their clever little name and sound like bad, early Led Zeppelin or that **KC AND THE SUNSHINE BAND: (You Said) You'd Gimme Some More (Epic)** have traded in their boogie shoes for a banal, 'funky' rocky workout? I can reserve a slight shiver of repulsion for the excruciating condescension of **CHARLENE AND STEVIE WONDER: Used To Be (Motown),** however. Possibly the worst song ever recorded on Motown (no tune, no rhymes) and definitely the nadir of Wonder's career. And I'll cringe slightly when I hear **PRECIOUS WILSON: Red Light (Epic)** murdering the old Billy Ocean adolescent soul classic, with the overwrought Miss P sounding like Maggie Bell hot in pursuit of a Pat Travers roadie.

There's nothing left to get worked up about, one way or the other. But there's enough excitement, passion, bold adventure, class and style to be had from Melle Mel and Duke Bootee, Nairobi, The Weather Girls and The Montana Sextet. Or there's boiling anger and real terror in the Death Cult and Specials discs. This music is alive, it's hungry, it's moving and it feels great. There's a new rhythm knocking at the door. Wake up and let it in.

HYPE



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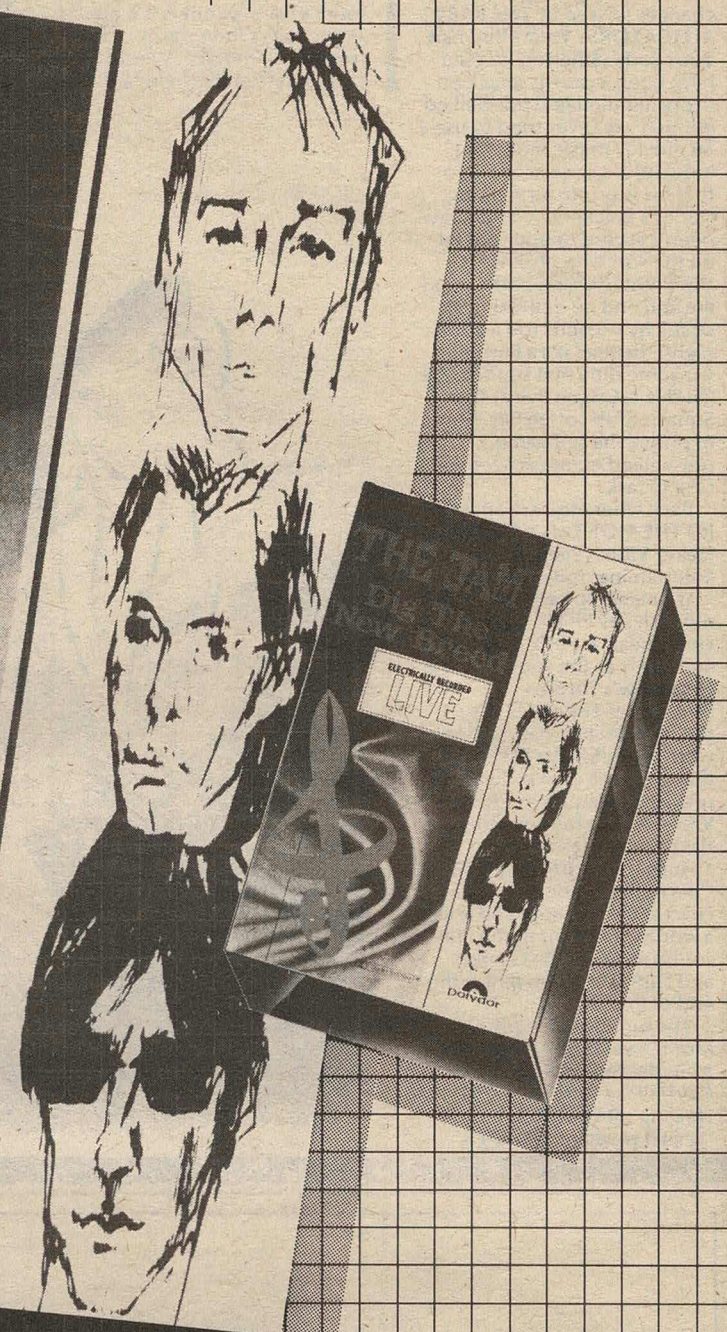

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BLACK AND WHITE REUNITE!

ADRIAN THRILLS HERALDS A 2-TONE REVIVAL WITH THE APOLLINAIRES. PIC BRYN JONES

BACK AT the roots of a sleepy Midlands music scene, a phoenix is starting to stir in the ashes . . . 16 months on from its last major hit single 'Ghost Town', the 2-Tone label is once again creating some significant musical ripples.

No longer hip, no longer the core of a chaotic cultural phenomenon, the label that first brought us The Specials, Selecter, Madness and The Beat is nonetheless back in business.

But now that the dust from the ska storm has finally settled and the ghost of Specialdom been effectively exorcised by both Jerry Dammers and The Fun Boy Three, a very different 2-Tone is emerging. For a start, the label is now more lowkey, run by just Dammers and former Specials road manager Pete Hadfield. Its A&R policy has also shifted away from the deliberate one-off releases to a more long-standing involvement.

Apart, of course, from Dammers' own Special AKA — and their forthcoming 'War Crimes' single ranks as one of the most chilling songs The General has ever recorded — the two bands on whom 2-Tone's future rests are Norwich agitfunksters, The Higsons and Leicester's Apollinaires.

The Appollinaires have made two singles, both on 2-tone, and each maintains the high standards set in the label's heyday.

Their debut, 'The Feelings Gone', was particularly impressive. Produced by Dammers, it featured the horns of The Swinging Laurels, the voice of Rhoda Dakar and a flute solo as exquisite as anything since Brother To Brother's 'In The Bottle'. The follow up 'Envy The Love', produced by Warne Livesey, an engineer discovered by former Specials drummer Brad, lacked the eerie atmospherics of their debut, but still rates as one of this year's better British dance singles.

Both couple the crisp, cutting 'white funk' drive of early Haircuts or pre-Horn ABC with a harder, more honest lyrical edge in better tune with the radical tendencies or vintage Gang of Four or The Pop Group. Without the weight of the hypers behind it, however, 'Envy The Love,' like 'The Feeling's Gone' is unlikely to chart . . . long gone are the days when the very presence of the 2-Tone logo was enough to guarantee a top ten placing.

THE APOLLINAIRES' nerve centre is a top floor bedroom on the Southfields estate, a stone's throw away from the bustle of Leicester's city centre. It is here that the six full-time members gather to try and convince me that the low profile they have adopted since their inception over a year ago is deceptive.

Their chief spokesman is vocalist Paul Tickle who, together with guitarist Francis Brown, drummer Kraig Thurnbar and bassie James Hunt, achieved mild notoriety a couple of years ago in a band called I Y A Volkswagens. A much more austere, industrial group than The Apollinaires, their one Rough Trade single, the typically cheery 'Kill Myself', is the only recorded evidence of their existence.

Disillusioned because the music they were playing bore little relation to the sounds they were dancing to in the clubs, the band fell apart last year, leaving Paul, Kraig, Francis and James to re-form, first as The Volkswagens and later as The Apollinaires. The recruitment of Fran's younger brother Tommy on guitar and a cockney teenage Rasta called Simon Kirk on percussion completed the line-up and ensured that the emphasis shifted from density to danceability.

Paul: "A lot of people say that we're aiming ourselves at the feet more than the head now, and to some extent that's true. But we still want people to think about what we are saying. I think the most important thing is that the music is more focused now.

"When we first reformed, things were a bit of a mess. There were still a few hangovers from the old group, but there was also a new dimension coming from the ideas that Tommy and Simon were putting in. Month by month, the dance numbers have come more to the fore, purely because they were more interesting than the older stuff. The crossover, if you want to call it that, was almost a semi-conscious thing. We never set out with the idea of becoming a funk group or whatever."

Tommy: "I think what is happening now is a bit of a reaction against the old group. Some of the intensity and anger has gone. What we are doing now is more akin to my own likings."

But the band are quick to emphasise that a seriousness remains.

Paul: "I don't want to underestimate the importance of the lyrics. I don't think we're a particularly preachy or doctrinaire band, but there is a message in the words of a song like 'Envy The Love'. I think it is possible to change someone's opinion by seduction rather than disorientation. You don't have to bash them over the head to tell them something.

"The lyrics of that song are pretty ironic, adopting the position of someone who is being oppressed, or a jealous man treating his girlfriend badly . . . *"Envy the money/envy the love"*.

THE 2-TONE connection is played down, although the implications and possible pressures of having to live up to the label's past reputation is clear to all the band.

Frank: "We went to 2-Tone because they were genuinely interested in us and we liked the label. We never really thought about the image of the label. Neither Jerry or Pete seem particularly keen to push that aspect of 2-Tone these days."

Kraig: "It was great to have someone like Dammers show faith in us though. It was good to get that sort of reaction from someone we respected musically rather than just someone who was a businessman. Jerry saw us as a band, not just as a product, and that was really warming. It gave us a real boost."

Ever the perfectionist, Dammers spent six full days with them in a Leamington Spa studio working on 'The Feeling's Gone'. So what sort of relationship did they have with that notoriously finicky producer?

Paul: "I think things worked out very well. Jerry is the sort of person who suggests things rather than dictates . . . but things weren't all easy going. He can be hard if he wants to be. If he got an idea about the way he wanted the single to move, we could feel him working to keep that idea, even if we were deviating from it. He can be very persuasive, but he's not tyrannical.

"As a band, I think we're all quite happy to be on 2-Tone. I don't think we feel a great deal of pressure because of the label's past history. We're certainly not a ska band, even if we do still get people turning up at our gigs in rude boy clothes and ska-T-shirts. What 2-Tone are looking for now are groups like us and The Higsons who can establish our own identity. At the same time, I think that we can help change the way that people look at 2-Tone."

THE APOLLINAIRES no longer work with their Leicester neighbours The Swinging Laurels — a mutual agreement — and instead have introduced their own five-piece section featuring trumpet, sax, clarinet, trombone and flute, which accompanies them on all local dates. The set-up is decidedly uneconomic, but one they are keen to keep.

Paul: "We don't make any money from playing live, but it's important for us to be able to present our sound in its entirety. It's our choice, so we're prepared to shoulder the burden."

Sadly, 'Envy The Love' is certain to be submerged in the dross of the Christmas releases, the band's lack of an easily-identifiable image being a big disadvantage in the seasonal selling stakes. Next year, however, things could be different with 2-Tone committed to nurturing their talents and Chrysalis providing the vital distribution muscle.

Paul: "I don't think we're striving to build ourselves any big image. That might be a disadvantage commercially, but it just isn't us. When we play live, we don't go in for a big stage show . . . we just play with naked white lights, so that people can see us as people, as a group, rather than as Christmas decorations. If we're good enough, the strength of the music should win through.

"People keep going on about how depressed everything is musically these days. But even in the most depressed situation, you'll always get pockets of something worthwhile and hopefully we're one of them.

"It's the same with anything. People are always saying that painting's dead, but something will always surface. You're always going to find the odd gem."

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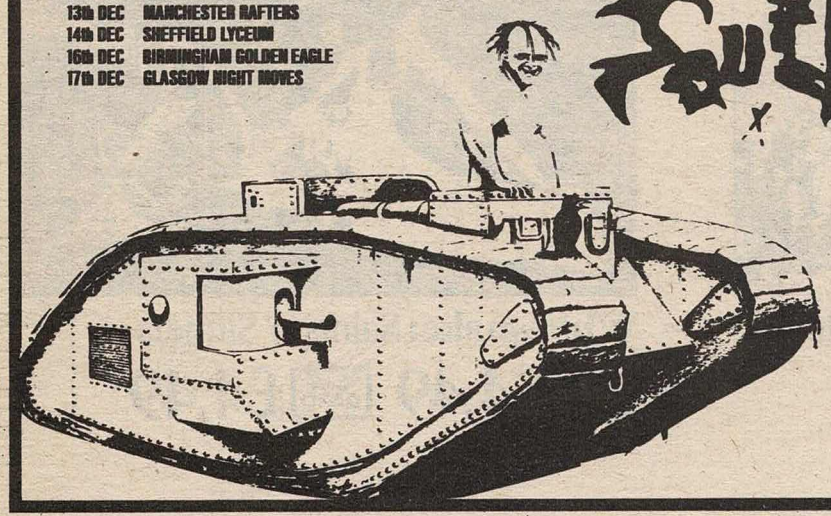

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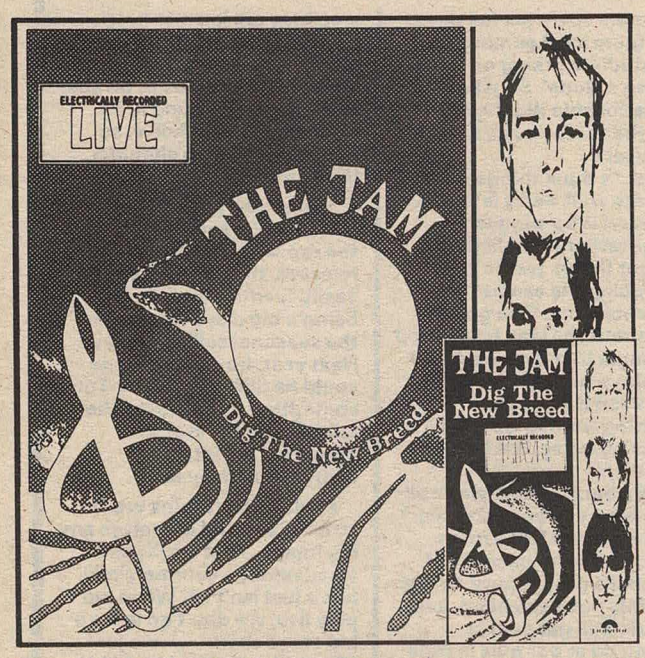

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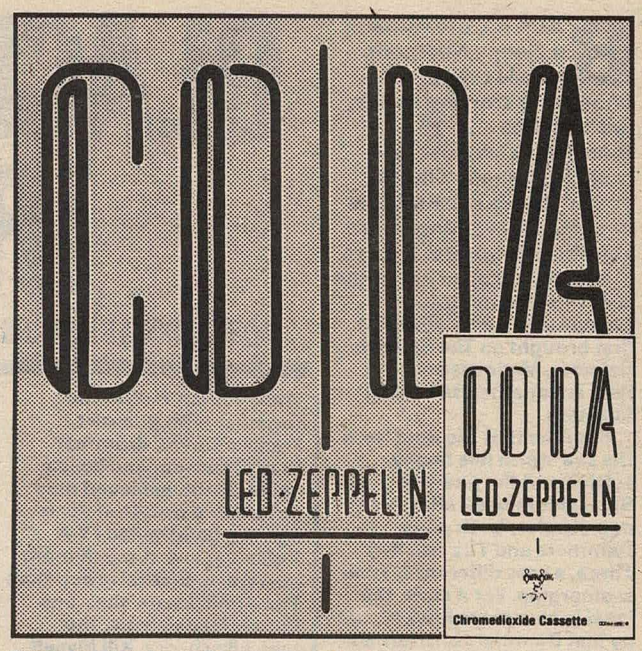

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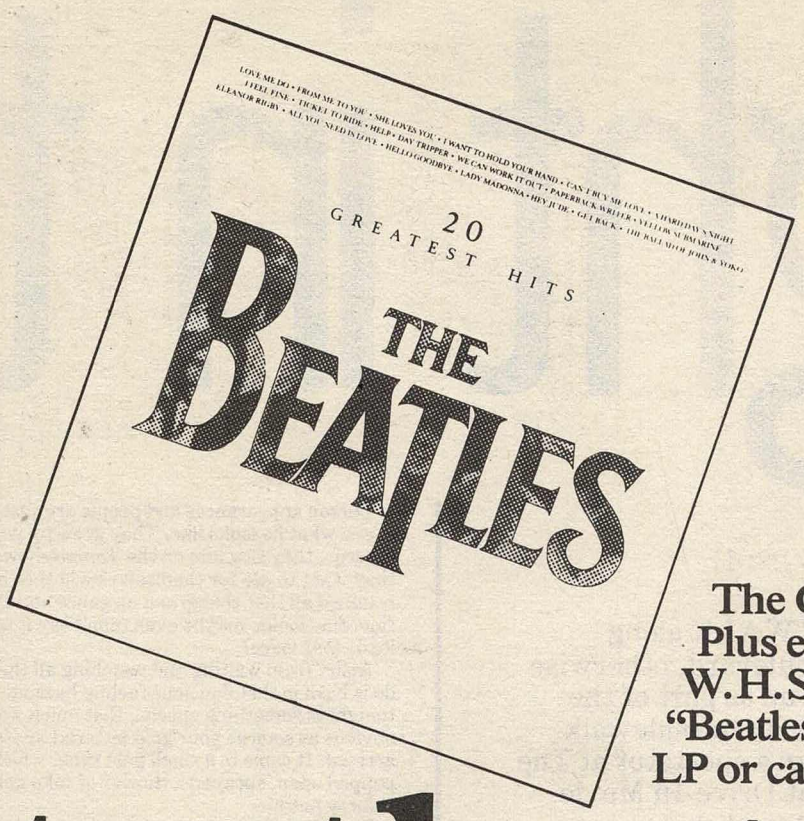

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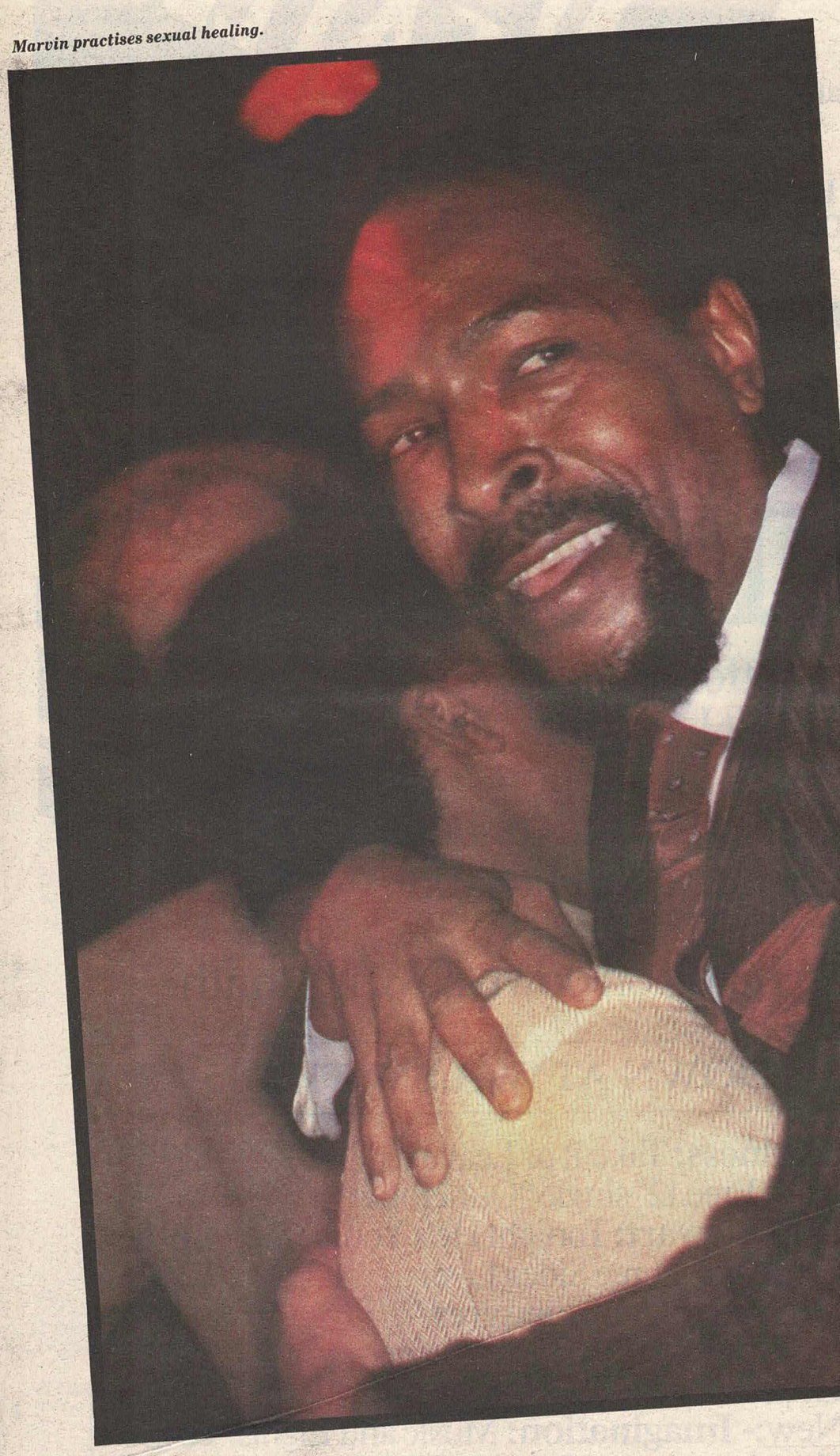
Marvin practises sexual healing.



Something's going on in the men's room, the kitchen and the bedroom . . . as Marvin Gaye fortifies himself for this exclusive interview. After his first hit 20 years ago, he once again finds himself a celebrity of the LA freak show with the success of his new LP, 'Midnight Love'. He talks openly about sex, soul and spirituality, and leaving Motown.

INTERVIEW: GAVIN MARTIN

DON'T WALK along Sunset Boulevard, otherwise you'll end up as part of the freakshow on the sidewalk rather than a spectator at The Last Great Drive-In Movie.

Cutting through the heart of Hollywood, Sunset epitomises everything the American dream ever promised: the full fruits of capitalism, a bounty of riches. But instead of the cold claustrophobia of New York, it's a free and easy, wide open boulevard with an unbelievably warm climate.

Today the sun shines radiantly, and the route is lined with towering palms and fragrant lemon trees. And against this lush backdrop, you have luxury department stores, multi-storey hotels, gigantic billboards and — if you look down — a panoramic view of downtown Los Angeles.

Then, just as you're lapping it all up, along comes a scruffy, shoeless downbeat repeatedly shouting, "Joe Hoages is back! He's got no money, but he's back!" It's Yosser Hughes in another time, another place.

Move further up the block, to the corner where the strip meets one of those residential avenues that look like a *Peyton Place* set and there, in the middle of all this magnificence, there are hookers — lots of them everywhere, just . . . going about their business. You realise the place is riddled with paradoxes and dashing images: on one side of the street you have this monstrous billboard of an up and coming movie starlet clothed in a see-through glitter body stocking, and on the other you have The Golden Crest Motel advertising 'Retirement Living At Its Finest' where the old dears have endless facelifts, trying to capture the LA spirit of perfection and eternal youth.

Then on one side of the street you have those scuzzy jerk-off Motels that offer chalets with water beds and private movies, and on the other, Hollywood Highschool boasts its motto — Achieve The Honourable.

CARLO'S AND Charlie's is a club halfway along Sunset Boulevard and it's here CBS are holding a party. Gaye is being welcomed back to LA after a four year exile in Europe, and they're also celebrating the success of his new single 'Sexual Healing' and his debut LP for the label, 'Midnight Love'. It not only represents a full-blooded artistic reawakening but, in the words of *Billboard*, "looks like being the sort of blockbuster the industry needs at this time of year".

Welcome to the biz, Marvin; it's sure good to have you back.

The party isn't due to start until 6pm, but at five the limos are already starting to purr into the forecourt and immaculately attired folks, mainly coloured, step out. Not too many faces — Quincy Jones is the only other person who'll attract any of the limelight — but, let's face it, if you get there, past the discreetly armed guards at the door, up to the free food and drink bar you *must be someone*, and therefore entitled to bask in a moment of glory, to savour that delicious feeling that surrounds richness, fame . . . greatness.

Carlo's is where Marvin made the video for 'Sexual Healing', and as the crowd builds up and the tape plays its way through all his big hits from the last 20 years, attention is directed several times to the screen at the back of the club so we can see the classy film one more time.

It's a good way to generate excitement, after all it's been ages since Marvin made one of these in-person appearances and people are just dying to see what he looks like. They grew up with his records, they saw him on the *Tammi* shows, and they want to see for themselves whether he's retained all that charm and elegance and those fine, fine looks, maybe even (don't say it too loud) *that voice!*

Apart from waiting and watching all there is to do is bask in that delicious feeling because tonight is something special, that much was obvious as soon as your gold lettered invitation arrived. It came in a small gold tube, which when popped open, sprayed a shower of fake gold dust; chintzy but nice.

So you sit there sipping expensive cocktails, feeling relaxed, rich, soaking up that smooth LA record business cool. When you're introduced to the Vice President of CBS he shakes your hand and says, "I'm sorry that the weather wasn't better for you guys coming out here". It's as if, had he known we were coming he would have had *that* arranged too.

If you start to get really bored, you can always watch the hired ham. The hired ham has parked himself on the upper step leading to the section fenced off for Marvin's personal friends, associates and record company bigwigs. He was the first person to arrive and he'll probably be the last to leave.

Wearing an open necked shirt and leather pants, he has one of those faces aged by 10 years of full-time record industry ligging, and he's trying so hard to prove that he appreciates the occasion and is enjoying himself more than anyone else. Each track that comes on is a signal for him to go through his set of ingratiating gestures . . . he's simply oozing LA whitey-got-soul cool.

Welcome to the biz Marvin, it's sure good to have you back.

AT AROUND eight with everybody keyed and oiled for the entrance, their eyes towards the front of the club, Marvin arrives — through the backdoor, of course.

The cameras start to whirr, flash and click, as he's surrounded by a sea of photographers. But he takes it all in his stride. He's got a great way of approaching the occasion: he just strolls in throwing out warm personable smiles, good buddy backslaps for the guys and little pecks on the cheeks for the ladies. It's not affected superstar bullshit, it's cosy and friendly and doesn't disturb the atmosphere one little bit.

And the guy looks 'incredible'. He's wearing a suave pinstripe suit, there's no sign of sag or paunch, and that old charisma still glows around him.

After about half an hour of smiles, slaps and shakes and endless posing, a small, nervy coloured lady representing the LA City Fathers reads out a citation from the mayor. It's a list of Marvin's successes over the years which makes apparent Gaye's greatness, underlined by his ability to put himself at the forefront of black music again after 25 years with 'Midnight Love'.

After it's read, there are calls for Marvin to speak, but someone else collects the scroll on his behalf. Well, how would *you* feel if someone had just read out your life's work, the DJ is playing your records all night and some jerk wants you to get up there and "say a few words".

Embarrassed? Nervous? Self-conscious? And so does Marvin. Gradually there's a hushed silence as everyone strains to hear him talk from somewhere off to the left of the dancefloor. But he's either too shy or too hemmed in to get nearer to the microphone, and you can hardly hear him.

I catch his reflection in one of the mirrored walls and he's chewing madly, his eyes are closed and his head is raised towards the roof; it's as if he's waiting for a big hand to come through the ceiling and take him away. Speaking in a low, soft voice, the words drift away and tears well up in his eyes.

"It's always nice to receive praise . . . mmm . . . to make . . . something out of this — this existence."

He stops there and allows himself a small smile (the absurdity of it all!) and continues to say something about "unworthiness", "thanks to my maker", "those who made it all possible".

Well! It wasn't what you expected from a guy who has just been lauded as one of the greatest recording artists of our time. But then everyone knew Marvin was a little strange, so they smile and the party starts to get back into its swing.

ne city of angels

A short time later Peter Anderson goes to the gents, but only gets the door half-open to find his path blocked by Marvin's solid frame. In there with a few of his friends, he's grinning broadly, and he remains silent but smiling as he pushes the door closed in Peter's face.

When you hear this you immediately think of 'Midnight Lady', the opening track on his new LP, and the lines, *"They tell me something's going on in the men's room/Soon as we come out we'll be high soon/Did you save a line for the ladies"*.

The presentations aren't over for the night, however, as the record company have their tokens of esteem to unload — a fetching neon plaque, a couple of gold discs and a platinum one.

The latter is an unexpected boon and Marvin goes onstage to join Larkin Arnold, the head of CBS black music division who went to Belgium to sign him. During Arnold's speech he stands shuffling and grinning, and before he comes forward to accept the awards he indiscreetly sticks his chewing gum behind the neon plaque. Gazing at the gold disc for 'Sexual Healing' he refers to one of the questions in our interview the days before.

"I was talking yesterday . . . as I guess I do every day . . . trying to help someone . . . *understand*. And they asked about my belief in God and all this sex business. I'll answer now as I did then, that perhaps in the past my consciousness was not all it should have been. But during the recording of this record I felt very close to my Maker and I see this as a means towards an end . . . towards serving him.

"Now, before I start to make everybody cry . . . I haven't sung since the LP, so I don't know what shape God has kept my voice in . . . I'm going to sing The Lord's Prayer acappella as a way of saying thank you."

And standing there alone in this flashy LA nightclub, he lets all the old fire and fervour come pouring out. It's marvellous, sincere, soul-wrenching emotion transcending the setting and all the mumbo jumbo that preceded it.

Welcome to the biz Marvin, it's sure good to have you back.

Anna Gordy — Marvin's first wife and Motown boss Berry's sister — is one of several Gordys on the guestlist. Their marriage ended in divorce, massive alimony payments, and has provided the backdrop for his last three heart-rending albums on Motown. It's a relationship inextricably connected to sour memories and emotional hardships, but tonight Anna is an old friend, mother to his son and, along with a few others gathered round, an old flame.

It's an odd scene, Marvin, Anna and Marvin Junior having a family snap taken on the dancefloor while 'Midnight Lady' is cranked up to full volume. Lots of sharp dudes and long-legged trendy girls spill onto the dancefloor and start shaking their butts furiously. One of them turns round to clock this heartwarming little gathering and turns back. The butts keep shaking, more furiously than ever.

Then at the end of the night as everyone's piling out I'm introduced to this medium built woman in a red trouser suit, she's got long curling trestles pulled back from her forehead and cascading down her back. It's Freda Payne who spent six weeks at the top of the chart in 1970 with 'Band Of Gold'. Freda was one of the people in Marvin's personal entourage throughout the evening and she's had a lovely time. She's so pleased for Marvin, she knew his record had gone gold . . . but platinum as well, it was all too much. "Didn't he look wonderful?" she gushes, tossing back her hair back and smiling warmly. As well she might: Freda still looks pretty wonderful herself.

THE DAY before the party we'd driven up to Marilyn Freeman's apartment to do the interview. Marilyn is an old friend of Marvin's from when he lived in Detroit and has been his manager since he left Motown. A middleaged lady of considerable resource, she'll tell you matter of factly how in her former job with Los Angeles school security she helped LAPD solve nine murder cases.

By LA standards her place isn't too outlandish, although when you climb out of the car you sink five inches into a lawn that's as plush as pile carpet. Marvin's staying here at present, having

CONTINUES OVER

Marvin at his joint in LA.

PHOTOGRAPHY: PETER ANDERSON

marvin gaye

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

moved back to the West Coast earlier this year when his mother became seriously ill. The old lady is recuperating now, and in two days' time she and her son are off to Palm Springs for their first holiday together in five years.

Inside we wait half an hour for our subject who's being picked up by Harvey Fuqua, his brother-in-law, and assistant producer on 'Midnight Love', who first brought him into showbiz with The Moonglows. He's spent the day at the beach with Anna and Marvin Jnr, and on the way back his car broke down. When he finally arrives he shakes hands, disappears into the kitchen *for a few words* with Marilyn, and when he returns he plonks himself beside me saying, "Well I'm sure you've waited around long enough, let's get this started."

My mental picture of Marvin Gaye, before the interview, was that of an inherently sad man. There was his love life, which as far back as Tammi Terrill (who collapsed in his arms onstage and later died in hospital) seems to have been particularly tragic. Even on records his celebrations and eulogies of love and sex always emanated from a deep-aching wound of desire — just listen to 'Let's Get It On', or the new LP's 'Til Tomorrow'.

Over the last few years, exiled in Europe, estranged from wives, lovers, without a record company, bankrupt, and at a low ebb creatively, his situation didn't look like improving.

In fact, it resembled the *fictional* dilemma of Daniel Stone in *Number One With A Bullet,* the controversial novel by Elaine Jesmer supposedly based on Motown, with Stone as Gaye.

MARVIN'S REAL story is this: he was born 1939 in Washington, moved to Detroit in the early '60s and through his friendship with Fuqua of The Moonglows began working for an independent label set up by aspiring local entrepreneur Berry Gordy.

Originally employed as a session drummer, he quickly became known as The Prince Of Motown with his cool, confident style and a run of classic singles throughout that decade. More than any other artist, his records reflected the progress of the label: From the sparse R&B debut 'A Stubborn Kind Of Fella' to the haunting, sophisticated 'I Heard It Through The Grapevine' in 1967.

Having worked with most of Motown's leading lights — Smokey Robinson, Holland, Dozier & Holland and Norman Whitfield, in 1971 he emerged with his epochal, 'What's Going On' LP. A song cycle of social and political import, it had an eerie almost damned sound and, though tempered with compassion and humility, it was a cry of despair-encountering many horrific, ultimate truths. Last year, *ten* years later it was just as relevant and compelling listening in the wake of the depression, riots and imminent social implosion.

After 'What's Going On' he made *the* definitive album on sex, 'Let's Get It On', his subsequent albums for Motown concentrated on personal relationships, but were soured by difficulties and trauma. Even worse, his creative flow was drying up. Although he won't be drawn on the subject (adamantly insisting that Berry Gordy Jnr is a life long friend and "a great man"), the '70s were fraught with disputes between him and the label.

Eventually, at the end of the '70s, Gaye exiled himself in Europe and remained there until, having finally extricated himself from Motown, Arnold signed him to CBS records. They agreed to solve his alimony and bankruptcy, and in return he promised to make an LP that both the company and public could be proud of.

'Sexual Healing', the single from that album, is his first Top Ten hit in the UK since 'Got To Give It Up', and — despite what a certain hack said in a curt and bitter singles column earlier this year — shines like a diamond and, along with 'Midnight Love', presents a resounding return to form. Gaye has gathered together all his old strengths and passions and pioneered new frontiers in the new territory of synthesised funk marked out over the past few years. And that is a brief history of the soul man I interview for 90 minutes in a room dimly lit by a flickering TV. Following the family outing to the beach, he appears relaxed, if thoughtful, but apparently he can be sensitive. For example, I'm warned not to mention Tammi Terrill as "Marvin's on a high at the moment, and that sort of thing brings him right down again".

At times he sounds like a deity, but some of his cosmic wind-ups are obviously tongue in the cheek. He is also intelligent and humorous, carefully selecting his words and punctuating many of his answers with a broad grin or a hearty laugh. He may or may not have been stoned, I don't think it would have made much difference either way.

WHY DID you record 'Midnight Love' in Belgium? Was it to get away from the LA environment?

I had no pre-plans to record in Belgium, I just happened to go there in the course of finding myself again. Of course as an artist I must have gotten a great input from European music and I'm sure my album reflects that influence.

There's a very refreshing perspective on the use of synthesisers. Did you not have an instinctive mistrust of the coldness of the new technology?

No, I take chances. I like synthesisers; I've been fooling with them for years, and I've finally cut a synthesised album. I get bored with ruts and my last album and things like — because that was successful I should come out with another one just like it. If I do that I'm a slave to the industry and I refuse to be that.

It's a very commercial record, more so than your last three LPs. Is it one you've wanted to make for sometime?

Well, frankly at this point in time it looks like being more commercial than my last five LPs, which haven't exactly been blockbusters.

I'm very happy to be with CBS and they helped me through a difficult period; I like to make people happy who have been nice to me.

Y'see I'm not an artist who can't do, I'm an artist who can do and will do according to his circumstance. As far as being commercial and knowing what being commercial is about, that is not necessarily my interest. I feel I don't mind making a highly commercial record as my debut for CBS, and that's what I hope this record is.

It must be a great personal success for you, playing most of the instruments yourself.

In a way it is, but I'm still not extremely happy with my musicianship. Hopefully this LP will provide a base and I'll be able to improve on it from there.

My musicianship is something I hold very dear and I rarely display it onstage because I don't always want to share it with thousands of people. I love my music and I have to keep a grip on it. I don't use it as an integral part of my act because I'm interested in getting to the emotions of the people, and I don't think that my musicianship is profound enough to do that. So I'd much rather use my other talents to that end.

I noticed a dedication to a Judge Mednick on the back sleeve of the LP. Did he help free you from Motown?

No. From bankruptcy.

How did you become bankrupt?

Well, I'm sure much richer men than me have gone bankrupt. The reasons are many and all quite different — emotional and financial reasons . . . it's not a simple thing to understand. I've been bankrupt before and if I'm bankrupt again I'll deal with it again. It's not really about money with me.

How did you waste your money? Was it mostly women and drugs?

That was a tall part of it, of course.

Did you gamble much?

Yes, I've been a habitual gambler in my time, about ten or twelve years ago.

Was it part of your lifestyle, or was it done out of depression?

(*Laughs*) No, I don't think it was done out of depression. I think anything I do is done out of my lust for life, my curiosity and my dedication as an artist. I should live to the depths of depravity and I shall rise to the heights of spirituality. There is no other way that I could become a fine artist, my friend.

Did you ever get to the stage of breaking down?

Sometimes, but when I was born the stars provided me with a good nervous system for this business. I feel I'm a good horse and, through all the adversity, that is why I survived. I was born to do what I do and I understand that and I take things as they come. Many times it's difficult, but I do alright.

HAVE YOU ever read the book *Number One With A Bullet?*

Yes.

Have you ever met Elaine Jesmer?

Oh yes, I know her very well.

Do you think Daniel Stone is representative of you?

Daniel Stone? Representative of me? (*He sounds offended*) Umm . . . here and there, but it's fiction.

Here and there, there's a great deal of reality that's supposed to be in the character, but I certainly would not say that's an accurate description of my character, because it's not. I don't think anybody could accurately describe my character, I don't even think I'm able to.

You didn't seem very happy during those last few years at Motown.

No, artistically I was very unhappy and that was probably the primary reason why I asked to be released, or sold or whatever.

Compared with, say, Stevie Wonder you don't seem to have had your artistic whims indulged half as much.

There again I'm a bit different in my attitude because I feel very strongly about my art and my music. There would naturally arise certain political problems. I'm a highly principled person so it upsets me when I'm involved in a principled decision. Usually I'll make the decision in favour of the good principle and if it upsets the record company, traditionally I haven't given into it.

So it's sometimes prevented you from doing your best?

I have many times not done my best. I didn't see any reason to over the past few years.

Did you record much stuff that wasn't released?

Oh yes, I'm sure they have a tremendous back catalogue of unreleased material. Some of it's good . . . No, actually, I don't think *any* of it is any good.

The position you're in now must be a lot different from when you were part of the Motown machine. I'm thinking particularly of the '60s. It must have been a tremendous pressure having to churn out hit after hit after hit.

It was a tremendous pressure because the business is tremendously competitive — especially on the chitlin circuit, which is what we're now talking about, if you don't mind me saying so, because blacks were not permitted to evolve to popdom.

So as a chitlin circuit artist it's most essential that you continue to churn out hit after hit or you don't work. You're only as good as you're last record. There is very little chance of acquiring any major security as a performer. On the chitlin circuit you must have a broad cross section of fans or you don't survive.

Did that not make you bitter, being at the top of your profession and still being put under that sort of pressure?

Let's say that not having a full understanding of my business at an early age when Motown was still young, it didn't really matter. I would have paid *them* to let me perform. Although I look back on it with a certain degree of bitterness because I see how seriously I've been screwed, it's OK. It's all a means towards an end as I understand my purpose at this point.

You never sound vindictive.

Vindictive? It doesn't get one a lot back, y'know. But certainly I've felt vindictive and I still feel vindictively, and I certainly wish that those who have stepped on me will be punished. But a great measure of my satisfaction is that I have overcome many obstacles at this point and I have emerged rather victorious today. So I feel I have enough control to feel vindictive and turn the other cheek.

WHEN YOU recorded 'What's Going On' it was very relevant to the times; in the wake of Reagan and Thatcher it seems even more relevant now. Would you ever think of returning to that sort of record again?

One has to be very careful in dealing with politics and other highly controversial topics, when one tends to do something creative and conceptual.

I don't have any plans to do anything of a highly political nature in the near future. I shall do something of a social nature without politics involved — in the sense of a prophet, or a messenger perhaps. That way people can believe or take out of it what they want.

I don't intend to get involved with a whole bunch of crazy people who feel that I'm threatening them and their wealth and their greed, and so on. I'd just as soon leave them alone and go for those that can be saved.

I'm really not interested in politics, or governments, or the way this world is constructed. I think it's an abomination.

I'm even more appalled now than when I recorded 'What's Going On'; things have gotten worse and they'll continue to get worse. If one isn't careful one can become a bit apathetic when one knows the truth. But I shall continue on *(He turns to Peter and laughs)*

Which of your records gives you the most pleasure?

I don't record records for pleasure. I did when I was a younger artist, but I don't today. I record so that I can feed people what they need, what they feel. Hopefully, I record so that I can help someone overcome a bad time, or so they can sense that I care through my lyrics or through my music. That's what is important.

A major breakthrough in terms of technique and approach was 'I Heard It Through The Grapevine'. I've heard it described as modern voodoo music; when you recorded it, was there a feeling that something special had been created?

Not especially. That was recorded at an early stage in my development; I wasn't into myself as an artist, I was into being produce-able, and Norman Whitfield was a very capable producer. I simply took direction, as I felt the direction he was expounding was a proper one. Had I done it myself I would not have sung it at all like that, but y'see there are many benefits in just singing other people's material and taking directions.

The job of interpreting is quite an important one, because when people are not able to express what is in their souls if there is an artist who can . . . then I think that is very valuable.

I read once that you felt out of place in the early days compared to the likes of James Brown and Jackie Wilson who had very dynamic stage acts.

The reason I made that statement was because when I started on the chitlin circuit it was paramount that you were very animated if you were going to become a big star. I've never been a very good dancer, in spite of popular belief.

The thing is, I'm not especially an entertainer — I'm an artist *and* an entertainer, but the two are completely different. With one I'm extremely happy and joyful and at peace, and with the other I'm frankly out of my element. Although I do it OK, I do it nicely and everything, it's not where I get my biggest kick.

How do you reconcile the two?

Well, I try to be a creative artist and a creative person. For instance, I try to be creative in my personal appearance. One has to separate the two so that when he's onstage he gives the audience the feeling that he's not simply a mercenary entertainer but that he has some depth, some profoundity. All the things you need to be a legitimate artist, and that legitimacy is paramount with me.

AFTER BEING schooled by Motown and their corporate approach to recording and touring, was it hard to step out and establish your individuality with 'What's Going On'?

If I answer that definitively I run the risk of becoming facetious. In fact, I'm not responsible; that is my attitude.

I know nothing about this business, my friend, I am just an artist and I don't plan, although I have a very good understanding of the business. After 25 years one should have. I'm not going to take any credit for any superior genius or any great talent and all that kind of nonsense. There's so much that goes along with being successful — destiny, fate, prophecy or whatever you might call it. I do not take credit for being incredible or anything. I'm led. I feel. And I'm honest.

Honesty is one of my greatest and most horrible virtues. Most of my troubles have been due to my honesty, but I've no reason not to be honest. Besides I have a certain degree of humility which is a rarity in this business. I'm intense, but I'm fairly humble; I'm egotistical, but I need it to be what I am. Hopefully I don't use it in a dangerous or derogatory way.

What can I tell you? I'm guided; I feel very spiritual, blessed sometimes. The records I have recorded I feel are leading towards something that will probably be my purpose for being.

You seem to move about quite a bit.

I'm a gypsy. It's my job. Why should I just stay here? I'm concerned with humanity and my heart is big enough, and my empathy is big enough to know it is not just my job to stay in one place. It is my job to go everywhere and to pick up and sense and report it through my music. I have no home. The earth is my home, at this time. I don't want to be here. I'll live here until I'm not here anymore, until I don't have to be here, however many times I must incarnate. But I still don't feel good here.

You've been here before?

Of course. I don't know what as, but that's a whole other topic. If we were to talk about it in depth I could probably give you a good indication as to what as — I know through my fears and my *deja vus.*

Why did you shave your head around the time of 'I Want You'?

I don't know. I'm as crazy as any of us artists. Most of us are a bit touched. That's about the best answer I can give you.

On the one hand you sing about God and the end of the world, on the other you sing about sex and drugs. Is there a dichotomy in your work, or are the two compatible?

I think the word you're looking for is *hypocrisy.* I shall explain that to you.

No, I'm not a hypocrite. What I'm actually saying is that I'm as far from being a hypocrite as I can possibly be. I'm being extremely honest, I'm expressing all sides of life, be it spiritual or be it emotional or material. I should duck sex? I'm an artist, man, I'm not ducking sex.

Are you a Christian?

The definition of a Christian is someone who believes in Jesus Christ; an even more accurate definition of a Christian is a person who is a follower of Christ, and that entails doing the things that Christ did. So I'd have to think, do I do the things that Christ did? And I'd come up pretty bad on that score. I'd make a fair score, but I wouldn't be too high. I still consider myself a Christian because I believe in and love Jesus Christ. I'm not a fully evolved Christian at this point, but we're working on it.

What sort of minister was your father?

My father was a Pentecostal and fire type. We're rootsy, our blackness and our spirituality is of a very real and non-pretensive type. I rather like that.

Did you stick out in your neighbourhood as the minister's son?

It's quite a hardship on a child because he constantly has to prove himself to his comrades that he's as normal as they are. You have to do something rather bad or you're not accepted. You have to lose the stigma of being *a child of God.*

Was there a conflict with your family when

you started to do secular music?

I imagine if I exposed myself on the centrespread of *Playgirl*, all the family . . . they'd be a bit upset. But I don't think I'll do that.

No, they're not upset by my lyrical content. I've said a few things lyrically that I probably shouldn't have, but then I'm a little wild sometimes. *(Laughs)*

Does the religion of your childhood still hold sway with you?

If you're speaking of institutionalised religion, no. I find it a bore, hypocritical and a waste of time. My God is inside me, as is everyone's. I need only turn there to be with him. I don't go to a church with a lot of gold and diamonds in it that could be used to feed poor starving people all over the world. I don't have a lot of respect for institutionalised religion.

Do you have arguments with your God?

No. I have permission, *carte blanche* because I'm an artist.

That's a proviso he has written into His heavenly contract, is it?

I'm pretty sure that's for anyone who is an artist. It's very difficult to recognise an artist, there is much pretence. One must be rather intelligent to know an artist, a true artist.

In your last interview with this paper you spoke a lot about spirituality and prophesy, but this new LP doesn't have any of that. Was that a case of you thinking — if it's going to happen it will and there's nothing you can do about it?

Not at all, my friend. I shall get back to that in a bit. I haven't forgotten that.

I spend a lot of my spare time investigating the meaning of life and it's something all human beings should spend a lot of their spare time investigating. It has to be the most troublesome question in the mind of human beings; to duck it is serious . . .

Do you have a recurring dream?

Not now, but when I was younger I used to dream I was singing before millions of people, a sea of people, and through my performing there came a proclamation and it proclaimed me to be the greatest singer in the world.

I don't know what that means, it certainly doesn't sound very humble or anything. Sorry, but I'm just telling you the truth.

ARE YOU disillusioned with the way black music progressed through the second half of the '70s?

Disillusioned? I'm rarely disillusioned. I spent my periods of disillusionment during my last three years in Europe, I don't imagine that I'll have to deal with that for another few years, but I'm preparing for it because eventually it will probably happen to me again.

But in the '60s performers like James Brown and Otis Redding offered strength and spiritual inspiration, whereas the trend today — with Rick James and George Clinton — is to revel in decadence. Is that a bad thing?

No, I don't think it's a bad thing at all; it's simply prophesy. All you have to do is study Revelations or talk with a few psychics and you can see — even the change between the '60s and now — that it's the way the world is going, and you can certainly sense that we're heading towards something rather horrible. It's simply a reflection of the times, my friend.

And these things will get worse, you'll hear things on records and see things on the tube that you never thought you'd see. It's inevitable; it's prophesy, and it shall come to pass. It's supposed to be.

You once said that music was God, but much of your music seems to celebrate the joy, togetherness and release of sex. Is that God's greatest gift?

No, not especially. Sex is . . . mmmm . . . sex. I'd prefer to say the act of creation was the greatest gift that God gave us; sex is a continuation of that, a continuation that wasn't meant to be.

I think if you listen closer you'll find a spiritual connotation in all of my songs, even the ones that appear to be highly sexual. There's nothing wrong with sex, but nowadays one has to be very careful with herpes and all that. And there's reasons for that.

God is very interesting. He and mother nature have it together, and they know how to cut down on all this madness down here: simply send the little herpes bug. *(Laughs)*

Sex is OK as long as certain morals, honour and principles are adhered to. It's how one gauges it, not the act itself, that is the problem.

In every song on the LP there is a longing to reconcile emotional stability with the sexual act.

Well, let's say I'm insuring myself, because of my conscience. It's a bit of insurance, that's all.

When did you lose your virginity?

Virginity? That's a strange word for a man to deal with. I never thought of myself as a virgin I think the word is . . . it's not a eunuch because that's a man who has been castrated. But there is another word that describes a man who has never had sex with a woman. Anyway, for lack of the proper word, I lost my virginity when I was 16.

A memorable experience?

Yes, it was. It was with a hooker. I was in the Armed Services and I'd just come off the saltpetre, something they put in your food to keep your sexuality at a low ebb. They didn't want any funny business in the barracks.

Do you ever worry that you now get cut off from normal life?

Well, I'm not normal — if that's what you're saying. Very few of us are in showbusiness.

Does *that* not worry you?

That I can't be myself all the time? Yes, I'm a bit of a schizophrenic; it's important. There are times I feel unhappy and I must smile; there are times I want to cry and I must laugh. Unfortunately that's the business I'm in and I have to put up a good face for people no matter how I feel. So I tuck my face up and put it away, they rarely see the real Marvin Gaye.

The opening track on the new LP, 'Midnight Lady'— do you still have nights like that? Lads out on the town sort of thing?

Very definitely. A night out with the freaks, the kinks.

When I'm kinky I'm very kinky. When I'm spiritual I'm very spiritual. Like I told you I'm very schizoid.

Does racism still bother you in the record industry?

It's interesting that you're aware it still exists, on a very cleverly worked out scale. But it's alright; that's the way the world is.

You think people should accept that?

I don't think people should do anything other than what they're doing. I think there are more sinners than saints — and with such heavy odds, I should fight prejudice? There's no way you can wipe out prejudice. It's stupid to think about it. It's stupid to try.

DO YOU listen to much music?

I never have. I do today, but I never used to. I was so egotistical as a young performer that I didn't want to feel that I had been influenced by other people. I'm listening to music nowadays, because it's important that I get the feel of what people want to hear because I want to be commercial.

I imagine it would have been a big setback if 'Midnight Love' hadn't been such a success.

I'd probably have retired. I would have felt my run was over. I'm a timing specialist and I would have seen that as indication that I was through.

But with its success I've been given a great indication that I've still got it and it gives me more energy and desire to strive for greatness — wherever or whatever that greatness might be.

'Sexual Healing' is number one in many places, and I know there would have been a time when that fact would have made me overjoyed from an egotistical point of view. But that's not enough anymore, I'm overjoyed because I see the record and the album as a means towards an end. It's a means of getting proper exposure and with proper exposure I can deliver my proper message.

So you don't actually think your new work is the business?

Oh, I worked very hard. I love it. It's my all. But when it's gone I can't keep it anymore. It belongs to the world now. It's not mine; It's only mine before I release it. And once it's gone, like a mother bird who pushes her baby out of the nest, I give it up.

Are you a happy man?

No.

Sad?

Yes.

Even on this new LP where the songs seem so joyful?

I have my own inimitable style, and in that respect I try to do good music; music that has feeling, hope and meaning — all the things people are looking for. It pleases me that my music receives different kinds of connotations, that people feel differently about it because of their intelligence, their evolvement or their spirituality.

I'm sad because I'm schizophrenic, torn between many passions, desires and lovers. I'm sad because I know the bottom line, I know what is going to happen to this world. It saddens me that I have to condescend in order to be heard.

A FEW DAYS after this interview and then the party, Peter and I return to the apartment hoping to do a photo session and follow up a few more questions. When Marvin finally arrives he's like one of the walking dead, his eyes hidden from the world behind a pair of mirrored shades, He shakes hands and manages a cardboard smile. The party that started two days ago has continued right through until now. I ask him how he feels.

"Not too good," he replies, disappearing into the bedroom. He calls for Marilyn and she returns to tell us that there'll be no pictures or questions this morning.

For a short while Marvin Gaye is left alone in his room, the blinds are drawn but a little sunlight peeps through. Right now he doesn't feel too good but a dream buried deep in his thoughts will keep him going. He's got time to ponder and gather his strength: perhaps he'll say a little prayer or take a taste of something to banish hollow sorrow and see him through. Then it will be time to go — this afternoon he must put on his face and kiss a hundred cheeks, sign a hundred LPs and shake a hundred hands, and no one must know how he feels.

Outside a long, sleek, black limousine patiently awaits him . . . Welcome to the biz, Marvin. It's sure good to have you back.

THE END

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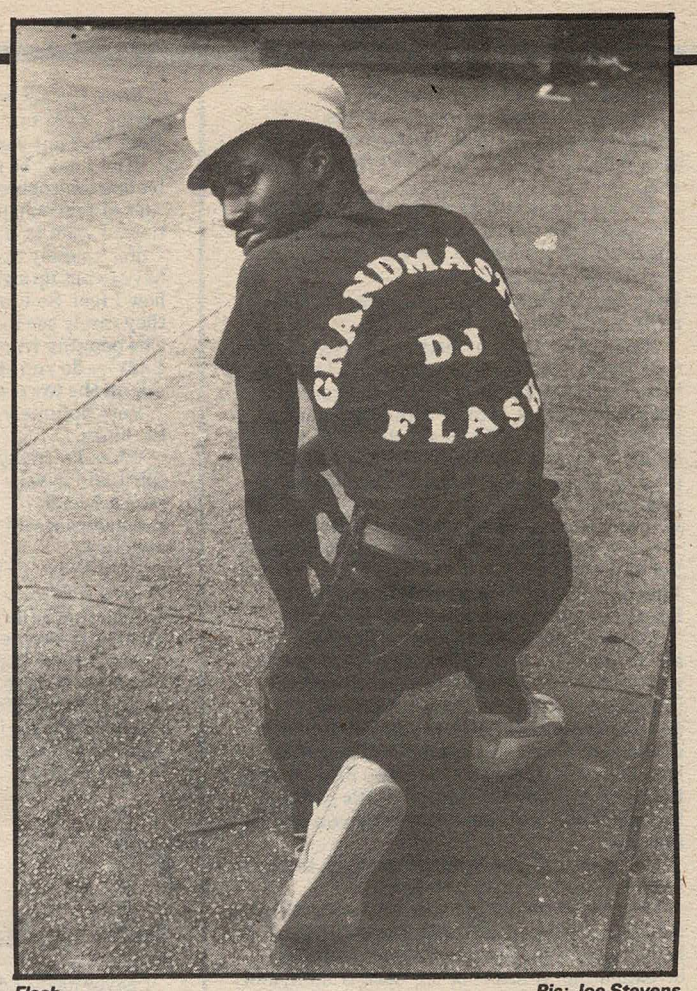
LPs

THE RAP MACHINE TURNS YOU ON



Flash *Pic: Joe Stevens*

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Rapped Uptight (Sugarhill)

JUST TO get some sort of perspective on this: Sugarhill Records have led the way in their recognition and participation in the rise of rap, and therefore it is virtually inevitable that their compilation of what the sleeve describes as "over 80 minutes of Sugarhill rap" is going to blow any competing collections straight out the back wall.

Island's 'Genius Of Rap' and Virgin's 'Rap Tracks', issued earlier this year, can hang their heads in shame. Though it omits — through sheer necessity — certain indispensible rap classics like J Walter Negro's 'Shoot The Pump' and Brother D's 'Dib-Be-Dib-Be-Dize' (aka 'How You Gonna Make The Black Nation Rise?'), 'Rapped Uptight' is, for all practical purposes, definitive.

Neatly packaged with a voluminous and vociferous liner note by Gavino Martini of the Milan Opera House, 'Rapped Uptight' leads with the obvious trump, Flash's 'The Message', which is not just the best rap single *ever* but THE single of the year. It is, however, atypical of what follows, seeing as how it presents a description and analysis of a situation and someone's experience of same rather than the simple assertion of self and presence which pumps the power into most of the original rap classics.

The blueprint for much of what was to follow was Sugarhill Gang's 'Rapper's Delight', which set the pattern by having a team of rappers make it known that 'I! Am! Here!' over a recycled dance riff (in this case Chic's 'Good Times', which was eventually unseated as the rappers' fave by 'Genius Of Love'). Gavin bears witness in his notes to rap's direct line of descent from great black American popular music, citing James Brown, Little Richard and Motown, but he could go back further still, to Bo Diddley's tremendous cycle of slickly rhymed boast'n toast singles, or to Muddy Waters' primal challenge: *"We are the Hoochie Coochie Boys, let the whole world know we here."*

Rap — Sugarhill stylee — is one step beyond the notion of the workers seizing the means of production; it is the consumers seizing the means of production. Just like toasting, in fact, but its utter urbanity brings it closer to our experience in the dark satanic mills of Britain than the Rasta deejays.

Its subject matter is just sheer brag elevated to the highest level, a chance to back your wits all the way. It's a uniquely exciting form simply because it demands not skill or technique or knowledge, but the kind of verbal improvisation only possible to someone in touch with their experience.

I have a short attention span where rap is concerned: the first time I heard 'Rapper's Delight' I went blank on it about five and a half minutes in, but things have gotten a lot more sophisticated since then. Mean Machine's 'Disco Dream' was a tune I'd heard once somewhere before but instantly recalled as soon as it came up here, and Trouble Funk's chortling machismo on 'Hey Fellas' has a light, self-mocking edge difficult to imagine any white pop act being able to duplicate.

Apart from the Flash classic, my own personal favourite from this embarrassment of riches is Sequence's 'Simon Says', which pays back for every single patronising reference to 'da young lay-dees' included elsewhere on the album. It follows a Candi Staton track which — just for contrast — is mostly a ballad with a rap interlude and Sylvia's 'It's Good To Be The Queen', which proves that even after Platinum there's somewhere to go.

Anyone not already tuned in to rap could ask for no better way to catch up. 'Rapped Uptight' is the works, the business, the cream of the crop.

Charles Shaar Murray

J. GEILS BAND

Showtime! (EMI America)

The Wolf and The One Justman *Pic: Kevin Cummins*

THE LAST ten years have seen the J Geils Band move from being a flashy, stylish, enormously entertaining R&B revue with a cult rep among boogie fanciers to end up as grinding, ponderous stadium rockers with little left of their old soul slickness than a few Peter Wolf dance steps and some between-song jive.

These days Geils have become little more than Foreigner with a harmonica, despite redeeming features like their willingness to slag Reagan on stage and the fact that they still have a cleaner relationship with black music than most of their peers.

'Showtime!' is doubly shoddy when compared directly to their superb 1972 live album 'Full House', which exemplified the genuine excitement which the band could create with their fast footwork and undeniable passion for Stax-Volt showbiz and Chicago blues.

The post-'Centerfold' Geils Band depend on lumbering rhythms, coarse textures and undistinguished AOR tunes churned out by keyboard player Seth Justman, who — as producer, arranger and composer — appears to be the band's musical director. J Geils himself plays as simplistically dirty a guitar as any Survivor might.

Only the doo-woppish 'I Do' and an earnest recreation of Wilson Pickett's 'Land Of A Thousand Dances' bear extended listening: both are examples of Wolf, Justman and Co demonstrating an unselfconscious love for the music that turned them on when they were young. The rest of the album is just the hard rock shuffle; an anonymous ten-round bout somewhere out in Stadiumland.

Charles Shaar Murray

NIGHTMARE TOWN

R.E.M.

Chronic Town (IRS)

A TOWN is chronic because we are fated to revisit it time and time again. A chronic town might also be a carny town, jammed full of colour, with incomprehensible barkers and terrible secrets stowed away behind the tents.

This chronic music revisits us, reminds us of the wonderfully, excitingly familiar but of nothing in particular. There are of course precedents, influences if you like. Ringing and chiming '60s guitars are a part of it. Voices and harmonies that are distinctly American, not by being any kind of nostalgic throwback but inherently, deeply, are a part of it; as is a modern English pop sensibility, an openness to the possibilities of what pop music can carry or suggest.

'Chronic Town' is five songs that spring to life full of immediacy and action and healthy impatience. Songs that won't be denied.

Mystery is a thing that is lacking in run of the mill pop product. Michael Stipe's voice comes close, gets right up next to you, but his mumblings seem to contain secrets. Intimacy and distance. The voice tells of knowledge but doesn't give too much away. The songs have mystery but are in no way fuzzy. No, they have a cinematic vividness, they paint pictures.

Sometimes the pictures are clear and particular but shaded and shadowed by the singer's mumblings. Sometimes the pictures are made of sharply seen fragments whose composition is a puzzle. This is the way Stipe scrambles language, plays with it like a dyslectic poet, scatters loaded words around like leaves in

PIRATE TELLY VISIONS

TELEVISION

The Blow Up (ROIR)

BACK IN the mid-'70s then-rock journalist Patti Smith penned the following valentine to Tom Verlaine's Television: "Boycott rock and roll on TV — who wants an image of the image? Rock and roll is not Hollywood jive but the rhythm and alchemy of hand to hand combat. Already a new group has begun the attack . . . They play real live. Dives, clubs anywhere at all. They play undulating rhythm like ocean. They play pissed off psychotic reaction. They play like they got knifed in the alley after the set. They play like they're in space but still can dig the immediate charge and contact of lighting a match."

Eight years on, ROIR cassettes have decided to validate that and similar passionate espousals of the period with 'The Blow Up' — 85 minutes of aural proof that such partisanship was merited by the band's live jive. Because, as these 13 tracks from 1978 selected by founder Verlaine demonstrate, Television were in their day a bar band *extraordinaire* — albeit a bar band without precedent, as their legendary legit LPs indicate.

Thinking of this tape as bootleg-with-pluses (it presents over 15-minute versions of both 'Little Johnny Jewel' and 'Marquee Moon') helps. Listen past its patchy recording quality and you can't avoid the phenomenal excitement which was emerging as their sound developed; what's immortalised here is rougher and more *defensively* unique than Britain's first hearing of the band in the flesh.

Television *Pic: Kate Simons*

The 13th Floor Elevators' 'Fire Engine' as captured here makes much more of Billy Ficca's driven, determined drumming than the name 'Television' might lead listeners to expect — and the same holds true for the majority of other tracks. During the particular glide and grace of 'Prove It', you can hear a much younger Verlaine struggling to hold a stringent morality in check via humour: an omen of things to come.

And even in such 'varied' recording conditions, only 'Ain't That Nothing' — always one of Television's greatest and most under-rated numbers — comes across as less evolved than its later studio counterpart.

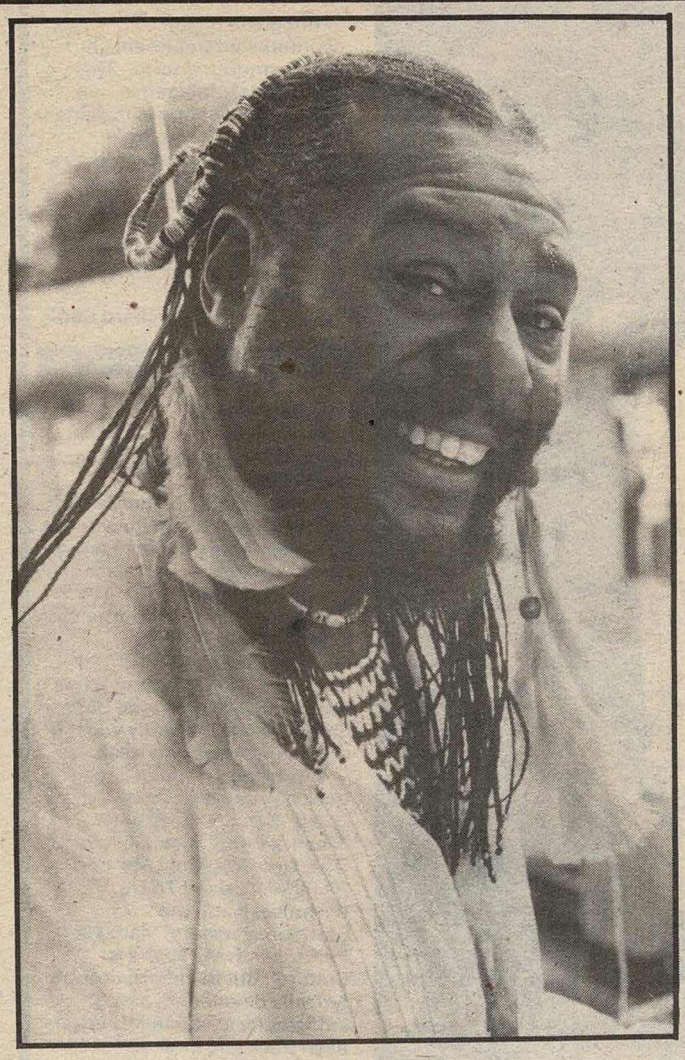
There are other, obvious reasons you should own this tape: it makes available Television's famous encore version of 'Satisfaction', as well as Verlaine's vision of 'Knockin' on Heaven's Door' — the first trouble of that passionate pacificism with which he was to equal Dylan later, in 'Kingdom Come' and 'Words From The Front'.

I could go on — there's the crash'n'burn psychedelia of 'Friction', an aggressive 'Venus De Milo' and an enshrinement of 'I Don't Care' . . . all at points providing some idea of the most gorgeous guitar expertise ever heard in the old 'New Wave'.

If you saw Television live, this isn't 'it', but at least it's an artefact which makes clear that this band (unlike other legends such as The Velvet Underground) did not achieve its reputation through mere fluke, flourish or some sort of fashionalbe primitivism.

ROIR tapes cost $10 (which includes air postage) from ROIR, Suite 214, 611 Broadway, New York, New York 10012 USA.

Cynthia Rose



George Clinton

PAC-MAN FUNKADELIA

GEORGE CLINTON

Computer Games (Capitol)

A GEORGE Clinton solo album? Not a bit of it, right down to Pedro Bell's quirkily barbed sleeve artwork, this is a Funkadelic record. The name change is the result of one contract being opened before another was closed.

As would only seem sensible for the first offering to a new company, 'Computer Games' is the most commercially viable Funkadelic work for a long time. Not that that in any way compromises the musicianship or production, merely that it succeeds on a level other than the plateau of complex rhythms and intense emotion that the group has become known for.

The underlying riffs are much simpler, making the set more accessible. This may not have been entirely planned, as Clinton's tactics have, in the past, been to take the rhythm of the day and expand it into territories it would never have reached by itself.

The sound of now, or at least the one Clinton has tuned himself into, is the electro-beat of such New York labels as Tommy Boy and West End, the patterns of which are much more basic than say the Chic beat he reworked three years ago.

The computer games of the title is Clinton's look at electronics, games played with, against and by computers. As an obsessive observer of society's trends, he has never been slow to comprehend what is going on around him and put it on wax. 'Computer Games' deals with both the plusses and minuses of this technology and explains them in the band's comic book style.

The ease of approach in this album's music will make it very easy to palm off the lyrics as "whacky and zany", or cocaine insanity, but that would be a mistake. Below the funk is some serious thinking.

Try your hand at 'Computer Games', and like it's arcade namesakes you'll stick at it for awhile.

"Like Planet Rock
We just won't stop
We're gonna drive you
nuts . . ."

Lloyd Bradley

R.E.M. *Pic: Joe Stevens*

the wind.

Pete Buck's chords ring memory bells, push buttons of good feelings. Stipe's voice vibrates with wonder, too, it's a voice that is guarded at times, astonished at others. Voice and chords and melodies form rhymes with each other.

'I Could Live A Million Years'. Stipe makes such outrageous promises. And makes us believe them.

The construction of these songs is classic. There are bridges and balances, put to original use. The logic of these songs make me smile, makes me want to sing along.

You can read all sorts of things into these songs. Like the thematic balance in 'Wolves' between outside and inside, which are also suspicion and relaxation, danger and safety. The verse tells us what's creeping in the garden, *"wilder lower wolves"*. And the chorus invites us in, with a group harmony that is airy and open, to a *"house in order"*, a-a-a-a.

'Carnival' makes us imagine a movie, its entire plot outlined and its scenery suggested in seven short lines. *"Dimished carnival . . . stranger to these parts . . . boxcars pulling out of town."* Perfect economy of expression, a perfect puzzle, perfect enchantment.

Well, not perfect, of course. I suspect these songs could have been mixed better, the guitar given even more of that clearly pitched sound, the voice given more presence, some extra force.

But R.E.M. ring true, and it's great to hear something as unforced and as cunning as this.

Richard Grabel

BABY TALK!

YOU'VE GOT FOETUS ON YOUR BREATH

Ache (Self Immolation)

FROM THE moment the needle hits the record, 'Ache' seizes you by the lapels and shakes you all the way through to the dying echoes of the run-off groove. Foetus notwithstanding, it's the proverbial breath of fresh air.

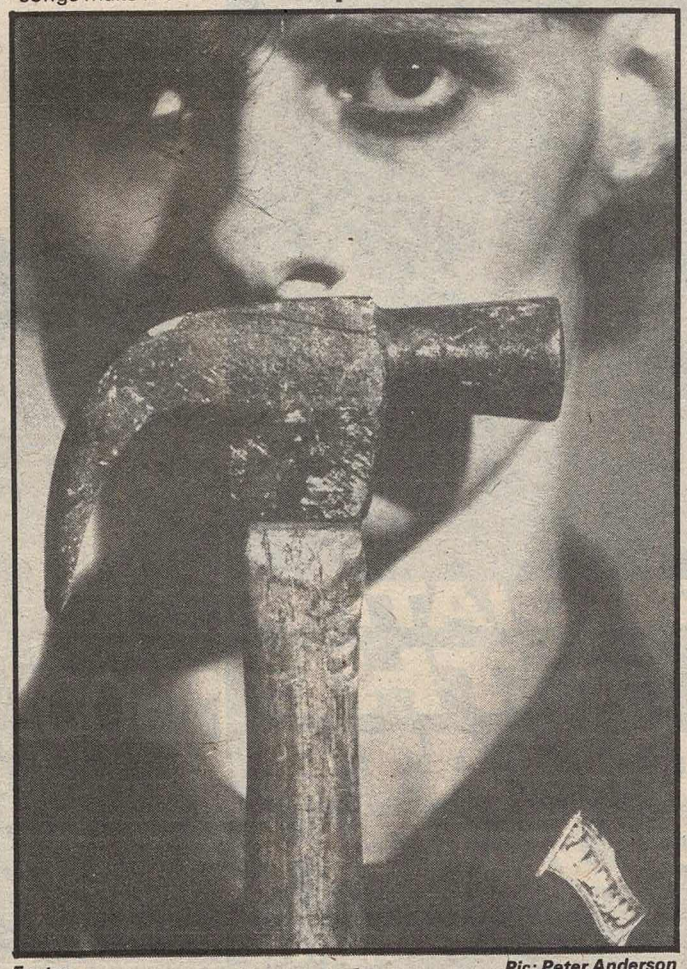
YGFOYB's first album 'Deaf' came out last year and there followed a succession of shorter vinyl works by various Foetus permutations, masterminded by San Francisco based Frank Want, and I'll be searching them out. But on the evidence of 'Ache' alone, Mr Want is a Major Talent . . . as in Frank Zappa ('66–'69), The Fall, The Residents and Chrome. Their records never soothed and reassured, but harangued, amused, amazed and enlightened. Frank Want and the mysterious others who comprise Foetus are visionaries to the same degree.

From the Onward March of Sino-Soviet Socialism circa Korean War style sleeve design, one might conclude this album to be a hotbed of Un-American Activity. You'd be only half right. Other institutions in for a rough ride include religion, power, ambition, the bourgeoisie, puritanism and mediocrity. Soft, familiar targets, to be sure, but such is the overwhelming venom of Foetus' derision that you feel they are seen as mere manifestations of a deeper flaw in man's soul.

'Ache' is possessed by a bristling, maniacal intelligence which spews out a jostling, surreal collage of subverted musical and verbal cliches, wired word associations, epigrams and sheer invective with frantic urgency and gleefully black humour.

'Ache' is one of the most violently original and compelling records I've heard in ages. It would make an ideal Christmas present.

Mat Snow



Foetus *Pic: Peter Anderson*

Led Zeppelin *Illustration: Ian Wright*

LED ZEPPELIN

Coda (Swan Song)

THAT THERE is no appreciable difference between 'We're Gonna Groove' from 1969 and 'Wearing And Tearing' from 1978 — the opening and closing tracks in this sackcloth and compilation of unissued Led Zeppelin material — isn't merely the evidence of their utter failure to rise above a style of automatic redundancy it is, coupled with their success and influence, the stuff of tragedy.

The most disgraceful thing about Zeppelin was their absolute lack of intelligence. Never mind their boorish excess, their ox-like insensitivity and their thuggish absence of grace — it was their ignorance that was so appalling.

The gargoyle offspring of heavy metal they suckled were fed on a celebration of the moronic. They weren't stupid — stupid HM could at least have a certain humour about it, although the myth of 'glorious vacuity' is a dangerous one — they were less than that. They made unfounded arrogance an end in itself.

Zeppelin were largely responsible for the terrible state of American rock. Although they were popular enough over here they influenced American directions with dictatorial absoluteness. Only now, with fourth or fifth generation strains like the beaming young jackals of Loverboy, is the mutant beginning to take on a different shape; but even today (witness Robert Plant's enormous solo success) America harbours a primordial lust for the gargantuan dribble of Zeppelin music.

'Coda' will do well enough over there, although even admirers might feel a little short-changed. The one relief of the record is its brevity, eight tracks totalling a little over 30 minutes. They comprise various warm-ups and out-takes all quite without consequence — idiot blues, folk ('Poor Tom', an acoustic track which has most appeal because of its comparative restraint) and the sweating labours of a rock music taken by an agonising bowel disorder.

Because Jimmy Page hadn't an iota of a pop consciousness, Zeppelin never stood a chance of the chart legitimacy of Status Quo, their smarter cousins. They never made a single — not because they were above all that but because they never knew how to.

Such a failing leaves them stranded in these enlightened times: Zeppelin made an unpleasant virtue out of stamping oafishly on trends, and now their blinkered sights have turned ruthlessly on them. History cannot remember Led Zeppelin kindly: it will hold them culpable, ludicrous, addled lords of misrule.

Their graveyard status seems assured when you hear this record and realise that there is nothing you want to recall. In a sound in which John Bonham's bass drum is the predominant factor (Bonham's vegetable technique is presented in the completely unlistenable 'Bonzo's Montreux') its colourless fury is the make-up of exhaustion.

But perhaps the greatest tragedy is the way they insist the legacy will live on. If Jimmy Page genuinely expects to make millions from what will be a Led Zeppelin 2 in all but name then the grand illusion is unshakable — and it's frightening to think he may succeed.

It isn't Abba who are the most pernicious influence to have blighted popular music — it may still, alas, be this terrible group.

Richard Cook

SHADOWS OF THE HIPMEN

JAZZ BY RICHARD COOK

EVERY TIME I hear the **David Murray Octet** I keep wishing David would persuade this stellar gathering to play some live recitals: the new 'Home' (Black Saint import) has the group coasting through five of Murray's favourite themes with such insolent ease that it finally sounds a little *too* lazy. Murray scores the numbers on a pitch somewhere between carousel and hoedown, sometimes hefting both extremes into a single tune — 'Santa Barbara And Crenshaw Follies' has glorious raving at either end, an almost fragile offering from cornetist Butch Morris and the leader digging profitably into his hottest tenor soul bag.

'Blues Choctaw' crowds the evolutionary wheel of Afro-American music into minutes and stacks dark colours and harmonies until the shadows have grown stifling; and 'Last Of The Hipmen' is the work of a tremendously assured imagination. Over a brisk, thrilling rhythmic axis the horns step out of sumptuous accord into a hook-and-ladder trail of solos that wind up to a temperature of exaltation. All a terrific ride, but the feeling persists that this is Murray on a tenorman's vacation — the highest spark is missing. A set like the gargantuan '3D Family' on hat Hut is the truest expression of his art.

The art of a contributor like veteran bop pianist **Joe Albany** was cut and mastered long ago: now he simply shines the diamond when he wishes. 'Portrait Of An Artist' (Elektra Musician) collects seven reflections on the ballad form. They impart nothing immediately new about his creativity — built on a very angular lyrical strain, funded by unsettling rhythmic skips and a highly individual harmonic sense — and settle for rephrasing the intimate glow inherent in a standard song.

The parade tracks from Broadway in Gershwin's sonorously lovely 'Autumn In New York' to the ribald wit of Monk's 'Ruby My Dear' — Albany patiently unstoppers the flow of detail in each. A charming performance of 'Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out To Dry', rather reminiscent of Elmo Hope, unfolds like a lotus.

Bill Dixon's 'November 1981' (Soul Note import) is far less of an easy dip, one studio and one live date put over four sides. Dixon's trumpet, the two-bass punch of Alan Silva and Mario Pavone and Laurence Cook's drums treat the compositions as protean, open-ended frescoes: instinct and selfless dedication are the principal forces at work. A dry stealth holds sway over the studio tracks, making 'Panthesilea' a slow stretch that evolves into an agitated lope and 'The Second Son' a contained gush of argument. Recorded live, the group grows more urgent and publicly passionate.

The interface between the spearing horn and the lugubrious and stately vault-talk of the basses sustains what is at heart a difficult and complex set of improvisations: Intense listening brings the reward of a sharper understanding, but you need strong nerves.

Another trumpeter, **Baikida Carroll**, plays to similar disciplines but is concerned with a more easily identified beauty. 'Shadows And Reflections' (Soul Note import) is typical of the top level of new jazz blowing, visceral excitement sanctioned by experience and deep-set integrity. With the magnificent Julius Hemphill (still my choice as the greatest reedman to emerge in the '70s) on alto and tenor and a titanic rhythm group in Anthony Davis, Dave Holland and Pheeroan Ak Laff, it would take an idiot to muff the date. Carroll is no fool.

'Pyramids' is a straight sock-out; 'At Roi' weds an airy modal line to a peppy funk backbeat and ends up aflame with excitement; 'Jahi Sundance Lake' takes a detour into mellower meditation and puts Davis' scholastic side to good use. Carroll wears his leadership lightly — hear how his 'Left Jab' solo employs a clutch of devices to entirely relevant ends.

Finally, **Stan Getz**'s 'Pure Getz' (Concord import). The greatest cool tenor of a generation has privatised his emotion to the point where it seems all we hear is the professional veneer. A series of themes — extremely well chosen, with unusual features like Bill Evans' 'Very Early' and Miles Davis' 'Sippin' At Bell's' — are given busy, disinterested treatments by Getz's smooth quartet. The customary intelligence is in use but raw feeling is missing — until Billy Strayhorn's 'Blood Count' is delivered as a setpiece of melancholy and for a hushed moment or two a deeper lesion shows up. Even a leathery old salt like Getz can't cover himself up completely.

Richard Cook

"Cheers Cookie!" David Murray toasts a good review.

Pic: Val Wilmer

ALLEZ ALLEZ

Promises (Virgin)

PROMISES, promises. All I get is promises.

From the first 'In The Valley Of The Kings' complete with Sphinx imagery and heave-ho backing vocals — promises remain unfulfilled.

Vocalist Sarah Osbourne's ambitious attempts to introduce majesty and mystery to an impassioned account of the men who built the pyramids are sadly wasted on a clumsy backing track.

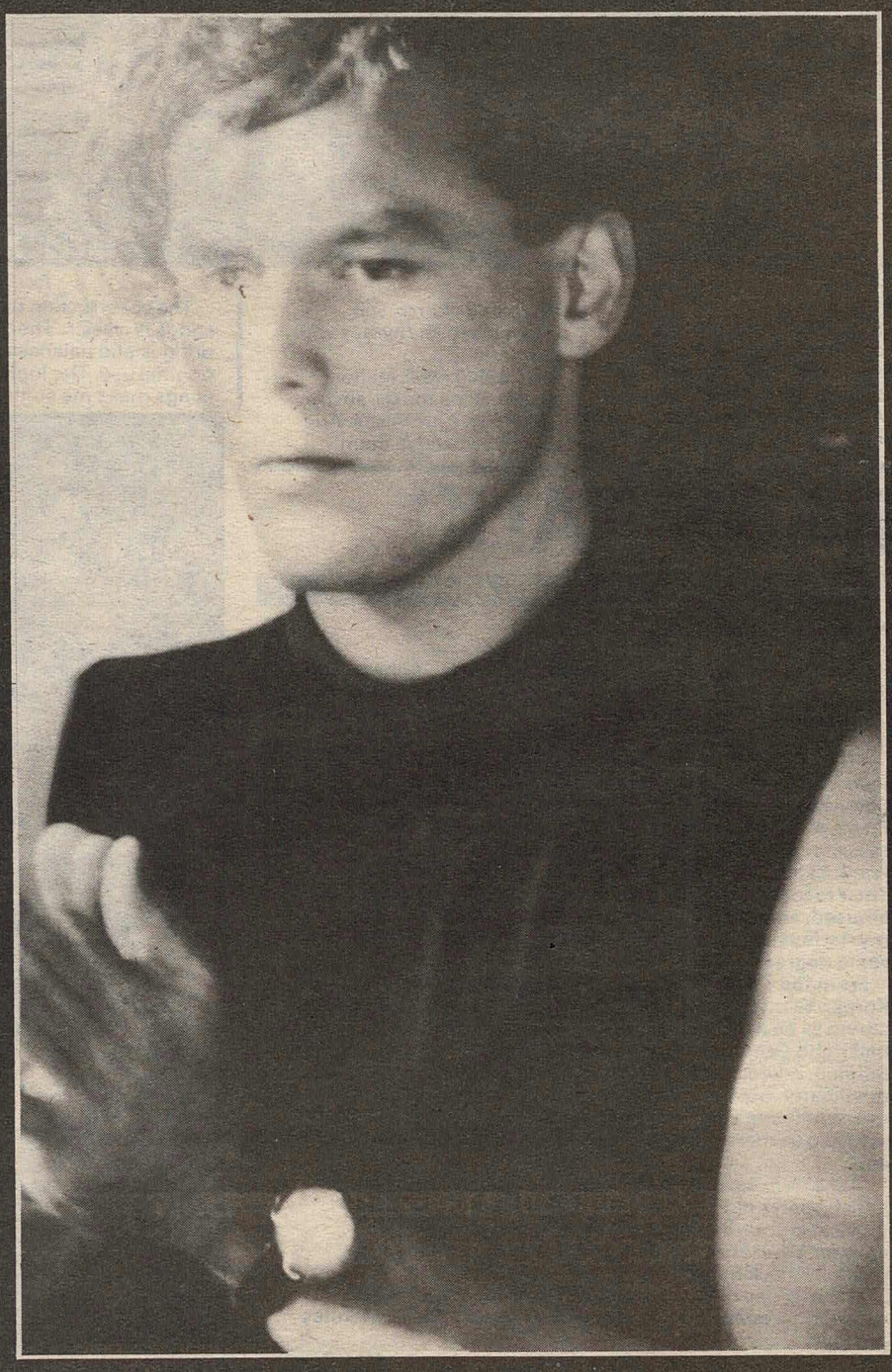
This is the problem. Each track has its idea, the love songs 'Swedish Girl' and 'Flesh & Bood'; the lost love of 'The Time You Cost Me' and 'Things We Used To Do (Promises)' and the party-on-downers 'Mama Lou Parkes' and 'My Name Is Culture'. But the ideas, though lyrically developed, aren't sufficiently sustained through each track and after about 12 bars they tend to fall flat.

It all smacks of a rush job. From Virgin's golden boy Martyn Ware's production 'for BEF' to the tacky sticker covering an error on the sleeve nothing is complete or brought to its conclusion. Wheeling in the chanted backing vocal, or trumpet or flute lick is no substitute for fresh musical ideas.

The sleeve is the colour of pale custard. Could it be appropriate that yellow is the colour of suicide?

Regine Moylett

Remix Album and Cassette



ASSOCIATES
THE AFFECTIONATE PUNCH
Fiction

Big tours and US visitors

19 FOR 1983

JOAN'S JAUNT

JOAN ARMATRADING starts a world tour in January, with the British leg scheduled to open in mid-March, and her new A&M album released to coincide.

Promoter Alec Leslie is at present putting the finishing touches to her UK itinerary, which will be very extensive, and details are expected before the end of the year.

Meanwhile, it's already known that her London shows will be at Wembley Arena on April 6 and 7 — and tickets priced £6.50 and £5.50 are available by post from Joan Armatrading Box Office (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), P.O. Box 281, London N15 5LW, enclosing SAE.

Wembley tickets are also on sale at usual agencies, including London Theatre Bookings, Premier, Albemarle and Keith Prowse, with the addition of the normal booking fee.

Dionne, Dolly, Elkie concerts

DIONNE WARWICK — who, two weeks ago, achieved the rare distinction of a simultaneous No. 1 in both the *NME* singles and album charts — is being lined up for a major UK tour in the early spring, starting in March and continuing into April. But prior to this, she'll be paying a brief visit to Britain in January, mainly for TV and promotion, but with the possibility of a couple of cabaret appearances as well.

DOLLY PARTON brings her US road show to the UK in March for a full nationwide tour, highlighted by a couple of shows at London's Dominion Theatre — full details are expected early in the New Year. There's also a good chance that she'll be spending a further three months here in 1983, filming her role of a villainess in the big-budget movie *Supergirl*, to be made at Pinewood.

ELKIE BROOKS, currently enjoying renewed chart success with her 'Pearls II' album, sets out in February on another British tour — and, in keeping with her usual policy, it's expected to be a schedule of massive proportions. Full details will be announced in the imminent future.

DIONNE WARWICK

DOLLY PARTON

JONI, TOO

JONI MITCHELL — who was the subject of an in-depth *NME* feature last week, when she revealed her plans to resume touring — will be coming to the UK in the spring, her first visit here for many years. It's not yet known if she will be playing any provincial dates, but she's already lined up for London's Wembley Arena in April.

WAYLON JENNINGS — DON WILLIAMS

COUNTRY CORNER

Williams, Jennings

DON WILLIAMS undertakes his 1983 UK tour in the early spring for promoter Jeffrey Kruger, and plays eight major concerts — at Liverpool Empire (April 8), Harrogate Centre (9), Manchester Apollo (10), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (12), Brighton Centre (13), London Royal Albert Hall (15), Cardiff St David's Hall (16) and St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (17).

● Tickets are on sale now at the venues concerned and usual agencies, except for London Albert Hall where it's postal application only from The Kruger Organisation (Concert Promotions) Ltd, Postal Booking Service, PO Box 460, Brighton, Sussex BN1 5BQ — prices are £10, £7.50, £4.50 and £2, and don't forget to enclose SAE.

WAYLON JENNINGS, the renowned country music personality who is now acknowledged as the definitive "outlaw" figure, headlines his first full-scale British tour in February and March. His schedule will be announced shortly, and RCA will release his new album to coincide. Jennings is probably best-known in the UK for two contrasting reasons — it was he who gave up his airplane seat to Buddy Holly for the fateful flight on which the latter was killed, and currently he is soundtrack narrator and singer in the popular BBC-1 *Dukes Of Hazzard* series.

UNDERTONES OUTING

THE UNDERTONES — whose activities during the past 18 months have been minimal, due largely to a record label dispute — intend to make 1983 their year, as they set about re-gaining lost ground. They'll be on tour round the UK in late winter and early spring.

VAN MORRISON is coming in for his first full tour here in over a year, and he'll be on the road in the February-March period . . . and **U2** will be touring at around the same time.

Voidoids, Cramps, Devo, Rush, Halen

RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS, now re-formed and back in action on the US circuit, have been lined up for a British visit in March — and dates are already being pencilled in by their UK promoter.

THE CRAMPS and **THE GUN CLUB** are two other hot New York acts who'll be coming in at about the same time, and both bands will be playing one-nighters around the country.

DEVO, who haven't played here for a couple of years, will be making up for lost time in the early spring when they fly in to headline a series of selected concerts.

RUSH, the Canadian hard rock outfit who invariably play to capacity houses in this country, will be back in the March-April period — and their schedule will include a string of London shows.

VAN HALEN are another act guaranteed to whip up the HM fraternity, and they'll be preceding Rush to these shores — they're due here in early March.

Rod for Wembley

ROD STEWART will be undertaking his first UK tour for almost three years next summer. Details are still being finalised, but the present plan is for him to tour Europe in June, culminating in Dublin on June 29 — then spend much of July performing in Britain. It's understood that he'll be appearing at Wembley, but a decision has yet to be taken on whether to play a string of dates at the indoor Arena, or one big spectacular at the massive open-air Stadium — though both Stewart and his promoter are known to favour the idea of an outdoor event so, at present, the Stadium looks to be the favourite.

Cliff next November!

IN FEBRUARY this year, *NME* established something of a record for exclusives, by revealing plans for Elton John's Christmas concerts at Hammersmith Odeon — ten months in advance of the event. Now we can go one step better, with some exclusive news, no less than 11 months ahead of time!

Cliff Richard is to headline a five-week London season at the Apollo Theatre, Victoria, in mid-autumn 1983 — probably opening in early November. Obviously, tickets are not yet available — in fact, the precise period is still subject to confirmation.

Bowie out in March?

DAVID BOWIE has been the subject of much speculation recently, regarding his alleged touring plans for 1983. It now seems likely that he will begin a world tour in March and, apart from occasional breaks due to filming commitments, will be on the concert trail for much of the year.

● Well, those are our 19 tours for 1983 that we've heard about this week, and full details can be expected shortly. And we can add to that batch by telling you that JOE JACKSON will be playing some dates in March. Also LIZA MINNELLI is booked for a two-week engagement at London Victoria Apollo from May 16 to 29 — she'll follow Johnny Mathis who, as previously reported, is already set for a five-night stint at that venue (May 11-15.)

tour NEWS

Dingwalls circuit opens

THE NETWORK of provincial Dingwalls venues, plans for which were revealed exclusively by *NME* last week, is now set to open on Monday, January 10. This is the date on which Dingwalls in Liverpool, Newcastle, Bristol, Blackpool, Sheffield and Hull will open their doors simultaneously. The network will be known as the Dingwalls Club Circuit, and initial bookings are expected within a week or two. DINGWALLS in London's Camden Town has netted Dr Feelgood as its Christmas Party attraction on December 23, and Mari Wilson & The Wilsations for its New Year's Eve Party. Other new bookings for the venue include The Inmates (December 16) and a return visit by Etta James (17). But Dr John will not now be appearing on December 15, and he's replaced by a reggae special with The Heptones and Creation Rebel.

IAN DURY will have Rico as his special guest when, as revealed last week, he plays his only 1982 date on December 19 at London Strand Lyceum. It's now become clear that Chas Jankel won't be with The Blockheads after all — and neither, owing to his own touring commitments, will Wilko Johnson. So the band's line up for the show will be Johnny Turnbull (guitar), Mickey Gallagher (keyboards), Michael McEvoy (keyboards and guitar), Norman Watt-Roy (bass), Charlie Charles (drums) and Davey Payne (sax).

MARI WILSON & The Wilsations are playing a handful of dates over the holiday period "to overcome boredom and enable them to buy Christmas presents". They're at Huddersfield Polytechnic (this Saturday), Norwich East Anglia University (December 14), Ayr Flicks (16), London Camden Dingwalls (31) and Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (January 1).

SOUTHERN DEATH CULT celebrate their signing to Beggars Banquet Records by playing a string of dates this month. So far set are Bradford University (tonight, Thursday), Manchester Rafters (Decdember 13), Sheffield Lyceum (14), Birmingham Golden Eagle (16) and Glasgow Night Moves (17). Further gigs, including a London showcase, arfe being finalised. This coincides with the release of their long overdue debut single, a double A-sider featuring 'Fat Man' and 'Moya', packaged in a gatefold sleeve — it's on Beggar's associate Situation 2 label.

JUDIE TZUKE has had to pull out of the Medical Aid for Poland benefit at London Victoria The Venue next Monday (13), due to circumstances beyond her control, though she stresses that she intends to play a charity for the fund as soon as possible. Promoter Jan Sikorski was at press-time negotiating for other artists to join Steve Hackett and Scarlet Party on the bill. Meanwhile, anyone wishing to obtain a refund should appiy to the box-office, eithey by post (with SAE) or in person.

BLUE ZOO, currently making an impressive chart debut with their single 'Cry Boy Cry', play three dates during the next few days — at Colchester Essex University (this Saturday), Gravesend Woodville Hall (December 13) and Dunstable Queensway Hall (15).

BAD MANNERS confine themselves to just three dates this month, as they continue promoting their current Magnet album 'Forging Ahead' — at Barrow Civic Hall (tonight, Thursday), Bradford College (December 16) and Eastbourne Kings Country Club (22).

THE SCREAMIN' LOBSTERS, the occasional band formed and fronted by Ruts DC guitarist Paul Fox, play two Crhristmas shows in London at Islington Hope & Anchor (December 16) and Fulham Greyhound (18). Further dates, plus a single, are promised for the New Year.

TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS are to support Slade in their concerts at London Hammersmith Odeon (December 17–18) and Birmingham Odeon (19–21). The group, whose two girl members are renowned for combining singing and stripping, also present their own "Nude Husband Specials" at London Greenwich Mitre (December 14) and Fulham Greyhound (16) — the mind boggles!

THE VIBRATORS, Vice Squad, G.B.H., Discharge and Chaos form a strong five-act bill at London Strand Lyceum on Christmas Sunday, December 26 (starting at 5.30pm), under the banner of "Christmas On Earth" with all tickets at £3. It's promoted by Head Music, whose five-day pre-Christmas season at the Lyceum (19–23) was revealed exclusively by *NME* last week.

FUNKAPOLITAN, just back from a lengthy European tour, unveil their new-look line-up when they play a one-off at London Victoria The Venue tomorrow (Friday). Singer and rapper Simon Ollivierre has now left the band, while bass player Tom Dixon has been replaced by Anthony Joseph.

ROCK GODDESS wind up their current tour by playing two London showcase dates at the Marquee Club this Saturday and Sunday (11-12). They've also added a last-minute gig at Bristol Granary tonight (Thursday).

WISHBONE ASH take a break from their current European tour appear as special guests in Gillan's farewell show at Wembley Arena on December 17. Their new single 'No More Lonely Nights' is rushed out by AVM Records to coincide.

tour NEWS

Dolby's debut UK trek

THOMAS DOLBY follows his recent single success with 'She Blinded Me With Science' by setting out on his first-ever UK tour. He'll be joined on stage by Matthew Seligman (ex-Soft Boys and Thompson Twins) and Kevin Armstrong (ex-Spizz and Passions) at Glasgow Night Moves (tonight, Thursday), Ayr Flicks (Friday), Glasgow Strathclyde University (Saturday), Arbroath Smokies (Sunday), Manchester Hacienda Club (December 13), Croydon Green Dragon (14), Hickstead Cinderella's (16), Retford Porterhouse (17), Nottingham Asylum (18), Leeds Warehouse (19), Sheffield Lyceum (20), Derby Blue Note (21) and London Scala Theatre (22 and 23).

GEORGE MELLY and John Chilton's Feetwarmers are playing a three-week season at London Ronnie Scott's Club over the holiday period. It runs from next Monday (13) to Saturday, January 1.

THE TRUTH, the five-piece London band led by ex-Nine Below Zero singer Dennis Greaves, are to support The Kinks on the remaining provincial dates in their tour — from Aylesbury Friars (tomorrow, Friday) to Brighton Dome (December 21). They also play London Camden Dingwalls in their own right on December 18.

MODERN ROMANCE headline a special one-off concert at Basildon Festival Hall on Sunday, December 19, with The Pinkees supporting. It's being staged by Radio Essex, who are also recording the event. Meanwhile, the band's current single 'Best Years Of Our Lives' is now also available as a 12-inch Christmas mix!

CULTURE — who are just coming to the end of a UK and European tour, on which they've been promoting their new 'Lion Rock' album on their own Cultural Foundation label — have added one final London date before they return to Jamaica. It's at Deptford New Albany Empire this Sunday (12), and tickets are available from the box-office.

SHRIEKBACK's two London dates, reported last week, at the East/West Centre (near Old Street Tube Station) move back by 24 hours — they're now on December 17 and 18, still supported by Tymon Dogg and David Rappaport. They now play Bournemouth Royal Exeter Hotel on December 16.

GASPAR LAWAL Africa Drum Oro Band are among acts taking part in a special Afro-Caribbean evening at London Brixton Ace Cinema on Saturday, December 18. It's being recorded by Capital Radio for subsequent broadcast, and others involved include Ekome, Spartacus and the Ebony Steel Band. All tickets are £3.

FIAT LUX — the three-piece outfit from Wakefield in Yorkshire, whose line-up includes Bill Nelson's younger brother Ian — are to support Blancmange on their pre-Christmas tour, opening in Glasgow this Sunday (12). The trio's debut single 'Feels Like Winter Again' is released this weekend — it was produced by Bill Nelson and is on his own Cocteau Records (through IDS). Incidentally, the Blancmange date scheduled for Edinburgh Coasters on December 13 has been postponed because of a TV commitment, and is being re-arranged for the New Year.

ACTIFED have signed to I.D. Records, a new label affiliated to WXYZ Records, whose chief John Curd said that they'll be releasing a new EP early in the New Year. Meanwhile, they preview the material by way of three London gigs — West Hampstead Moonlight Club (December 16), Strand Lyceum (23) and Hammersmith Klub Foot (30).

MARILLION, the fast-rising Aylesbury band who are widely tipped as one of the names likely to hit the big-time in 1983, take a further step up the ladder by headlining a three-night stint at London Marquee Club over the holiday period — on December 28, 29 and 30 (advance tickets £2.50 to club members, £3 on the doors to others). In order to play these gigs, the band are interrupting recording sessions for their debut album 'Script For A Jester's Tear', to be released by EMI in the New Year — preceded by a single in Janaury. They'll be undertaking a major UK spring tour to coincide with the LP's release.

PETE WAY and OZZY (or Oliver Reed?)

OZZY OSBOURNE, who opens his UK tour this weekend, has now taken on former UFO man Pete Way as a permanent member of his band. When Way left UFO earlier this year, there was talk of him getting together with ex-Motorhead guitarist Eddie Clarke in a new group, but he's obviously now abandoned that project in favour of Osbourne.

HEAD MUSIC PRESENTS
THE fall
FELT
THE DANSE SOCIETY
ETON CROP
LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2
SUNDAY 12th DECEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT)
ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715,
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371,
PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245,
KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 637 3131, ALBEMARLE, STARGREEN,
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, OR £3.50 ON NIGHT

HEAD MUSIC PRESENTS
Ian Dury & The Blockheads
PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2
SUNDAY 19th DECEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £4·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245,
KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 637 3131, ALBEMARLE, TEL: 283 9261, STARGREEN, TEL: 437 5282,
ROCK ON RECORDS, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, OR £4·00 ON NIGHT

HEAD MUSIC PRESENTS
the BOOMTOWN RATS
LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2
PLUS special guests
MONDAY 20th DECEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £4.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245,
KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 637 3131, ALBEMARLE, TEL: 283 9261, STARGREEN, TEL: 437 5282,
ROCK ON RECORDS, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, OR £4·00 ON NIGHT

HEAD MUSIC PRESENTS
GIRLSCHOOL
PLUS GUESTS
HANOI ROCKS
??
LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2
TUESDAY 21st DECEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £3.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245,
KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 637 3131, ALBEMARLE, TEL: 283 9261, STARGREEN, TEL: 437 5282,
ROCK ON RECORDS, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, OR £3·50 ON NIGHT

HEAD MUSIC AND I.T.B. PRESENT
THE KINKS
WITH GUESTS
IDLE FLOWERS
LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2
WEDNESDAY 22nd DECEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £4.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715
ROCK ON RECORDS; ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, OR £4.00 ON NIGHT
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245;
KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 637 3131; ALBEMARLE, TEL: 283 9261; STARGREEN, TEL: 437 5282;

HEAD MUSIC PRESENTS
URGH....HH.... IT'S CHRISTMAS
ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE
THE ADICTS
ACTIFED
KING KURT
LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2
THURSDAY 23rd DECEMBER AT 7.30
TICKETS £3.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245;
KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 637 3131; ALBEMARLE, TEL: 283 9261; STARGREEN, TEL: 437 5282;
ROCK ON RECORDS; ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, OR £3.50 ON NIGHT

HEAD MUSIC PRESENTS
CHRISTMAS ON EARTH
DISCHARGE
GBH
CHELSEA
THE VIBRATORS
CHAOS
LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2
SUNDAY 26th DECEMBER AT 5.30
TICKETS £3.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245;
KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 637 3131; ALBEMARLE, TEL: 283 9261; STARGREEN, TEL: 437 5282;
ROCK ON RECORDS; ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, OR £3.00 ON NIGHT

record NEWS

● 'Holding On For Love' by **Cargo** was released in September on the independent Cargogold label, and has since attracted considerable attention in black music circles. It's now been picked up by EMI Records, who release it nationally this week in both 7" and 12".

● Former Supremes member **Scherrie Payne** has her own solo single 'I'm Not In Love'/'Girl, You're In Love' issued by Record Shack this week in a choice of 7" and 12". The impressive team of back-up vocalists comprises Edmund Sylvers, ex-Supreme Mary Wilson and Freda Payne.

● **Family Fodder,** the group of musicians based around songwriter Alig, have their single 'Coral'/'Frustration' — featuring Lynn Alice on vocals — issued this week through Jungle. A double album follows in the New Year.

● After a six-month lay-off due to a line-up change, **Repetition** are back with a 12-inch three-track single comprising 'A Will To Win', 'Love What You Miss' and 'Chance'. It's out this week on Red Flame Records, through Rough Trade and The Cartel.

● Liverpool four-piece **Crosstalk A/V,** who have a considerable following on Merseyside, release their debut single 'No Earthly Reason'/'The Queue' this week. It's on Tufty Club Records, with distribution by Probe and Rough Trade.

● **The I Spy Club** have come up with a disco version of the old Dean Martin hit 'Memories Are Made Of This'. It's on State Records (distributed by IDS), as is 'Winter Is . . .' by a group formed by songwriters Peter Boita and Colin Rozee called **Boizee.**

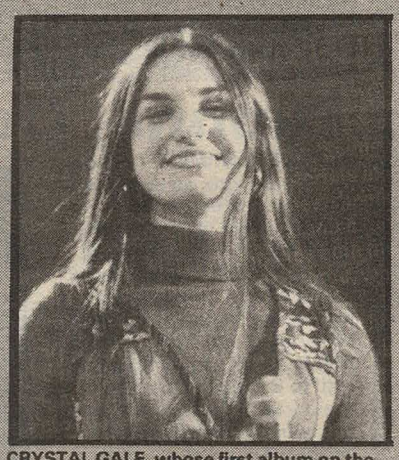
Dammers denounces war

THE SPECIAL AKA's first single 'War Crimes (The Crime Is Still The Same)'/'War Crimes (Version)' is released this weekend on the Two Tone label, in ten-inch or edited seven-inch formats. The song, the first Jerry Dammers composition to be issued since 'Ghost Town', expresses the horror of the bombing of civilian targets and the massacre of refugees in Beirut. The line-up for the recording was Rhoda Dakar (vocals), Stan Campbell (vocals), Jerry Dammers (keyboards), John Bradbury (drums) and John Shipley (guitar), together with Egidio Newton (vocals), Nick Parker (violin) and Horace Gentleman (bass), though the latter has since been replaced in the group by Gary McManus.

YOKO ONO, who recently signed to Polydor, has her first single for that label released this weekend — titled 'Let The Tears Dry', it was self-penned and self-produced. It's a track from her upcoming album 'It's Alright', due out next week.

DAVID GRANT, late of Linx fame, has recorded his version of the seasonal classic 'Have Yourself A Merry Christmas'. Produced by Tony Visconti and coupled with 'It's My Life', it's rushed out this week by Chrysalis.

NICO releases her 'Do Or Die!' album on New York's cassette-only label ROIR. From the same source come the 85-minute live tape 'The Blow Up' by Television and 'Stone Killers!' by Prince Charles & The City Beat Band. These are now available in the UK on import, or they may be ordered directly from ROIR Cassettes, Suite 214, 611 Broadway, N.Y.C., NY 10012 — price eight dollars each, plus two dollars international postage. Upcoming in the New Year are 'Wild Things' by The Bush Tetras, 'Too Much Junkie Business' by Johnny Thunders and 'Lest We Forget' by The Buzzcocks.



CRYSTAL GALE, whose first album on the Elektra label 'True Love' was announced last week, now has a couple of tracks lifted from the LP for December 17 release as a single — they are 'Everything I Own' and 'Easier Said Than Done'.

TOM PETTY & The Heartbreakers lift a couple of tracks from their current album 'Long After Dark', for release this week as an MCA single, coinciding with their current tour. The titles are 'Straight Into Darkness' and 'A Wasted Life'.

THE BLOCKHEADS, minus Ian Dury and Wilko Johnson, have their version of the classic 'Twist And Shout' issued by Statik Records this week in both 7" and 12" — and with 'Take Out The Lead' as the B-side. The 12-incher features both those tracks, plus a special club mix of 'Twist And Shout'. The group are currently writing material for a 1983 album release, with possible touring plans to follow.

MELLY MEL & DUKE BOOTEE are two members of Grandmaster Flash's Furious Five, so you won't be surprised to learn that their December 17 release on the Sugarhill label is a rap single — titled 'Message II (Survival)', it comes in both 7" and 12" formats. As reported last week, the Grandmaster's own new single 'Scorpio' has just been rushed out by Sugarhill.

Current LP prices being cut for Xmas

DONNA SUMMER

WEA RECORDS launch a Christmas marketing campaign in which, between now and Christmas, seven selected current albums will each retail for £3.99 or less. They are 'Coda' by Led Zeppelin, 'Records' by Foreigner, 'Friends' by Shalamar, '16' by Chicago, 'The Nightfly' by Donald Fagen, 'The Dollar Album' and 'Donna Summer'.

'Coda' is the new Zeppelin album, recorded before they split two years ago, which crept out on release last month. For some reason, Swan Song were reluctant to admit to the Press that it was being issued, and no official announcement was ever made. The reason for this cloak of secrecy is unclear — it's almost as though they were in two minds about releasing it, yet here they are offering it at bargain price!

● **Deadmans Shadow** will follow their recently released single 'Flower In The Gun' with their debut album in January. Titled 'The 4 P's: Pride — Pacifism — Passion — Perseverance' it's being recorded now for Rondelet Records. A dozen of the 14 tracks are originals, and the set is completed by a new version of 'Danger UXB' and the in-demand 'Neighbours'.

● Yet another seasonal offering for you — it's the reissue od 'Christmas Tears Will Fall' by **Rudy & The Rialtos** featuring **Wolfman Jack,** the noted American DJ. It's on Dakota Records.

● **Binky Baker** has his single 'Toe-Knee-Black-Burn' released this week by 101 Records (through Spartan). It's a track from the label's double compilation 'Journey Without Maps'.

● Latest single from **The Newtown Neurotics** is a double A-sider coupling 'No Sanctuary' and 'Licensing Hours'. It's out this week on CNT Records, distributed by Rough Trade and The Cartel.

● **Kissed Air** are an Irish four-piece currently based in London, and they have their single 'Out Of The Night'/'Change Of Attention' issued this week. It's on Kabuki Records in association with Rough Trade.

● French duo **Deux Filles** have their second album 'Silence And Wisdom' issued this week on Paper Mache Records (through Rough Trade and The Cartel), the label formed by Colin Lloyd Tucker and Simon Fisher Turner. All tracks are self-penned by the girls.

● **Dislocation Dance** finally have their new single on release, a month behind schedule due to printing problems. It couples 'You'll Never Know' and 'You Can Tell', and it's on Manchester's New Hormones label (through The Cartel).

● The soundtrack music from the TV series *Shogun,* currently being screened by BBC-1 on Saturday nights, is released in album or cassette form this week by RSO Records. It was composed and conducted by **Maurice Jarre.**

● 'Zig Zag'/'Solid Security (Gun For Hire)' is the new single by **Bandzai!,** issued next week by London's Slipped Discs Records, with distribution through the indie network.

● Cool King Records have put together a mail-order-only package comprising the first two singles by **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts,** plus large sew-on patch, for £2.50 (including p&p). It's available from the label at 18-19 Warwick Street, London W.1.

Heroes & Villains show as live elpee

A LIVE album of the *Heroes & Villains* concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on September 21, which marked the 15th anniversary of BBC Radio 1, is released this weekend by Dakota Records. Among the past rock stars featured in the set are Billy Fury, Chris Farlowe, The Swinging Blue Jeans, Wayne Fontana, The Troggs, Cliff Bennett, Dave Berry, Carl Wayne, The Rockin' Berries, Sandie Shaw, The Merseybeats, Junior Campbell, The Nashville Teens, Chris Andrews and Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich. All proceeds from the LP are being donated to the Nordoff Robbins Music Therapy Centre in London, which provides treatment for severely handicapped and autistic children.

● **Slade** have their first-ever picture disc rushed out this week by Speed Records, through Spartan. It's a special Christmas Party release, coupling live versions of 'The Hokey Cokey, and 'Get Down And Get With It', and selling at a maximum of £1.10.

● **Imagination's** new single 'Changes' on R&B Records, reviewed last week, is now also available as the group's first picture disc in a limited edition of 10,100.

● Former Eagles drummer and vocalist **Don Healey** has a new single titled 'Dirty Laundry' released by Asylum this weekend, taken from his debut solo album 'I Can't Stand Still'. The single is a Top Twenty hit in the States.

● The Northern Soul classic 'Out On The Floor' by **Dobie Gray** is released this week on the independent Inferno Records label, with distribution by Pinnacle, as the result of heavy demand for the single.

Cliff Richard, Mark Knopfler guest on Phil Everly's album

PHIL EVERLY'S new solo album, which he recently finished recording in London, is to be issued on the Capitol label fairly early in 1983 — it's still untitled, but an intriguing aspect of the LP is that it features guest appearances by Mark Knopfler of Dire Straits and Cliff Richard. It will be preceded by a single on January 10, which will be a Phil Everly and Cliff Richard duet.

Meanwhile, plans for the long-awaited Everly Brothers reunion (reported last week) still apparently hinge upon the duo agreeing to get together after years of feuding — although a London Albert Hall date has been pencilled in for them in March, this is apparently on the assumption that they will bow to the pressure being applied by sources close to them, though Don and Phil have themselves still to agree to the project.

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 — 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00pm to 11.00pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS,
SOCIAL SECURITY CARD HOLDERS AND MEMBERS

Thursday 9th December (Adm £2.00)
HANOI ROCKS
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Friday 10th December (Adm £2.00)
SCARLET PARTY
Plus Helicopter & Jerry Floyd

Saturday 11th & Sunday 12th December (Adm £2.50)
ROCK GODDESS
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Monday 13th December (Adm £2.00)
THE MEMBERS
Plus guests & Martin Ball

Tuesday 14th & Wednesday 15th & Thursday 16th December (Adm £3.00)
THE DAMNED
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

Klub Foot

CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM
HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY W.6

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM CLARENDON HOTEL (MAIN BAR OPENING HOURS), ALBEMARLE LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, ROCK ON RECORDS
LATE BAR TILL 12.00

£2.00
THE ADICTS
ESCALATORS
the DELTAS
THURSDAY 9th DECEMBER 8.00

£2.50
GBH
THE BUSINESS
PLAY DEAD
THURSDAY 16th DECEMBER 8.00

Le Beat Route

OPEN 9.00PM TO 3.30AM — LICENSED TO 3.00AM
17 GREEK STREET, LONDON W1. TELEPHONE: 437 5782 Night 499 2645 day

MONDAY
BEAT NIGHT

TUESDAY
60's SOUL NIGHT
Entrance £3
Members £2
Plus ALEX GERRY
ALL DRINKS 50p TILL 11.00pm!!

WEDNESDAY
DON'T BLINK NIGHT
ALL DRINKS **25p**

THURSDAY 9TH DECEMBER
LIVE MUSIC FROM
KILLER WHALES
Thursday 16th December
(Private Function)

FRIDAY
FRIDAY NIGHT AT LE BEAT ROUTE
(MEMBERS ONLY)
STEVE · OLLIE
STEVE LEWIS · CARLO

SATURDAY
EVERY SATURDAY IS NEW YEAR'S EVE AT LE BEAT ROUTE.
All drinks 50p **All** Night.
Live Cabaret. Entrance £4.50

RIGHT OF ADMISSION RESERVED

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RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE
LIVE MUSIC. BAR. DISCO. RESTAURANT. VIDEO
Camden Lock Chalk Farm Road London NW1 2674967

THURS 9 FROM JAMAICA
FREDDIE McKAY
JAH LLOYD
THE INSTIGATORS

FRIDAY 10
LAVERNE BROWN
SUPPORTED BY
RICK LEE'S BLURD VISION £3.50

SATURDAY 11
CAROL GRIMES
SUPPORTED BY EQUATION £3.50

NEW! **SUN-DAY FUN**
OPEN 7 11.30 PM

EAT & DRINK AT DINGWALLS BEFORE 10pm AND SAVE A FORTUNE

SUNDAY 12
COMEDY & FUN NIGHT
"THE OUTER LIMITS" FEATURING
NIGEL PLANER
NEIL THE HIPPIE FROM 'THE YOUNG ONES'
PETER RICHARDSON
+ RONNIE GOLDEN + LYNN THOMAS
(CONJURER & JUGGLER EXTRORDINAIRE)
£4.50 INCLUDES MEAL!

MONDAY 13
PASSION PUPPETS RHYTHMIC ITCH ONE ON ONE

TUESDAY 14
FROM U.S.A. "RUMBLE" WITH
LINK WRAY
SUPPORTED BY THE POOR BOYS

WEDNESDAY 15
LEGENDARY ROCKSTEADY FROM JA
THE HEPTONES
WITH GUESTS CREATION REBEL

THURSDAY 16
THE INMATES

SUNDAY 19
HEE BEE GEE BEES

THURSDAY 23
DR. FEELGOOD

FRIARS

AT THE MAXWELL HALL
AYLESBURY

Friday December 10th 7.30pm
Better Things

THE KINKS
+ THE TRUTH

Tickets 4.50 from Earth Records Aylesbury, Scorpian High Wycombe, Strings 'N' Things Amersham, Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead, F.L. Moore Bletchley Dunstable & Luton, Record City Luton, DJ Holland Leighton Buzzard, Hi-Vu Electronics Buckingham, Happy Days Banbury. Music Market, Oxford or 4.50 at door on night if available. Life membership 25p.

COME DANCING

MCP presents

SLADE

EXTRA SHOW 18th DEC.
Plus Guests
ODEON THEATRE HAMMERSMITH
FRI/SAT 17th/18th DEC 8.00 p.m. Tickets £4.00 £3.50
Available from: B/O Tel. 01 748 4081, LTB, Premier B/O Keith Prowse B/O's and Albermarle

MCP presents

GARY MOORE

Plus Guests
ODEON THEATRE HAMMERSMITH
Sat 15th Jan, 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £4.00,
Available from B/O Tel: 01-748 4081 & Usual Agents.
FEATURING
IAN PAICE
NEIL MURRAY,
JOHN SLOMAN & DON AIREY

BAD MANNERS

Wed 22nd Dec
Admission £3

BLUE ZOO

Wed 29th Dec
Admission £2.50

Doors open 8.30 'til late
Full Bar Service

KINGS

Min age 14 years. Under 18 must be accompanied by 18+
Pevensey Bay Road, Eastbourne (0323) 21466

MOONLIGHT

100 WEST END LANE
(West Hampstead tube)
Sundays 7.30 - 10.30

Wednesday 8th December £1.50
PLAYN JANE
+ The High Tide

Thursday 9th December £1.50
BRIGANDAGE
+ Support

Friday 10th December £1.75
THE SKANK ORCHESTRA
+ The Montellas

Saturday 11th December £1.50
THE HARLEQUINS
+ Room 13

Sunday 12th December £1.50
BRAG
+ Support

Monday 13th December £1.50
SILENT MOVIES
+ Souls Valiant

Tuesday 14th December £1.50
MO-JO SILTER
+ Shanghai Rhythm

Wednesday 15th December £1.75
GRADUATE
+ Mombassa Blues

THE NEW ALBANY EMPIRE

DOUGLAS WAY S.E.8.
691 3333

FAREWELL GIG

CULTURE

Sunday 12th December 8.00pm
Admission £3.50 — Unwaged £2.50

THE TUNNEL

Thursday 9th December £1.00
COLORZ
+ Crime Of Passion

Friday 10th December £1.00
ZERO
+ Smack

Saturday 11th December £1.50
BIGGER SPLASH
+ Figures Of Fun
+ Minor To Major

Tuesday 14th December £1.50
TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS
+ Spy Vs Spy
THE MITRE
338 TUNNEL AVE., GREENWICH SE10
Tel. 858 0895.
(200 Yards southside Blackwall tunnel).

THE SID PRESLEY EXPERIENCE

ROCKING ON THE FRONTLINE
FRONTLINE THEATRE
57A ATLANTIC ROAD, BRIXTON, SW2.
Saturday 11th December
11 - 2 pm — £1 Admission

FAC 51
THE HACIENDA

Friday 10th December
GRANDMASTER FLASH & THE FURIOUS FIVE
Monday 13th December
THOMAS DOLBY
Tuesday 14th December
HACIENDA VIDEO REVIEW 1982
Friday 17th December
BLANCMANGE
Wednesday 22nd December
A CERTAIN RATIO

Members don't miss out on tickets for Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve
11-13 Whitworth St. West, Manchester
061-236 5051

A CONCERT FOR T.V PRESENTS. ACE BRIXTON

(NEXT to the town Hall) Brixton Hill S.W.2
Nearest tube Brixton. 100 YDS.
TEL: 01-274 4663.
ALL THURSDAY GIGS ARE RECORDED FOR CH4 + WHAT EVER YOU WANT

THUR. 9th Dec — **STIFF LITTLE FINGERS.** + THE PASSION's + JAMES PLANE. Doors 7.30 £2.50

MON 13th Dec — **B.O.W. W.O.W.** + JAMES KING AND THE LOANE WOLVES £3.50

THUR. 16th Dec (ONLY 1 NOON SHOW) — **SPEAR of DESTINY** + BIG COUNTRY £2.50

FRI 17th Dec — **KAJAGOOGOO** + THE WATUSSI BROTHERS. FREE

THUR 23rd Dec — **DEPECHE MODE** + FAD GADGET £3.00 over 18s only

THE 30th Dec — **DAMNED** + DANSE SOCIETY £2.50.

6th JAN — **THOMPSON TWINS** + AMAZULU £2.50.

All Tickets ON SALE NOW AT + The Ace + Rough trade + Premier + L.T.B. + The CAGE, Record store - Kings Rd - in the GEAR MARKET: All Concerts Doors 8.00. SHOW 8.30.

THE Venue

160–162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB
Tel 828 9441
Doors Open 8.00 pm
Main band on at 9.30 pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday 9th December £2.50
COLD CHISEL

Friday 10th December £3.00
FUNKAPOLITAN
+ The "Cockney Rappers" Laurel & Hardy

Saturday 11th December £5.00
LARRY CORYELL

Monday 13th December £6.50 Circle £7.50 Downstairs
STEVE HACKETT + JUDIE TZUKE
+ Scarlet Party (Benefit)

Tuesday 14th December £2.50
Q-Tips Lead Singer
PAUL YOUNG AND THE FAMILY

Wednesday 15th December £4.00
IGGY POP
(Sold Out)

Thursday 16th December
Midnight Show Only £4.00
IGGY POP

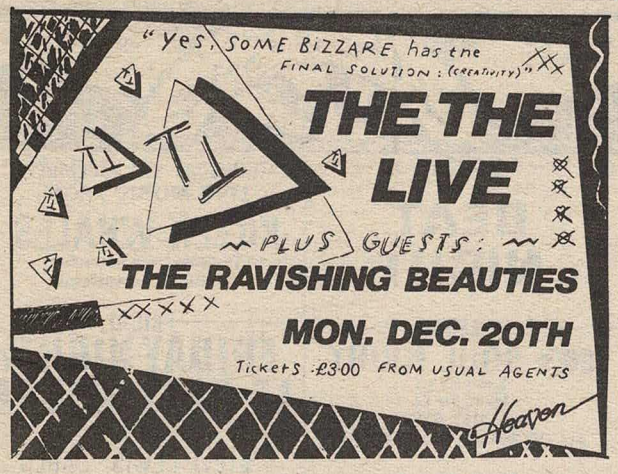
COMING SOON

Friday 17th December & Saturday 18th December £4.50
BLUES BAND + Dave Kelly Band

Tuesday 21st December & Wednesday 22nd December £4.00
DAVE EDMUNDS + Idle Flowers

Thursday 23rd December & Friday 24th December £3.50
Q-TIPS

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)



KLUB FOOT
CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM
HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY W.6
KILLING JOKE
PLUS GUESTS
TUESDAY 14th DECEMBER · 8·00
ADMISSION £2.50

BROADWAY
Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith Broadway W6

Thursday 9th December £1.00
BARNEY'S 50'S DISCO
Friday 10th December £1.50
EGOSIGO
+ God & The Supreme Beings
Saturday 11th December £1.50
THE NOGOODNICS
+ The Red Bandana
Sunday 12th December £1.00
THE MIRAGE
+ Auto Da — Fe
Monday 13th December £1.00
1000 MEXICANS
+ The Albonoids
Tuesday 14th December 50p
IDIOT BALLROOM
BEACH PARTY
Real Ale served 11.30 – 11.00pm

MCP presents
IMAGINATION
Plus Special Guests
ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH
SUNDAY 26th DECEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £7.50, £6.50, £5.50
Available from B/O Tel: 01 748 4081 LTB, Keith Prowse, Premier and Albemarle

QUEEN MARY COLLEGE S.U.
The Great Hall, Mile End Road
Friday 10th December
THE
EURYTHMICS
with FLEX + JOBOXERS
Tickets £2.00 Adv £2.30 door

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
OUTLAW and HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS present
BLANCMANGE
VICIOUS PINK PHENOMENA
MONDAY 20th DECEMBER
○○○○○ 7.30pm ○○○○○
ALL TICKETS £3.50
FROM BOX OFFICE KEITH PROWSE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, CENTRE TICKETS and PRICE BUSTERS (Hammersmith)

ASGARD PRESENTS
CLANNAD
IN CONCERT
HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, LONDON
Haymarket SW1. Tel: 930 6606
MON 13 & TUES 14 DEC 1982 at 7.30 pm
TICKETS £6.00, £5.00 & £4.00 FROM BOX OFFICE & USUAL AGENTS

COW PIE RECORDS
and
SINCERE PRODUCTS
proudly present
THE HANK WANGFORD BAND
CONGRATULATIONS MARY ITS TWINSTOUR
Sat 11th Dec HOPE 'N' ANCHOR — Islington
Sun 12th Dec HALF MOON — Putney
Wed 15th Dec CRICKETERS — The Oval
Thur 16th Dec PEGASUS — Stoke Newington
Fri 17th Dec HALF MOON — Putney
Sat 18th Dec BULL & GATE — Kentish Town
Sun 19th Dec BULL & GATE — Kentish Town
Tue 21st Dec STAR HOTEL — Croydon
Wed 22nd Dec PEGASUS — Stoke Newington
Plus special Guests and sincere surprises
Admission is just £2.50 so come along and have A ROOTIN' TOOTIN' Christmas With The WANGFORDS!!
Fabulous Triple 'A' Side Single ... 'ROOTIN' TOOTIN' SANTA CLAUS / WHITE CHRISTMAS / MAMMA / WON'T BE HOME FOR CHRISTMAS'
PIE 005 out NOW on COW PIE RECORDS

Please phone before setting out, check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

LAUGHING CLOWNS
THU. DEC. 9th. Friendly, Antipodean band with a gift for matching Talking Heads' pop to Miles Davis' funky phrasing, to raucus free blowing, & making it enjoyable.

THE INMATES
FRI. 10. DEC. Ex-Hot Rod, and sometime acrobat, Barry Masters, coming in on vocals has done nothing to diminish their lusty, hard rollin' brand of R&B. leader in their field.

FUZZY SAMUELS BAND
SAT. 11th DEC. Samuels has sat in with Hendrix, John Sebastian and Clapton, and was the 5th member of CSNY, now leading his own outfit and delivering an up-dated West Coast funk for listening & dancing. Recommended.

SUN. FILM SOCIETY + SWIM NAKED
MON. ROOM SERVICE + TIME DANCE
TUE. DANCE ON A TELEPHONE + GUILTEDGE

ZERRAI
THU. 16. DEC. Two-man, twin synths, and a collective talent for creating dramatic on-stage visuals and a neat electronic POP.

THE DOORS OPEN 7.30 till LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 till 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8.30 A.M. till 6 A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 836 1929 PHONE FOR RESTAURANT INFO: 240 3961

EXCITING DOUBLE BILL
JOHN STEVENS GROUP
with John Corbett, Marcio Mattos, Maggie Nichols, Mamadi
PLUS
DUDU PUKWANA ZILA
FUNKY AFRO JAZZ
100 Club, 100 Oxford St., W1
Fri 10th Dec 8-1 am £3.50 (3)

U.L.U. PRESENTS
SECTION 25
supported by
EYELESS IN GAZA
Friday 10th December 7.30pm
Tickets £2.00 adv £2.50 door
U.L.U. MALET STREET, LONDON WC1
Tubes: Goodge St, Euston Square and Russell Square

Wimbledon Theatre
THE BROADWAY · WIMBLEDON · SW19
The Greatest Folk Rock Band of all time
2nd annual/Christmas reunion
FAIRPORT CONVENTION
Featuring DAVE SWARBRICK, Dave Pegg (*by kind permission of Jethro Tull*), Simon Nicol, Dave Mattocks
Special Guests VIN GARBUTT & EAVESDROPPER
Tickets £5.50, £4.50 and £3.50 available from Box Office
01-946 5211/2 VISA

Live Ads. in NME
are read by more
people than those
in any other music weekly
SOURCE ABC JAN./JUNE 1982

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING
HAIRCUT 100
December 27, 28 & 31

DECEMBER
9 The Addicts
9 Stiff Little Fingers
9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 Elton John
12 The Fall
13 Bow Wow Wow
13, 14 Clannad
14 Killing Joke
14 Dire Straits
14 Ozzie Osbourne
15 Rip Rig & Panic
16 Spear of Destiny
16 G.B.H.
17 Gillan
17, 18 Slade
19 Ian Dury
19 Shakatak
19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 Elton John
20 Boomtown Rats
20 Blancmange
21 Girlschool
22 The Kinks
23 Anti-Nowhere League
23, 30 UK Decay
24, 27 Elvis Costello
26 Christmas on Earth
26 Imagination
27, 28, 31 Haircut 100
28, 29 Siouxsie & The Banshees
30 The Damned
30, 31 Kids From Fame
31 Haircut 100
JANUARY
3, 4, 5 Whitesnake
6 Whitesnake
6 Thompson Twins
8 The Gladiators & Michael Prophet
15 Gary Moore
24 Echo & The Bunnymen
29 John Cooper Clarke
FEBRUARY
15, 16 Stranglers
18, 19, 20 Sky
MARCH
9, 10 Thin Lizzy
APRIL
7, 8, 9, 10 Leo Sayer
MAY
11, 12, 13, 14, 15 Johnny Mathis
16-29 Liza Minelli (not 23rd)

Football England v Luxembourg Dec. 15

TELEPHONE CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS ACCEPTED.
PERSONAL CALLERS WELCOME.
SEND SAE FOR FREE LIST OF LONDON GIGS.
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
96 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. Phone 439 3371

MORE LIVE ADS ON PAGE 49

KINGS HEAD
4 Fulham High St: 736 1413

Thursday 9th December £1.50
THE JAZZ SLUTS
Friday 10th December £2.00
TONY McPHEE BLUES BAND
ex Groundhogs
Saturday 11th December £1.50
LAVERNE BROWN BAND
Sunday 12th December £1.50
RED BEANS & RICE
Monday 13th December £1.50
ISAAC GUILLORY
Tuesday 14th December £1.00
LASLO & THE LEOPARDS
Wednesday 15th December £1.00
BASILS BALLS UP BAND

THE CAVE
NEW MERLINS CAVE, MARGERY ST., LONDON WC1
(Five minutes from Kings Cross Stn)

Thursday 9th December £1.00
CLOD HAND BAND
Friday 10th December £1.00
VAGUELY DIVINE
Saturday 11th December £1.00
ORE
Sunday 12th December £1.00
JIMMY RIDDLE & THE PISSPOTS
Monday 13th December £1.00
RED TAPE
Tuesday 14th December £1.00
CREAMIES
+ Anonymous Sisters
Thursday 16th December £1.00
ILLUSIONZ

FLICKS DISCOTHEQUE
Kent Road, Dartford, Kent

Thursday 16th December
ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE

Thursday 23rd December
Perry Haines Presents
KING

Tel: DARTFORD 25520

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB
19/20 Somers St., Leeds 1. Phone 468287
Thursday 16th December
KILLING JOKE
Sunday 19th December — THOMAS DOLBY
Doors open 7.00pm — On stage 8.00pm
Late Bar 9-2 am

HOWARD PROMOTIONS
presents
FASTBUCK
+ DISCO
Thursday 9th December
at
"TUDORS"
Station Road, Harrow
9 till 2.00am
2 bars — restaurant. £1.50 Adm.

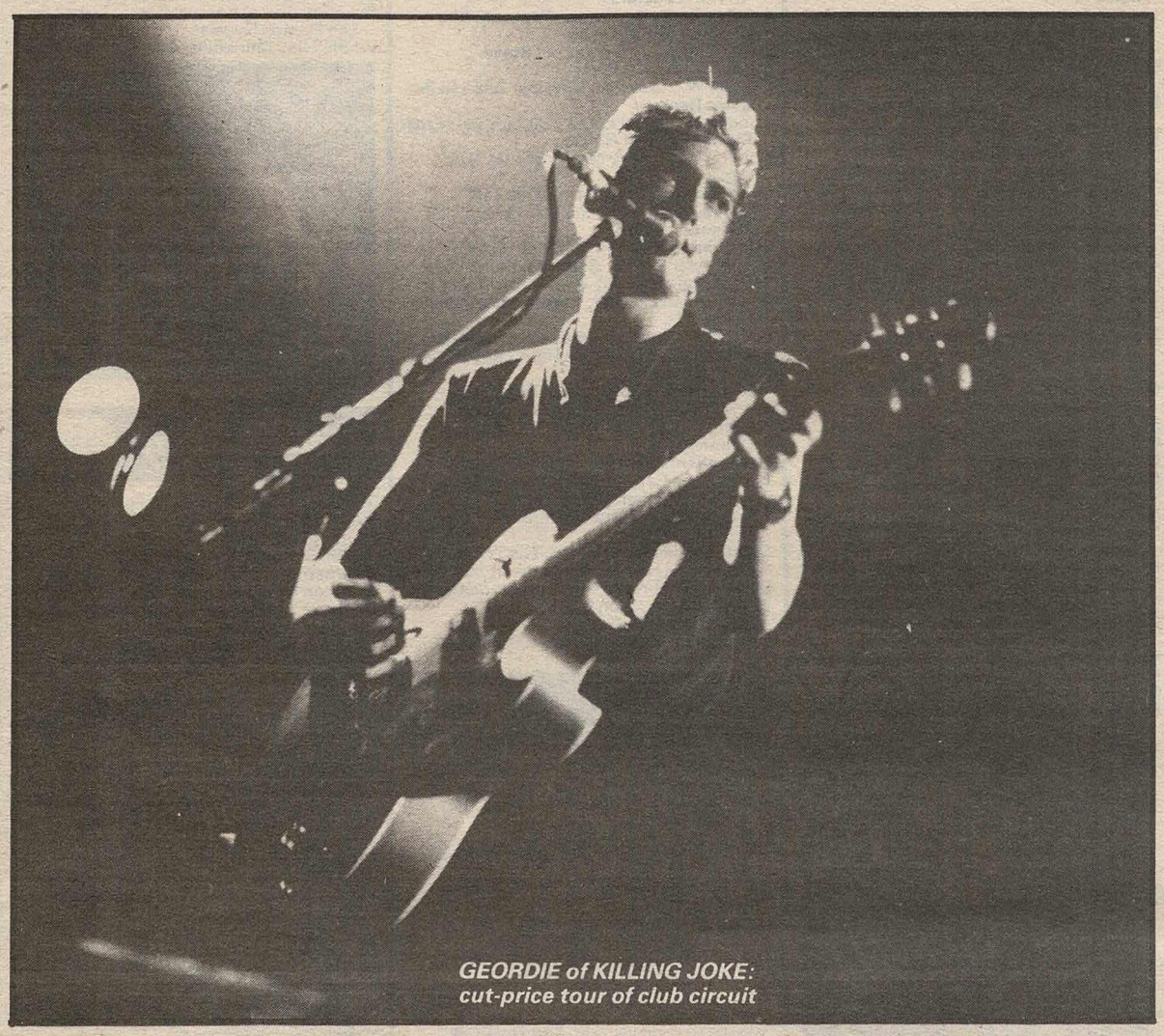
Trent Poly Students Union
presents
THE FALL
+ Support
in the Byron Refectory
Shakespeare Street
on Thursday 9th December
Open 9.00pm
Tickets £2.00 Advance, £2.50 on door. Available from T.P.S.U., Selectadisc, Way Ahead, Revolver and The Victoria Box Office.

MCP presents
Toyah
plus special guests
SHAFTSBURY THEATRE:
Prince's Circus LONDON
Wednesday 15th December 8.00 pm
Tickets £4.50 Available from all Keith Prowse Branches
Tel. No. 01 836 2184 for enquiries and Credit Card bookings (Subject to £0.50p booking fee).

Friday 10th December
WIPEOUT
Live R&B
at the
HOPE & ANCHOR
307 Upper Street
ISLINGTON

MORE LIVE ADS ON PAGE 49

nationwide GIG GUIDE



GEORDIE of KILLING JOKE: cut-price tour of club circuit

YOU DON'T really expect major tours to start in mid-December, because that's the time when they normally reach their climax. Even so, four brief pre-Christmas outings get under way this week, and we give pride of place to KILLING JOKE — if only because they're keeping ticket prices down to the barest minimum, by confining themselves to the club circuit, and that's a salient point when there are so many other seasonal gigs you may want to see. Catch them at Manchester (Sunday), Liverpool (Monday), London (Tuesday) and Brighton (Wednesday).

BLANCMANGE are off on their travels again, following the recent chart success of their single 'Living On The Ceiling' and album 'Happy Families' — and they'll be supplying festive cheer at Glasgow (Sunday), Nottingham (Tuesday) and Birmingham (Wednesday) . . . A year after the postponement of his last projected UK tour, OZZY OSBOURNE brings his "bad boy" reputation, his visual sensations and a fair helping of rock to St. Austell (Friday), Birmingham (Sunday) and Wembley Arena (Tuesday), with more to follow . . . And riding on the crest of the "Harry's Game" wave come top Irish group CLANNAD, bringing a touch of blarney to Sheffield (Friday), Edinburgh (Saturday), Glasgow (Sunday) and London (Monday and Tuesday).

So much for the relatively short new tours, running up to the holiday — but another far more extensive tour kicks off this week, and runs well into the New Year. It's by the much re-shaped WHITESNAKE, with the added bonus of SAMSON as special guests — and they get cracking at Southampton (Friday), St. Austell (Saturday) and Newcastle (Monday through Wednesday).

Christmas specials are now in full swing — the vast majority confined to London, of course. That's where you'll find THE DAMNED in party mood on Monday for four nights, and over at The Venue our old friend IGGY POP plays the first of two nights on Wednesday. The same evening, still in the capital, TOYAH offers the compliments of the season at the Cambridge Theatre. And there are one-off specials by ALEXEI SAYLE and MAX BOYCE (both on Sunday), STEVE HACKETT (Monday) and LINK WRAY (Tuesday).

ELTON JOHN reaches the culmination of his UK tour on Thursday, when he begins his remarkable 14-night stint at London Hammersmith Odeon. And sadly, THE JAM play their last ever concert in Brighton on Saturday.

thursday 9th

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Lindisfarne**
Aberystwyth University: **Bow Wow Wow**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Odeon: **Michael Schenker Group**
Birmingham The New Factory: **Afrikan Star/Ourselves Alone**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **Bulletproof**
Bradford Caesar's: **Steeleye Span**
Bradford College: **Saracen**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford Silk Plush Social Club: **Chinatown**
Bradford University: **Southern Death Cult**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Lazerazor**
Brighton Fusions: **The Guest Stars**
Brighton New Regent: **Talisman/The Legendary Tenfoots**
Bristol Granary: **Rock Goddess**
Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall: **The Meteors/Self Destruct/Paramedic Squad**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Toyah**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Colwyn Bay Pier: **Bernie Torme & The Electric Gypsies**
Coventry Warwick University: **Grandmaster Flash/The Furious Five/Dislocation Dance/Amazulu**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Little Sister**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Showaddywaddy**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Hank Wangford Band**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers/Paul Young Band**
Feltham The Airman: **Twelfth Night**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **The Catch**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Syndicate**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Dolphins**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Gunslinger**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Soldier**
Hatfield The Forum: **Shakatak**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **Dying Sun**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Dangerous Age**
Hull (Ferriby) Duke of Cumberland: **Gipsy**
Kidwelly (Dyfed) Working Men's Club: **Diamond Back Rattlesnakes/Yodelling Ferrets**
Leeds Peel Hotel: **Goff Jackson & The Huns**
Leeds Playhouse Theatre: **Louis Moholo's Viva La Black**
Leicester University; **Dave Kelly Band**
Leicester University Stamford Hall: **Dr Feelgood**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Poison Girls/Rubella Ballet**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Under The Influence**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Popsicle**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Fugitive**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **Stiff Little Fingers/The Passions**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Freddie McKay/Jah Lloyd/The Instigators**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Hershey & The 12 Bars**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **The Door And The Window/The Murphy Institute/Marino Zanoy**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Slow Fade/Rhino Edwards**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Laughing Clowns/Kissed Air**
London E.14 The White Swan: **The Feelers**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Strange Day**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Mojo Filter/R.S.V.P.**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Jazz Sluts**
London Hammersmith Klub Foot at The Clarendon: **The Adicts/The Escalators/The Deltas**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Elton John**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy: **Stress**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Amyl Dukes**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Marquee Club: **Hanoi Rocks**
London Norwood Nettlefold Hall (afternoon): **Black Tulip**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Sketch**
London Palmers Green The Cock: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
London Putney Half Moon: **Henry McCullough Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Shepherds Bush The Bush Hotel: **Ian Saville/Pookiesnackenburger/Oriel/Spartacus**
London Shepherds Bush The Wellington: **The 01 Band**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Randy Edelman**
London University College: **The Apollinaires**
London Victoria The Venue: **Cold Chisel**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Willesden Spotted Dog: **The Directors**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Duffo**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Soly Sombra: **The Chevalier Brothers**
London W.1 (Gt Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Cold Hand Band**
Loughborough University: **The Questions**
Maesteg Castle Hotel: **Knock-Up**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Trevor Watt's Drum Orchestra**
Manchester Lesser Free Trade Hall: **Roy Harper Band**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Zanti Misfitz**
Manchester The Gallery: **Doll By Doll**
Newcastle City Hall: **Dire Straits**
Northampton Sports & Social Club: **Ian Carr's Nucleus**
Norwich Arts Centre: **Silly Wizard**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **The Business/Sub Culture**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **The Fall**
Nottingham Vino's: **The Chimneys**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Larry Miller Band**
Preston Guildhall: **Cliff Richard Gospel Concert**
Ramsgate Flowing Bowl: **Ghost**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Eurythmics**
Sheffield City Hall: **Gillan/Spider**
Sheffield Marples: **Ipso Facto**
Sheffiled The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Southampton (Shirley) Crown Hotel: **Crossfire**
Stockport Smugglers: **The Curse**
Stoke Kings Hall: **Simple Minds**
Sudbury Quay Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Wakefield Tickles: **Room 101**
Walsall Wheatsheaf Inn: **Ken Wood & The Mixers**
Whitstable Old Neptune Club: **English Rogues**
Wokingham Angie's: **Laverne Brown Band**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**
York Bay Horse Inn: **Sphinx**

friday 10th

Aldershot West End Centre: **Ekome**
Amlwch Dinorben Arms Hotel: **Room 101**
Aylesbury Friars: **The Kinks**
Belfast Queen's University: **New Model Army**
Birimingham Fighting Cocks: **Eclipse/Solid Vibes**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Starfighters/The Caners**
Birmingham Odeon: **Simple Minds**
Birmingham University: **Dr Feelgood**
Bournemouth Midnight Express: **The Apollinaires**
Braintree Consolidated Club: **The Nashville Teens**
Brighton New Regent: **Shout**
Bromley Green Man: **Morrissey Mullen**
Broughton Rock Hall: **Tobruk**
Cannock Chasers Wine Bar: **Sub Zero**
Carlisle City Hall: **Poison Girls/Rubella Ballet**
Chelmsford Chelmer Essex Institute: **Hank Wangford Band/Attila The Stockbroker/Total Strangers**
Coventry Apollo Theatre: **Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers/Paul Young Band**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **Bow Wow Wow**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon College: **Second Image**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Triple Echo**
Derby George Hotel: **Handsome Beasts**
Dover The Louis Armstrong: **Sidewinder**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Saracen**
Dundee Caird Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Dunferline Chimes: **Secession**
Egham Royal Holloway College: **The Blues Band**
Ferryhill 101 Club: **The Toy Dolls**
Folkestone Royal Norfolk Hotel: **English Rogues**
Gateshead Honesuckle: **Snipes**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Jah Wobble/The Happy Family**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **The Tax**
Hanley The Place: **A Band Called Doris**
Harrow The Roxburgh: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hastings Rumours Club: **Savage Hearts**
Hatfield The Froum: **Shakatak**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Soldier**
Inverurie Town Hall: **Freebird**
Lancaster University: **Toyah**
Leeds Playhouse Theatre: **Alexis Korner/Zoot Money**
Leicester University: **The Boomtown Rats**
Liverpool Bluecoat Chambers: **Louis Moholo's Viva La Black**
Liverpool The Left Bank: **The Lawnmower**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Icicle Works**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **The Dirty Strangers/Naughty Thoughts**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Nik Malham**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Sweet'n'bitter**
London Battersea Town Hall: **The Home Service**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **The Cannibals/The Changelings**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Ian Saville / Oriel / Spartacus / Pookiesnackenberger**
London Brixton St. Matthew's Meeting Place (afternoon): **Tony Allen**
London Camberwell School of Art: **Red Banner**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Laverne Brown Band/Ric Lee's Blurred Vision**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Dana Gillespie Band**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Go Fundamental**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Inmates**
London E.14 The White Swan: **The Creamies**
London Farringdon The Metropolitan: **Lab/Devils/Fred Engles/Sister Elaine/Ranking Wreck Senga**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chicken Shack**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Henry McCullough Band/The Hamsters**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Tony McPhee Band/Sam Mitchell**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Egosigo/God & The Supreme Beings**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Elton John**
London Hampstead Westfield College: **A Bigger Splash**
London Homerton Adam & Eve: **Pop Art**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Wipeout**
London Kensington Imperial College: **Orchestre Jazira**
London Marquee Club: **Scarlet Party**
London Mile End Queen Mary College: **Eurythmics**
London North-East Polytechnic: **The Cheaters**
London N.W.1 Harmood Community Centre: **Steel And Skin**
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **Country Shack/George Moody & The Country Squires**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Breakfast Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Dudu Pukwana's Zila/John Stevens Group**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **The 45's**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Shepherds Bush The Wellington: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Strand King's College: **The Beatroots**
London University Union: **Section 25/Eyeless in Gaza**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Red I**
London Victoria The Venue: **Funkapolitan**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Vaguely Divine**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Dire Straits**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Byngh-1/Katamantol Rasta Rhythms**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Grandmaster Flash & The Furious Five**
Manchester Lesser Free Trade Hall: **Alexei Sayle**
Manchester The Gallery: **Dr. Filth**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
Middlesbrough The Cavern: **Bernie Torme & The Electric Gypsies**
Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College: **The Impossible Dreamers**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge St. Arts Centre: **Ian Carr's Nucleus**
Northampton Old House At Home: **Hamlet (Aside)**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **The Meteors**
Norwich Theatre Royal: **Steeleye Span**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Michael Schenker Group**
Oxford Pannyfarthing: **720**
Plymouth Fiesta Suite: **Drama**
Poole Arts Centre: **Ultravox**
Porthcawl Esplanade Hotel: **Night Heat**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **Small World**
Retford Porterhouse: **Doll By Doll**
Sevenoaks St. Julian's: **Solstice**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Clannad**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Whitesnake/Samson**
St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Ozzy Osbourne Band**
St. Ives (Cambs) Liberal Hall: **Between The Lines**
Stafford Riverside Leisure Centre: **Chinatown**
Stockport Brookfield Hotel: **Ed Banger**
Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: **The Fall**
Stoke Trentham Gardens: **Cliff Richard Gospel Concert**
Sudbury Quay Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Sunderland Green Terrace School: **Passion Trade**
Totnes Civic Hall: **Black Roots**
Tunbridge Wells Eridge Halls: **Sugar Ray Five**
Wakefield Bretton Hall College: **Icarus**
Ware College: **Eternal Scream**
Weymouth College of Higher Education: **The Ivory Coasters**

CONTINUES OVER

LAST CALL FOR XMAS AND NEW YEAR GIGS

THIS IS the final reminder that, because of our special holiday printing arrangements, all Gig Guide entries covering the Christmas and New Year period must be submitted within the next few days. As usual, a double issue of *NME* will be published immediately before Christmas, and there'll be no issue at all the following week. This means that the Gig Guide printed in *NME* dated December 25 will list two weeks of dates, and the period involved is

DECEMBER 23 to JANUARY 5

If you have any gigs you wish to be included in the *NME* Christmas issue, please post them right away — to Gig Guide, New Musical Express, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG. And remember that they cannot be accepted after next Wednesday, as that's the day the Gig Guide goes to press. To put it another way, for the two-week period mentioned above, the absolute

DEADLINE IS DECEMBER 15

Because of our holiday printing schedule, we shall also need to receive gigs before Christmas for the following week's issue. We'll detail this next week, but here's an advance warning that dates for the Gig Guide covering the week January 6-12 must arrive by not later than Wednesday, December 22.

Wokingham Angie's: **The Vetos**
Yeovil Rainbow Club: **Soldier**
York College of Ripon & York St. John: **Ludus**

saturday 11th

Aberdare Conway Inn: **Sphinx**
Bath Viaduct Hotel: **Red Red Black/Boats Are Good**
Bideford Durrant House Hotel: **Hot On Your Heels**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Patrik Fitzgerald/Ann Clark/Seething Wells/Kevin Hewick**
Birmingham Odeon: **Gillan/Spider**
Birmingham The Junction Inn: **Headbolt/Alfie Noakes**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Transports Of Delight**
Bridlington North Humberside Festival: **International Rescue/My Silent War/The Vets/Indians In Moscow/Makin-Whoopee/Blue Folk/And Brian/What Kati Did Next**
Brighton New Regent: **Greeting No 4/Games To Avoid**
Brighton The Centre: **The Jam**
Brighton Zap Club: **The Corvettes**
Bristol Bridge Inn: **Streets Ahead**
Bristol Granary: **Energy**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Cheltenham College of Higher Education: **The Ivory Coasters**

BOOMTOWN RATS (Norwich)

Chesterfield Brimington Tavern: **Dawn Trader**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Chesterfield Youth Association: **Jah Douglas & His Medusa Touch/Hate Campaign**
Colchester Essex University: **Blue Zoo**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Doll By Doll/Ramrods**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Cobras**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Meteors**
Durham Town Hall: **Silly Wizard**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Clannad**
Edinburgh The Coral Reef: **Halcyon Daze**
Frensham Mariners Club: **Static**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Twisted Sister/The Dolphins**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Tutch**
Harrogate Royal Hall: **Showaddywaddy/Rok**
Hastings Rumours Club: **Tony McPhee Band**
Holyhead Anglesey Aluminium Club: **Room 101**
Hull Wellington Lane Community Centre: **Music For Evenings/Nyam Nyam/Bushfire**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **The Kinks**
Kinghorn Cuinzie Neuk: **Pallas**
Leeds Playhouse Theatre: **Ian Carr's Nucleus**
Leeds University: **Gradmaster Flash & The Furious Five**
Liverpool The Left Bank: **Freeze Frame**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Cherry Boys**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Shea Ramah/Roulette**
London Barbican Centre: **The Ted Heath Band/Ray Ellington Quartet**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Henry McCullough Band**
London Brixton Front Line Theatre: **The Sid Presley Experience**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Jay Lazer & The Phantom Orchestra/Musica Pop**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Carol Grimes Band/Equation**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Red Beans & Rice R&B Revue**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **A Popular History Of Signs/Tape Slide/The Syndromes**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea Shanghai Lil's: **Duffo**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Remipeds/Secrets Now!**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Fuzzy Samuels Band**
London East Ham The Burnel: **The West City 5**
London E.14 The White Swan: **Souls Valiant**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Vibrators/Pressure**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Laverne Brown Band**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **A Bigger Splash**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Rae James Trio**
London Hackney Town Hall: **Mikado/Paul Bryant/Domestic Bliss**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The NoGoodnics/Red Bandana**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Elton John**
London Harrow Rd. The College Park: **Mr. Clean/Roland Muldoon**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Leicester-Square Centre Charles Peguy: **John Etheridge Trio**
London Marquee Club: **Rock Goddess**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Unlimited Source**
London N.W.2 The Cricklewood: **Ian Saville / Oriel / Spartacus / Pookiesnackenburger**
London Putney Half Moon: **Crannog**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Cyril Tawney**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Band**
London Southbank Purcell Room: **Brian Lemon Quintet**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover/Makka**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Red I**
London Victoria The Venue: **Larry Coryell**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Music For Pleasure**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Ore**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Dire Straits**
Manchester (Ashton) Spread Eagle: **Minotaur**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Louis Moholo's Viva La Black**
Manchester Lesser Free Trade Hall: **Alexei Sayle**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Bow Wow Wow**
Manchester The Gallery: **Contraband**
Middlesbrough The Cavern: **The Business/Crux**
Middlesbrough The Pavilion: **Poison Girls/Rubella Ballet**
Newcastle University: **Bernie Torme & The Electric Gypsies**
Northampton Nene College: **Suppose I Laugh/Fault**
Northampton The Mailcoach: **The Taxx**
Norwich East Anglia University: **The Boomtown Rats**
Nottingham University: **Dave Kelly Band**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Peterlee Community Centre: **The Toy Dolls**
Plymouth University: **The Bootleg Beatles**
Preston Warehouse: **Sad Lovers & Giants/The Zanti Misfitz**
Reading Hexagon Theatre (lunchtime): **Whittaker's Patent Remedy**
Retford Porterhouse: **Blackfoot Sue**
Salford University: **Toyah**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Southampton Canute Hotel: **Crossfire**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Ultravox**
St Albans City Hall: **Spear Of Destiny**
St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Whitesnake/Samson**
Stockport Merseyway Precint (afternoon): **Belgique**
Stoke Wagon & Horses: **Chinatown**
Sunderland Polytechnic: **Lindisfarne**
Telford Corps Club: **The Nashville Teens**
Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall: **Shakatak**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Personal Column**
Walmer The Lifeboat: **Jimmy Martin Band**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Sully's Private Stock**
Wells Royal Bath & West Showground: **Cliff Richard Gospel Concert**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **G.B. Blues Co. with Root Jackson**

sunday 12th

Aberdeen Copper Beech: **Feebird**
Bangor Railway Club: **Room 101**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Business/Crux**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Ozzy Osbourne Band**
Birmingham Strathallan Hotel: **Ian Carr's Nucleus**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton The Centre: **Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers/Paul Young Band**
Brighton New Regent: **Die Laughing**
Bristol Locarno: **Bow Wow Wow**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **Black Onyx (for a week)**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **Grandmaster Flash & The Furious Five**
Coventry The Burnt Post: **Silly Wizard**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Hollywood (lunchtime)/Chuck Farley (evening).**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Rock Rebellion**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Dr Feelgood**
Folkestone Golden Arrow: **English Rogues**
Glasgow Theatre Royal: **Clannad**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Blancmange**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Howard Jones**
Halifax Civic Theatre: **Toyah**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Dire Straits**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Central Station Hotel (lunchtime): **One O'Clock Jump**
Leeds Playhouse Theatre: **Kathy Stobart Quintet/Mingus Dynasty**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station Hotel (evening): **Volunteers**
Leeds University: **Fault**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Simple Minds**

OZZY OSBOURNE (Birmingham)

London Battersea Arts Centre: **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys (lunchtime)/Noel Murphy Benefit Night (evening)**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Wilma Williams & The Combo**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **The Cimarons**
London Cambridge Theatre: **Alexei Sayle/Studio 2**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Nigel Playner:Peter Richardson/Ronnie Golden/Lynn Thomas**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Red Beans & Rice R&B Revue (lunchtime)/Johnny & The Roccos (evening)**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Rhythm Men/Original Artists**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Film Society/Swim Naked**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Culture**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Max Boyce**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Chariot**
London Finchley Torrington: **Juice On The Loose**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **The Directors**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The 45's**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Mirage/Auto Da-Fe**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Elton John**
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios: **Icarus**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Swinging Hoovers**
London Kensington Sunset Club: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Marquee Club: **Rock Goddess**
London Mile End Half Moon Theatre: **Chevrolet**
London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Ken Barton Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Louisiana Red**
London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Ken Hyett's Good Vibes (lunchtime)/Rio Grande Hot Tango Orchestra (evening)**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Stevie Smith, Steve Waller & Friends**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Republic**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Fall/Danse Society/Felt**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Centre: **Ian Saville / Oriel / Spartacus / Pookiesnackenburger**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Chris Hodgkins — Max Brittain Quintet**
Maidstone Tudor House Club: **Dumpy's Rusty Bolts**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Michael Schenker Group**
Manchester Fagin's: **Killing Joke**
Manchester The Gallery: **Poison Girls/Rubella Ballet**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Neath Talk Of The Abbey: **Chinatown**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton Silver Horse: **Precious Little Idols**
Norwich East Anglia University: **The Kinks**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **The Heritage Singers**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Ultravox**
Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): **Precious Little Idols**
Plymouth Theatre Royal: **Randy Edelman**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Therapy**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **Dave Kelly Band**
Saltburn Loftus West Social Club: **Winterband**

THE DAMNED (London)

Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: **Soldier**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **The Boomtown Rats**
Southsea King's Theatre: **Shakatak**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Osibisa**
Stevenage Bowes Lyon House: **The Meteors**
Stockport Manchester Arms Hotel: **The M.A. Blues Legends**
Stoke Trentham Gardens: **The Three Degrees**
Sunbury-on-Thames The Goat: **Mungo Jerry**
Sunderland Shiney Row Club: **The Toy Dolls**
Walmer The Lifeboat: **Isengard**
Watford Bailey's: **The Rockin' Berries (for a week)**
Wellingborough Ex-Servicemen's Club: **The Taxx**
Wokingham Angie's: **Larry Miller Band**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Showaddywaddy/Rok**
Workington Carnegie Theatre: **Bernie Torme & The Electric Gypsies**

monday 13th

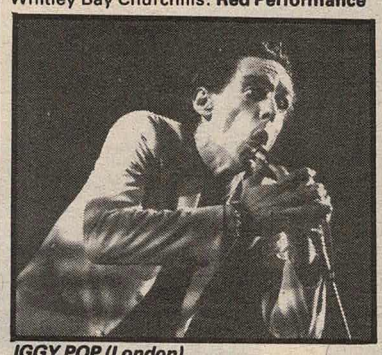
Bannockburn The Tamdhu: **Mike Whellans**
Birmingham The Junction: **Ruby Turner Band**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **I.C.Q.**
Canterbury Kent University: **The Apollinaires/The Thin Men**
Chippenham Rock Theatre: **Slade**
Croydon Cartoon: **The Caners**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Simple Minds**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Frontier**
Gravesend Woodville Hall: **Blue Zoo**
Grimsby Community Centre: **The Business/Crux**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Shakatak**
Hitchin The Regal: **The Boomtown Rats**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Toyah**
Keighley Funhouse: **Splodgenessabounds/Andy Cunningham/Magritte The Rat**
Keighley Leisure Centre; **Rok Star**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Dire Straits**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Killing Joke**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Airstrip One/Netty Blue**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Keith Christmas**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **Bow Wow Wow**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Passion Puppets/Rhythmic Itch/One By One**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Johnny & The Roccos**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **The Specimen/Alien Sex Fiend**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Dance On A Telephone/I.Q.**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Room Service/The Time Dance**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Jimmy Witherspoon (for a week)**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Hollywood Killers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Damned**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Isaac Guillory Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **1000 Mexicans/The Albonoids**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Elton John**
London Her Majesty's Theatre: **Clannad**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Holloway Allstars**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St 100 Club: **Buddy De Franco Quintet/Don Rendell Quartet**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bert Jansch**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Frog Island Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Baby 'n' The Monsters**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Rhie Happy & The 4/4 Beat**
London Victoria The Venue: **Steve Hackett/Scarlet Party**
London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Red Tape**
Loughborough University: **Talk Talk**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Michael Schenker Group**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Fuze**
Manchester Fagins: **Southern Death Cult**
Manchester The Gallery: **Comedy Train**
Newcastle Bier Keller: **Poison Girls/Rubella Ballet**
Newcastle City Hall: **Whitesnake/Samson**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Roy Stubbs R&B All Stars**
Northampton Slipper Club: **Solstice**
Norwich City College: **The Europeans**
Nottingham (Beeston) Charlie's Barn: **The Chimneys**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Ultravox**
Portsmouth Cambridge Hotel: **Flip Out**
Sheffield City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Southend Zero 6 Club: **Bernie Torme & The Electric Gypsies**
South Shields New Crown: **The Toy Dolls**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Washington Sirocco Club: **Winterband**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Headbolt/Alfie Noakes**
Workington Westlands Hotel: **Room 101**

tuesday 14th

Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Dire Straits**
Brighton New Regent: **The 4-Skins/The Violators**
Bristol Locarno: **Simple Minds**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Wilko Johnson & Lew Lewis**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **The Bootleg Beatles**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Roaring Jelly/Proper Little Madams/The Oyster Band**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Larry Miller Band**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Shakatak**
Folkestone Leas City Hall: **The Boomtown Rats**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **The Toy Dolls**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leeds Queens Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Gillan/Spider**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Business/Crux**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Room 13/Itek Morek**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Felix**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Fowler & Miller**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Dave Edmunds Band/Chuck Farley**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Link Wray/The Poor Boys**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Dinos/The Blisters**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Dance On A Telephone/Guilt Edge**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Steve Hooker's Shakers/Bad Detective**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Laslo & The Leopards**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (Basement): **Treatment/Tree Man Army/Brian & The Bad Vibes/Dick Tater & The Sheep**
London Hammersmith Klub Foot at the Clarendon: **Killing Joke**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Elton John**
London Her Majesty's Theatre: **Clannad**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Eastern Alliance**
London Marquee Club: **The Damned**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Body Heat**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**

WHITESNAKE (Newcastle)

London Soho Pizza Express: **Allstar Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Chip Shop Bar Show**
London S.E.5 Longfield Hall (afternoon): **Seething Wells**
London Victoria The Venue: **Paul Young & The Family**
London Wembley Arena: **Ozzy Osborne Band**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The Creamies**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Juke**
Manchester The Gallery: **In 2×S**
Newcastle City Hall: **Whitesnake/Samson**
Nottingham Rock City: **Blancmange**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **The Kinks**
Plymouth Castaways: **Sphinx**
Poole Arts Centre: **Bow Wow Wow**
Portsmouth Rock Garden: **Chinatown**
Sheffield City Hall: **Michael Schenker Group**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Rok**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Southern Death Cult**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Slade**
Sunbury-on-Thames The Goat: **Mad Jocks & Englishmen**
Sunderland Le Metro: **Cagesplay**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Bernie Torme & The Electric Gypsies**
Whitley Bay Churchills: **Red Performance**

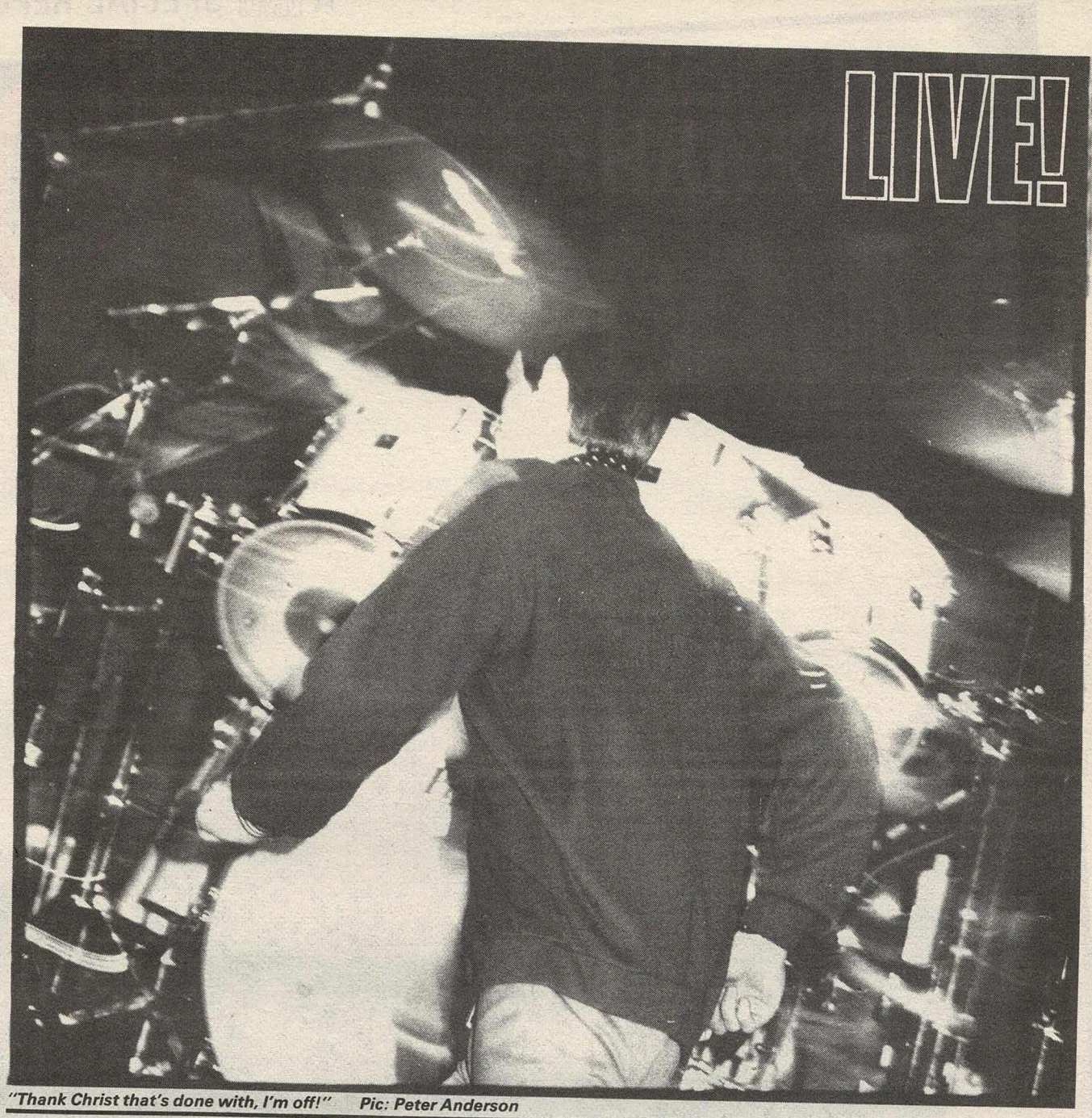


IGGY POP (London)

wednesday 15th

Aberdeen Valhalla: **Pop Wallpaper**
Birkenhead Sir James Club: **Saracen**
Birmingham Odeon: **Blancmange**
Bolton Scamps: **Tasmin Jade**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Slade**
Brighton New Regent: **Killing Joke**
Brighton The Centre: **Dire Straits**
Carlisle Market Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Chippenham Golddiggers: **The Bootleg Beatles**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Petula Clark**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
Dudley Prole Club: **The Nightingales/M's Telegram**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Blue Zoo**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Visa**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **The Kinks**
Hereford The Bunch of Carrots: **Silly Wizard**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Tobruk**
Hull City Hall: **Cliff Richard Gospel Concert**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Gillan/Spider**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Bernard Wrigley/Strawhead**
Leamington Spa Hinton's: **Ramrods**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Play For Today/Different View**
London Barbican Centre: **Chris Barber Band**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Wilma Williams & The Combo**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Ghost**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **Rip Rig & Panic**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Heptones/Creation Rebel**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Poorboys**
London Camden Palace: **Duffo**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea College: **Stan Arnold**
London City Polytechnic: **The Higsons/The Apollinaires**
London Clapham 101 Club: **P.S. Personal/ Wagstaff**
London Epping Blacksmith's Arms: **Dave Swarbrick & Simon Nicol/Dead Sea Surfers**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dave Kelly Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Swimming To France/Outboys**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Elton John**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues rockers**
London Kings Cross Pinder of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **The Damned**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Loose Tights**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Beryl Bryden/Johnny Parker All-Stars**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Salisbury Stompers**
London Shaftesbury Theatre: **Toyah**
London Southgate Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Moon Dance**
London S.W.8 Patmore Youth Club (afternoon): **Talkover**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Victoria The Venue: **Iggy Pop**
London W.1 (Old Burlington St) Legends: **Panic**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Jim Mullen/Ron Parry Trio**
Manchester Drifters: **The 4-Skins/The Violators**
Manchester The Gallery: **Bernie Torme & The Electric Gypsies**
Mansfield Folk House: **Riot Squad/The Collaborators**
Newcastle City Hall: **Whitesnake/Samson**
New Romney The Seahorse: **Sandy Beach & The Deckchairs**
Northampton Regent Club: **Suppose I Laugh**
Sheffield City Hall: **Michael Schenker Group**
Shepton Mallet Showering Pavilion: **Ultravox**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Sunderland Fusion: **The Toy Dolls**
Swindon Solitaire: **Fictitious 4**

WHAM BAM THANK YOU JAM



"Thank Christ that's done with, I'm off!" *Pic: Peter Anderson*

THE JAM

Wembley Arena

AT LAST, a rock career which ends with a bang, instead of a whimper, a squabble or an overdose.

The manner of The Jam's leaving carries a stamp of style and self-discipline, of honesty and suss — just the type of dignified exit, in fact, that their career deserves. It's so often spouted, this ideal of quitting at the top (and The Jam are, quite obviously, still at the top) yet it's so rarely done. Assuming Weller's got the resolve to make this break stay clean, then it seems he's chosen the best moment. I'm watching them go with a nice balance of feelings: half regret and half relief. Just right.

On the first night of the final four shows at Wembley, they start with 'Start!' and the crowd barriers are rushed, and the whole event soars to a level of instant intensity from which it never descends until the very end. How do they hope to maintain such impact, such energy, over all the farewell dates to come? I can only wonder. What's clearest, though, is that the fact of The Jam playing Wembley means this thing has got as big as it should ever be allowed to get. While The Clash might make something valid of stadium rock, The Jam demand something more direct and personal. They don't make mega-band music; they're not about grand gestures and heroic poses, dimly viewed from a seat two miles away.

It's only the unique nature of this event, with all its attendant emotional charge, that saves the band's onstage graft from getting lost in space.

And then 'It's Too Bad': *It's too bad we had to break up".* And then 'Beat Surrender': not surrender in the sense of defeat, but as in giving yourself, as a positive act, up to a rushing force of excitement. 'Away From The Numbers' next, and 'Ghosts', which monentarily lets the pressure drop from premature suffocation point. 'In The Crowd', 'Boy About Town', 'So Sad About Us'. . .

It's not an obvious set, since the numbers played tonight don't include several acknowledged Jam classics ('Going Underground' for instance). But it's good to hear a massive splash of the 'All Mod Cons' album: when they go into its first two tracks you suddenly recall what a revelation that vital third LP turned out to be at the time. From the title cut, with huge cheers for Foxton's urgent little bass run, it's straight into 'To Be Someone', an early stirring of Paul's broader writing abilities. And later there's 'Mr Clean' — maybe more predictable, lyrically, but still boasting one of his finer guitar lines, and a dash of melody to sweeten the bitterness.

In between: 'Great Depression', 'Smithers-Jones'. Like Rick Buckler, Bruce might be facing the group's retirement with some reluctance; but both of them play with blatant determination to go down with all musical guns blazing — almost as though they've resolved to cram another eight years' energy into as many single concerts.

'Precious' expands the sound — the trio are augmented by the full range of keyboard players, horns and back-up vocalists. 'Move On Up', the Curtis Mayfield standard, gives an object lesson in how to do a soul cover properly: not an excercise in forging some other man's emotion, but instead a feat of capturing some spark of inspiration in the original, and matching its rhythm to your *own* pulse.

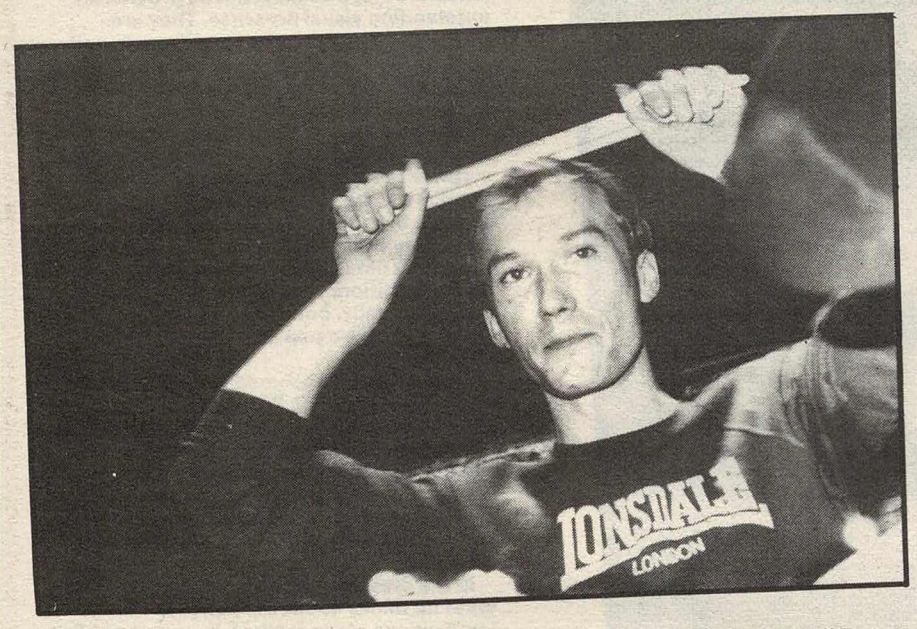
Vocal chords take a rest for the instrumental 'Circus', but the 'Mod Cons' era blasts back with 'Tube Station' and 'David Watts'. 'Pretty Green' and 'Trans Global Express' send the set screeching up to a brink: the band withdraws, and there's a long, long wait for an encore.

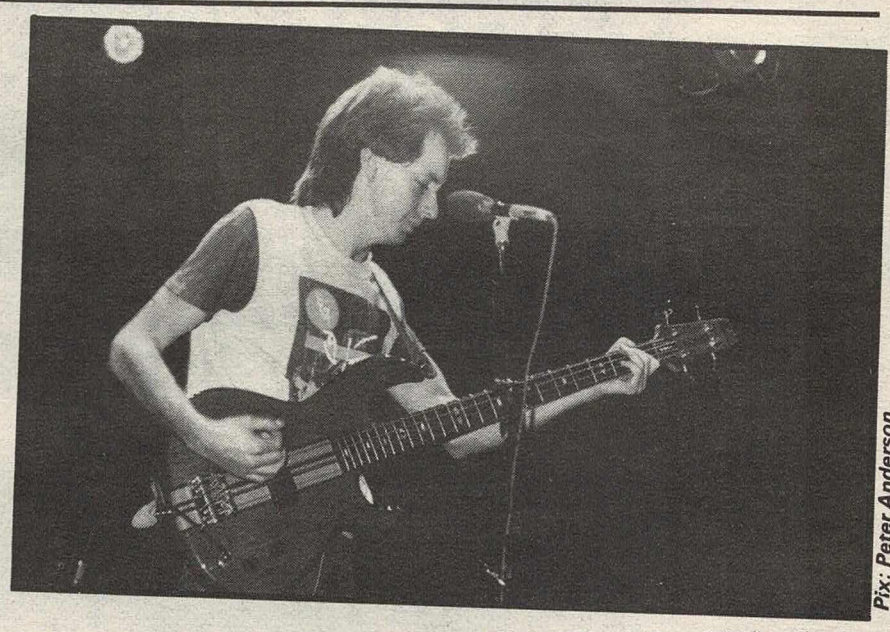
Once they're back and we've had 'A Town Called Malice' revisited, history is turned full circle with The Jam's first-ever release — 'In The City'. It's one of the few explicit reminders Weller makes in respect of this special occasion. He'd come on at the evening's start with a clipped "hello and welcome to the Red Cow", and signs off with typically awkward gruffness: "don't wanna get too sentimental or anything. . . but thanks for the last six years". Hardly anything else was said. But much, much more was felt. . .

. . . including the beginning of a small lump in this spectator's throat as they took their final bow after the closing 'Gift'.

"Think of the future and make it grow."

Paul Du Noyer





Pix: Peter Anderson.

"Looks like it's back to the Red Cow for you two, dunnit?"

SUCCUMB TO THE BEAT ATTACK!

DEAD KENNEDYS REDSKINS

Ace Cinema, Brixton

FIRST ONTO the soapbox are The Redskins who are the meekest bunch of skinheads I've seen for a long time, although still macho enough to put me off, and inherit the earth they shall not. It's a close thing though 'cause their music is an exciting and joyous form of rock/pop that has the crowd bouncing along throughout the set.

Their sound is an extremely well crafted concoction of The Jam, The Clash and Stiff Little Fingers — if you're a traditionalist and you like tunes then this lot will be enough to make you purr. Everything is fine until leader X. Moore opens his mouth and begins his tough guy socialist tirades. "Kick over the statues" he raves, presumably so that he can replace them with other, ultimately similar, icons.

What The Redskins want to do for architecture, The Dead Kennedys do for your mind. They go for the throat of the power that is behind the statues, cutting across socialist dogma with pure, visionary common sense. Whereas X. Moore wants to be a politician, Jello Biafra is content to be a true man of the people, but of a people who think for themselves. This is his and the Kennedy's basic message: think!

And, unlike all other punk groups, when Jello has something to say then you can hear him say it. The music comes right down, and over a bass backing Biafra will spout his piece. As dubious and dull as this sounds, it actually comes across very well — the man is a born orator and his from-the-heart pleas are very effective. He is a powerful and likeable figure, its just a shame that everything he said tonight will be taken as gospel by some of the audience because, as he says, "think for yourselves!"

The Dead Kennedys are an all-round experience. They are lucky enough to have an extraordinary lead singer with an equally special feel in their music to back him up. Only superficially could their noise be compared to the Oi/HM thing — it has a powerful, searing quality that transcends such slurs. Whereas HM/Oi hits you in the guts (making you feel sick), this music affects the head and heart. It's a mighty and provocative noise that, when mixed with Biafra's words, is capable of sweeping you away. The Kennedys came, saw and left people feeling happier and hopefully more suss than before.

Richard North

MORE LIVE! ON PAGE 42

A LIVE! SPECIAL REPORT

rock'n'

RICK JAMES GETS BEACHED

The Jamaica World Music Festival was staged last week — but was it an international rock spectacular or a right wing propaganda event to boost an ailing economy?

LAST YEAR the ultra-slick adverts began appearing on American television

"Come back to Jamaica!" they sang, while kindly grandmothers held out fruits, couples strolled on quiet beaches, and a general vision of unspoiled and untroubled island paradise was offered.

The implied message was clear: now that Michael Manley's Socialist government was out and the right wing party of Prime Minister Edward Seaga was in, the kooks and crazies were in jail and Jamaica was once again a safe place to spend Yankee dollars.

Tourism had once been a mainstay of the Jamaica economy and a main source of badly needed foreign exchange, but during the Manley years tales began to circulate in the travel industry about gun-toting rudies, and hotel beds went empty. The year before the 1980 election was the worst, as Americans read news reports of supporters of Manley and Seaga resorting to street gun battles to settle debating points. Revenues from tourism dropped more than 30 per cent. Jamaica had a problem.

Seaga's first order of business was putting the country under manners. By '81 the government felt things were back under control and the Come Back To Jamaica campaign began, but aimed at middle-aged tourists. Something else had to be done to popularise Jamaica as a holiday spot for the 18 to 34 year olds, those with large incomes.

And this turned into a two-fold plan. First, the Jamaican government would finance a performance centre in Montego Bay (traditionally the island's tourist town); then they would take bids from promoters to organise an international music festival.

Unlike the annual Reggae Sunsplash, this festival would concentrate on foreign acts. It would draw a world audience and establish Jamaica as a hip and safe place for upwardly-mobile music fans.

The government, however, had more than money invested in the scheme: the centre *and* festival were to show the world that Jamaica could pull off a major logistical undertaking, and that the Jamaicans now had a government that *worked.*

Advance publicity was heavy. Three days before the event the *Daily Gleaner* ran a long, front page story on it, along with a photo of Barry Fey — whose Denver-based Feyline Productions won the promotion contract — shaking hands with the Prime Minister.

In the end, the site — dubbed the Bob Marley Memorial Performance Centre — was just about ready at the last minute, though the ground was never really cleared of rocks and stones, and the promised parking lot turned out to be an adjacent road.

But the Jamaica World Music Festival — one of the more incongruous publicity stunts staged by a Third World country since the Shah invited the Warhol crowd over and floodlit the Persepolis — became a reality.

Feyline's idea was to import everything, the entire technical infrastructure of a rock festival from wiring to crew, and create a little island of American efficiency in this sea of "soon come" tranquility. But it could never work successfully. For one thing, the island's phone system completely broke down under the strain; Air Jamaica's flights were running five hours late all week; and that Jamaican nonchalant pace kept asserting itself. One or two hour gaps between bands were not uncommon.

THE BOB Marley Memorial Performance Centre is simply a fenced-off field on the end of a peninsular that juts out into Montego Bay. At one end is a concrete platform for the stage, at the other are groups of concession stalls run by the locals. This is the best rock festival food *ever!* Curry goat, jerk chicken, patties, Red Stripe beer. In between the stage and stalls is space for about 40,000 people.

Thursday, opening night, only about 9,000 have shown up, and the place looks embarrassingly empty. The programme opens with the politicos and their speeches. We hear from the Minister Of State For Culture, the Mayor of Montego Bay, the Prime Minister himself, and the Minister of National Security And Justice, who goes on at length about Bob Marley as a cultural ambassador to the capitals of the world.

The first music is from the Wailers, with lead guitarist Junior Marvin stepping into the singer's role without great distinction. In fact, the Wailers sound shockingly nondescript until they bring on the I-Threes to do 'Rastaman Vibration' and 'Exodus'.

But it is, surprisingly, Grateful Dead followers The Deadheads who provide an outstanding visual presence. They are everywhere, and every one of them in uniform — long hair, beards for the boys, and T-shirts, either tie-dyed or emblazoned with Dead designs.

Deadheads have been known to travel to the Pyramids to see their heroes, so it s no surprise to see them here in force. These Deadheads are young, and one can only assume they have heard about the glory days of Owsley acid and six-hour Dead concerts from their older siblings and decided to keep up the tradition. Whatever one thinks of the Dead musically, one has to admit that these Deadheads are a pop cult phenomenon to wonder about.

Jimmy Cliff has seemed to be wandering aimlessly for so long I'm not expecting much from him. But he comes on with a band that's big, tight and powerful, and he projected a militant and purposeful stance. Now I'll check for the man all over again. His voice is still clear and sweet, and now he's got some good songs like 'Treat The Youths Right' to use it on.

In the dressing room after the set I ask Cliff what he thinks about the political implications of the festival, its use as publicity for the government.

"I'm not here as a political thing," he replies. "I'm here as an African Ambassador. This festival can be good for the image of Jamaica. But I don't see how the poor people come into it.

"I just got back from Zimbabwe. And the OAS was having its meeting in Libya, and the Vice President of the US was there . . . what's his name?"

Bush . . .

"Yeah, Bush. He thought him really in the bush."

Gladys Knight And The Pips are a typical large American soul show band. The lady has a fine voice, but the songs she sings with the most conviction are the oldies like 'Midnight Train To Georgia'.

The Dead begin with 'Sugaree'. So are they awesome, man? Garcia really is a fascinating guitarist, and although he steers clear of rock cliches, he stays within his own well-defined mode. Sometimes inventive, his tone is a unique and rich vibration. But the rest of the band really are the most boring old farts imaginable. Their beat is a dull, sexless plod, devoid of any physical life.

After 20 minutes of a very old sounding 'New New Minglewood Blues' I get some sleep.

ON FRIDAY afternoon the press descends on the Rosehall Intercontinental where most of the bands are staying. Down by the pool, Rick James surprises everybody by

STORY: RICHARD GRABEL

roll imperialism

JAMAICA WORLD MUSIC FESTIVAL

interrupting an interview being conducted by MTV (a cable music network) to ask some questions of his own.

"I would like to ask you a favour and that's whether you'd like to say: this is not a black festival, this is a mixed festival in a black country. But the thing I want to know about video, cable, is why don't they show more Rick James videos and other black musicians' videos? How come we don't see it? So I would like to ask you to keep some of those questions . . . Maybe tomorrow . . ."

Over on the other side of the pool, someone asks Stacy Lattisaw — very young, very cute and very vacant — something vaguely political.

"Oh gee, I don't know. I never thought about that. I decided to take part in this Festival because I wanted to see Jamaica. I've never been here before."

I get on a coach with The Beat for the ride to the gig and talk to Dave Wakeling, who seems to have it well sussed.

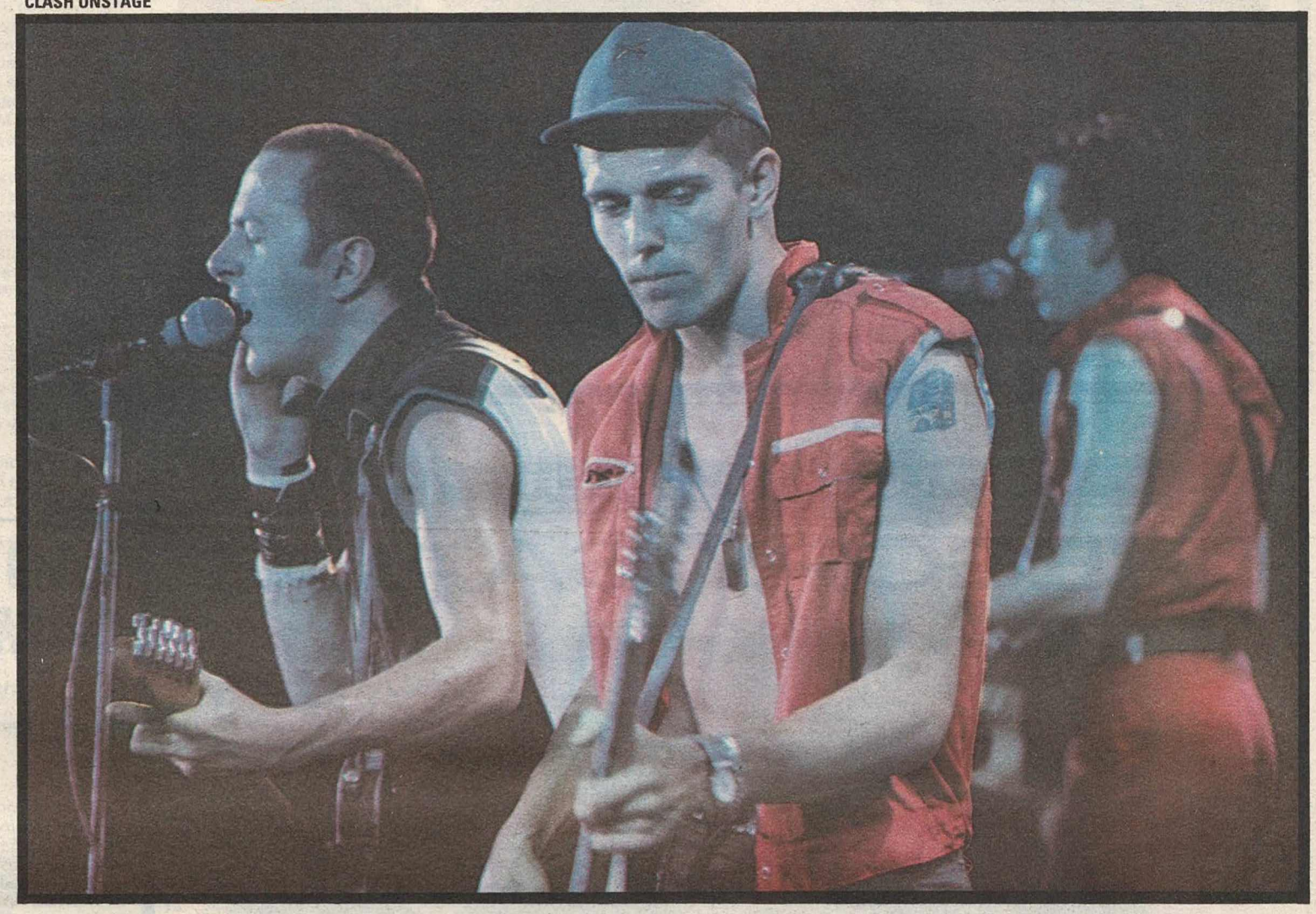
"The whole thing stinks really. Probably it's one of the more mercenary we've agreed to do. I mean, we were so keen to see Jamaica. I was desperate to see some old friends that live here, and also I wanted to get on the beach and see some sun. If it was in Newcastle or New York we'd probably refuse on moral grounds.

"There's obviously this Reagan-Seaga right wing alignment. The US says, OK, you can have the tourists back but don't talk to Cuba and give us the bauxite.

"But if you take it to any extreme there's not a rock promoter in the world to whom you could say, OK, I'm going to work for him because I feel 100 per cent morally aligned with him. So I don't think it's any huge crime.

"But it's not what the cosmetic advertised version says it is, honouring the memory of Bob Marley. If anything, it's a way of taking away the threat that the memory of Bob Marley might kindle."

CLASH ONSTAGE



THERE ARE a lot more people the second night, and especially a lot more Jamaicans.

The Beat go on first, and do a rousing, rocking set. The Jamaicans take to them right away, with Roger skanking around the stage and the rhythms being so close to home. To me, 'Doors Of Your Heart' is still their greatest moment, where the conflict between idealist aspiration and the hard vexation of reality is most poignantly expressed. But the whole set is great, and The Beat get the first encore of the festival.

Back at one of the food stalls I meet Rose. I take her to be about 18. She turns out to be 22 and a mother of three. She and her boyfriend live in the hills and grow a bit of herb, and she's here helping her mother run the concession. I ask her what she thinks of the festival.

"You mean for me or for Jamaica?"

For you.

"Well, for me it's an experience. Because we locals don't get to see all these acts usually. But I'll tell you the truth: I really love my Jamaican acts. Because I am from the ghetto, and only those acts from the roots really express our feelings.

"Upperclass Jamaicans, they're very snobbish about Jamaican music. They'd rather hear the foreign music, soul and all that. You know why? Because the roots music tells the truth, and them don't want to hear that."

Rose comes up towards the front with me to watch Aretha Franklin, who does an amazingly listless set, practically sleep-walking. She projects a smug attitude that suggests that we should be thankful the Queen Of Soul has deemed to perform for us. Rose doesn't say anything until the end when Aretha does 'Jump To It'.

"This is sweet," she says then. "It has that movement in it, like our music, so you can dance and feel something."

A few numbers into Black Uhuru's set, Michael Rose pulled off his tam and shook out his locks, and every Jamaican in the place went *AWOAH!* Seeing them on their home turf made me realise what cultural icons they have become, and seeing them at this festival proved that they can convey their power even to a non-reggae oriented white rock audience. Even from way in the back of the crowd, the Sly and Robbie rhythm team were strong enough to shake the ground, and the three singers' visual projection telegraphed through the air.

Backstage, while Skeeter Davis sings some lame standard-issue country music, I talk with Puma Jones.

"It's a great event for music," she says. "Because music creates a common language for the people, and this really proves it. I can't think of any occasion when there's been music from all facets, from African to American to European, come together on a stage like this. And it's perfect that it happens in Jamaica, because Jamaica really did reach out its hands to the world, and it's set a pace that obviously will be continued."

Don't you think Jamaica needs more medium-sized venues for Jamaican artists, rather than giant places like this?

"Well, they are about utilising the resources, and they've realised that music is one of their greatest assets. So, we'll see. But it's good to have an international stage in Jamaica."

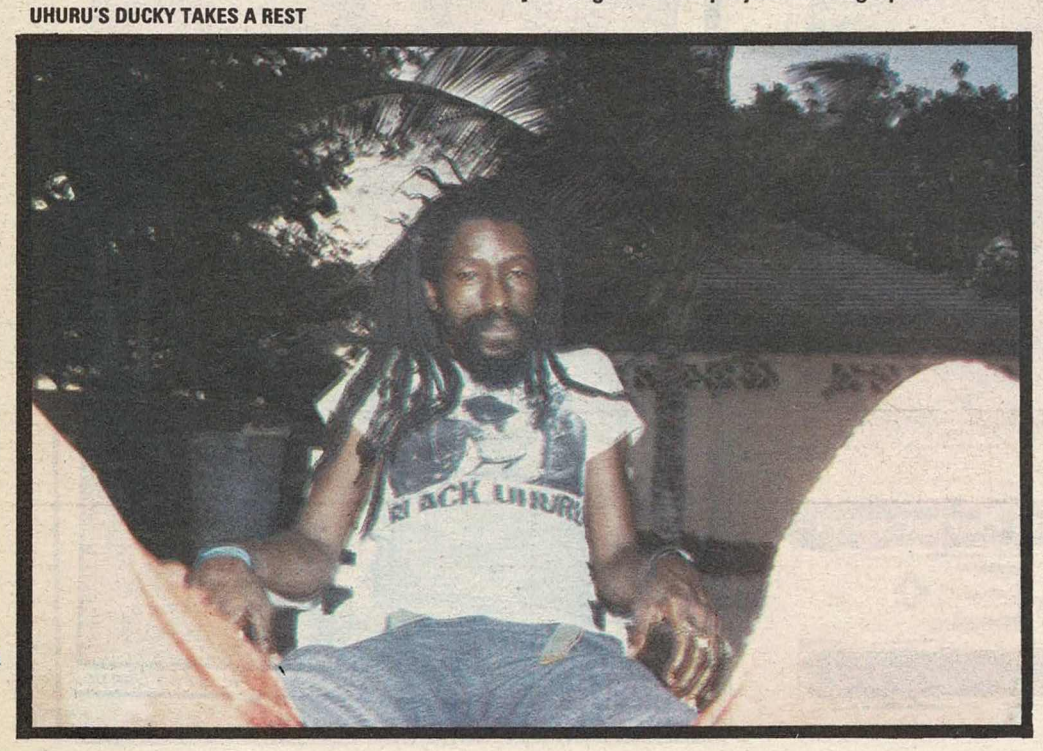
Isn't it all a big advertising campaign?

"It is. It's like, there was nothing to stop it from happening, you know. So we just have to live with it. And I mean right now the reggae business in Jamaica really does need resources. It needs opportunity to be pushed at a standard. We couldn't have done it without, you know, some happy medium in the western hemisphere."

The Beach Boys come on and play their hits. They are slick and accomplished. I'm surprised at how fresh they make things like 'I Get Around' and 'Fun Fun Fun' sound. But I'm not feeling nostalgic, and quickly lose interest.

Yellowman comes on in the dark and ends as the yellow sun is rising. He is a phenomenon in the Jamaican music business, and I'll deal with him in a separate story. By this time it was mostly Jamaicans left in the audience, and Yellowman had them in his hand.

UHURU'S DUCKY TAKES A REST



NEXT DAY it's drinks by the pool with Kosmo Vinyl. The Clash are one of the few groups not allowing themselves to be video taped and filmed by the promoters. Why?

"We told them to fuck off. Why? That's what I asked them. There's no across-the-board appeal here. So what are they going to do? Split it up into two lots and put us in with Joe Jackson and The Beach Boys? What for?"

Don Letts didn't come down with you to shoot this?

"Naw, there'd be nothing to shoot. A few Rastas backstage, some palm trees, a big boring rock and roll stage. And we don't know, maybe there will be four or five thousand people out there tonight. At the end of the day I'd say no big deal."

At the end, the last night finally drew a big crowd, maybe 20,000 people. You'll excuse me for missing Bobby And The Midnights and Joe Jackson, but the road traffic kind of merged with the parking lot along the side, and everything stood still, and we were late.

It is Squeeze's last gig, they said, and they don't seem up for it at all. They get one of the worst receptions of the whole festival, and deservedly so.

Rita Marley is mostly boring, with a few exceptions: her new single 'Harambe' is catchy, and I heard it in record shops all over town, so it should be a hit. And 'My Kind Of War' is a fine song. But when she brings on her children — The Melody Makers — it was instant love. Ziggy Marley has his father's gestures and mannerisms, and at 13 he seems completely at home on a giant stage, which I guess comes from having grown up watching his father do it. And he's got a voice. That kid is going to be a star.

Rick James doesn't go over too well. The Jamaicans are suspicious, and the white Americans most indifferent. And though his band can rock, his act is all strutting and posturing, and ultimately tiresome. But the lighting the spliff bit in 'Mary Jane' is funny, and the Jamaicans are yelling "Peter Tosh style".

Earlier in the day Kosmo had been boasting about how The Clash are the only band in the festival that would rock and roll. So I decide I'll be hard on them, and that if they are going to impress me they'll have to do it from way back in the crowd. And they did! Fast and furious, hard and strong, awoah and boom!

The Clash are the only foreign band to relate their set musically to the fact that they were in Jamaica. I watch the Jamaicans around me. Their interest picks up when they hear 'Police On My Back', and with 'Guns of Brixton' they're skanking. With 'Armagideon Time' they are shouting *"AWOAH!"*. Once it's established that these white boys know

CONTINUES PAGE 48

PHOTOGRAPHY: JOE STEVENS

LIVE!

Strictly leather, the boy eyes up the mike.

Pic: David Corio.

STUDS, CAPS AND BASEBALL BATS

GRANDMASTER FLASH AND THE FURIOUS FIVE

The Venue, Victoria

YOU MAY feel a bit let down when every Grandmaster Flash, not to mention every Sugarhill single, has the instrumental backing track of the A-side on the B-side. But when you see them onstage you realise they're just providing themselves with a backdrop for their improvisations and crazy live routines: a mixture of Bronx street jive and Motown Revue / James Brown showbiz soul spectacular.

The Venue was packed to the gills for the first ever visit from the Master, his Furious Five and a mysterious extra who ably assisted Flash with his treble turntable quick mix. The gathering was very much a London music biz affair (with a couple of thousand others in attendance) but the group transferred the electric, communal force of the New York rap parties to the big stage with only a little of the essence lost.

They come on togged out like The Village People had they come from uptown New York rather than an ad-man's drawing board in LA — lots of glitter and tack, one bloke wielding a baseball bat as the ghetto street punk caricature. Flash provides the backing track by cutting up the likes of 'Wheels Of Steel', 'The Birthday Party' and 'Scorpio' with new suitably scratched interjections. At the start some of the records sounded like they'd had a pint of beer spilt on them but by the time the show got under way the sound was fine for Kid Creole (that's the *other* Kid Creole), Rahine and the crew to stamp their characters and not inconsiderable egos over proceedings.

The words were fired out fast and smart, every now and then someone shouts "Freeze!" and you have five alleycats caught in mid pounce. A fine action packed show, though it was strange Melle Mel and Duke Bootee didn't get to perform 'Survival'. The closing finale during 'The Message' — a sea of peace signs and half the dance-floor onstage — looked a bit anachronistic. But as a cap on all the energy and exhuberance that preceded, it was preferable to a drunken brawl.

Gavin Martin

RANT OR BE DAMNED!

Third Poetry Olympics

Young Vic, London

DAY 1

'Poetry' as a social force is no nearer the mainstream of rock, TV, football and politics than it ever was before.

The immortal bard C S Murray after the First Poetry Olmpics *NME* Oct 4th, 1980

And so another year, another Poetry Olmpics. The Michael Horovitz circus has come to town or, to be precise, the Young Vic — a precious outpost of alien, middlebrow culture landed somewhere behind Waterloo station.

The Horowitz groupies are here once more and so too Horovitz, "a man whose name is often mentioned," (as CSM noted two years back) "when the question 'Who is the worst poet in Britain?' is asked."

It is schlock-Horovitz — resplendent in cream waistcoat, green shirt and matching voice — who directs the proceedings, interrupting the flow to announce each poet with rambling excess.

Michael Smith lopes on oblivious, tam askew, to recite some cool verse. Skinny in casual trousers, stooped and stepping lightly to gentle rhythms, he has a slight humour and a narrow outlook.

Lacking the anger and snap-rhythm of LKJ, Smith spends too much time muttering about "the oppressed and the dispossessed" (Bah! A muttering black nationalist is a poet without rhyme nor reason) But, at his best, he strews pert one-liners and clever declamations and, anyway, 'Mi Cyaan Believe It' has a truly *great* chorus.

Kevin Coyne came on twice, warbling warmly and ending his final reprise with a quote from Frank Randle, that hardest of comics. Others, like

Our Benjamin.

Pic: Leon Morris.

"THE COOL RULER"

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Elizabeth Shepherd, whine more miserably and quote all the wrong people.

It takes **Benjamin Zaphaniah** to shake up the flaccid banality of it all, the only poet to *use words* (to brutal effect) — the only poet who wasn't a poet at all but a ranter.

The Olmpics' first PERFORMER, Zephaniah was magnificent. He flails his hands and heavy locks and shakes in a fit. Crashing thru' lively monologues and linking sweetly, he *talks* to his audience, pulls them in and cracks them up.

A rare force, a class-conscious internationalist black writer, Zephaniah combines a taut, percussive vocal rhythm with a wicked political intelligence. If rant always meant rock, TV, football and politics, then now it means dreadlocks as well . . .

Roger McGough, lapsed king of beat alliteration, came back in a grey Mao suit to finish off the event.

He's had some fine moments as a writer, 'struth, but though he pulled some laughs and laughed himself, he sounds too tired, too best-years-gone.

Rant took the day and 'poetry' is still deluding itself. When the metre runs out, it's time to go . . .

X Moore

DAY 2

SECOND HALF of the Poetry Olympics saw organiser Michael 'Thatcher is a fascist dictator' Horowitz introduce an assorted bunch.

Before the evening started I thought poetry was compositions in verse. Something I found imposssible to squeeze from my school pen. **Alvaro Pena Rojas** (the Chilean with the singing nose) was the first of many to prove me wrong. He frantically chanted mainly incomprehensible lines — with the occasional four-letter word giving the impression of an asthmatic pervert.

Adrian Mitchell, a camp, beat poet was very funny — reliving schoolday bullying in 'Playground Blues' and advising us not to *bind down our limbs with mortgages* — maybe poets can never afford houses.

Heathcote Williams could be the epitomy of modern, middle-class poets. A jumble clad pseudo tramp, with carefully placed holes in his jeans, who likes to shock his audience with swearing and references to Jesus' sex life. The girls at the back tittered and blushed. Give me Benny Hill or Frankie Howard anyday.

The token black for the evening was **Michael Archangel.** A Lenny Henry dread who was serious and the all-white audience loved him. Preaching to the converted will not help.

Richard Jobson spat out his words with passion and fire. Acting out an account of growing up in Scotland, he convincingly played the various roles of priest, father and son. Like a radio play concerning hard drinking and religion, a Jobson 'poem' illustrates his intention of trying to establish himself as a serious actor. Maybe he should leave the 1930's and join us in the 1980's. That's definitely where **Attila The Stockbroker** is.

Attila is relevant and understandable, not introspective and self-idulgent. Music is introduced, as Red Ruth (flute) and Lynn (squeezebox) helped Attila with his punk/folk/reggae/rap 'Punky Civil War'. Highlight of the event was the Pythonesque monologue 'Albanian Football'.

A breath of fresh air to finish off a very 'alternative' evening . . .

Alan Marke

SCREAMIN' SISTREN

SISTER NANCY & PAPA MADOO

Lewisham Rennell Hall

LIKE PRINCESS Diana, Jamaican DJ Sister Nancy also appears to be something of a trendsetter with her latest hair-do — with many SN clones abundant in the audience.

Tonight Nancy and her MC companion Papa Madoo are here to display their lyrical skills in Lewisham's Rennell Hall, a portion of a modern shopping precinct, set in this semi-suburban environment.

Officially the dance began at 8pm, but as usual it wasn't until 11pm that the show possessed an atmosphere, even if DJ Tony Williams did keep us occupied with his ear-blasting usage of a 40k rig.

At around midnight Sister Nancy and Papa Madoo (whose fine release 'Another One Bites The Dust' is *still* unobtainable in the shops) entered the dance accompanied by their back-up band Freedom Fighters, who, as well as reciting many popular rhythms, included much original material.

Madoo has one unique feature which distinguishes him from many of his counterparts . . . he can sing! Sister Nancy is also a fine singer, but her screamish toastin' can be rather irritating.

Being hailed as a new superstar in her homeland JA, she's top of a new breed of female DJs. She's causing disturbances here as well, with her current releases — and even more with her rope-like haircut.

Nancy and Madoo are two of many DJs spending this winter in Britain — they must be mad. Also here are Nicodemus, Captain Sinbad and Mr 'Three Piece Chicken And Chips' Rankin' Trevor.

With Yellowman over here soon too, it should be a rankin' Christmas.

Dominic Kenny

MARC AND THE MAMBAS

Theatre Royal, London

DUE TO the fact that no review tickets or photo passes were allowed, it would appear that Stevo was being somewhat cautious over the (official) debut of Marc and the Mambas. However there was little need for him to worry — if Marc Almond can get screams of adulation for sipping a cup of tea before he's sung a note, it would appear fairly obvious that the austere Theatre Royal was full of Soft Cell devotees.

Backed up by Humoresque (a three-piece string section) Annie Hogan on piano and later Matt Johnson on guitar, as well as a sax and flute player, this 'Little Black Evening' was devoted to Marc Almond doing non-Soft Cell numbers and his own interpretations of other people's songs. Due to his somewhat limited vocal range many of the covers lost their previous charisma — Jacques Brel would have turned in his grave if he'd heard 'If You Go Away', although Lou Reed's 'Caroline Says' and 'Angels' did hold some appeal.

But in the eyes of the audience he could do no wrong and when Dave Ball came on for the encore (and the token Soft Cell number) the crowd were in the palms of their hands.

My friend for the evening thought Mr Almond was incredibly sexy and had a wonderful voice — I would drastically disagree and have probably made an enemy in the process — sorry Di!

David Corio

SANDII AND THE SUNSETZ

The Venue, Victoria

IT WAS, I'm afraid, love at first sight . . .

Mesmerisingly, Sandii carried the mantle of stardom with an aura of benign intent — every gesture a pleasure.

And if looks and presence aren't enough, Sandii is in possession of The Voice as well — a steady constant when the others are getting a bit frantic, and an entertaining variable when allowed full rein — swooping from a truly oriental trebly waver to a bossy belt on commencement of the thumping rock disco treatment.

The early tunes boasted romantically enticing melodies over a relaxed rhythm, the band fully exploiting their "best of both worlds" stance. But towards the climax it's Japanese pop boogie all the way.

Sandii comes back at the end gushing gratitude and damning us all to a purgatory with that wicked smile. She and her cohorts deliver one last, deep Samurai bow then whisk this shiny Jap novelty away.

Graham K Smith

Sandii lets rip a trebly waver in Graham K's direction. *Pic: Steve Callaghan.*

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DISCOMIXING

A BATCH of new Gussie productions are issued this week on his Music Works discomix label: **Al Campbell,** 'Let Me Into Your World' (MWRT 1289); **U Roy,** 'Hustlers Taking Over' (MWRT 1290); **Freddie McGregor,** 'Special Lover' (MWRT 1293); **Sugar Minott** 'Jah Love His People' (MWRT 1294); **Leroy Smart,** 'Mankind So Unjust' (MWRT 1296); and **Pam Hall,** 'Melody Life' c/w 'Bye Bye Love' (MWRT 1297).

Four new 12" up on Greensleeves: **Little John,** 'Joker Lover' c/w **Billy Boyo,** 'Scandal' (GRED 102) — produced by Jah Thomas; **Koumba,** 'We A Leggo' c/w 'Billy' (GRED 105) — produced by Cedric Myton and featuring harmonies from The Congos; **Michael Prophet,** 'Just Talking' c/w **Papa Dimes,** 'Thru Me' (GRED 104); and **Yellowman & Fathead,** 'Hold On To Your Woman' c/w 'Rub-A-Dub A Play' (GRED 106) — both latter titles produced by Henry Lawes.

Other new discomixes: **Gee Sloley,** 'I Like Your Loving' (Red Man — RED 03); **Gene Rondo,** 'You Want I To Believe A Lie' c/w 'Just For You' (R&H); **George & Jackie,** '3rd World' (Black Joy — DH 825); and **Delroy Wilson,** 'Living In The Footsteps' c/w 'So Long Jenny' (Live & Love — LLDS 111).

VOICE YOUR CHOICE

MUSICAL YOUTH, Jean Adebambo, Blackstones, Victor Romero Evans, Sandra Lobban and Red Cloud featuring Ras Keith Drummond are all guest performers at the Ace in Brixton this Sunday — from 5pm until 11pm — when is held the grand final of the *Voice* 1982 Search For A Star competition.

Compered by Flip Fraser and Janet Kay the event features eight female acts, an Indian brother and sister duo and one sole male performer. Finalists are Stubie Judah, Lilla Saville, Kolombo, Naiomi, Carol Gordon, Cleffene Skyers, Shani Benjamin, Sasha King, Sandra Thomas and Christine & Marcus.

All tickets £3.50 in advance, from Ace Box Office, Brixton Hill, SW2. Tel: 01-274-4663; £4.50 on the door.

Jean Adebambo and Janet Kay search for a star. Pic: Dan Harriott

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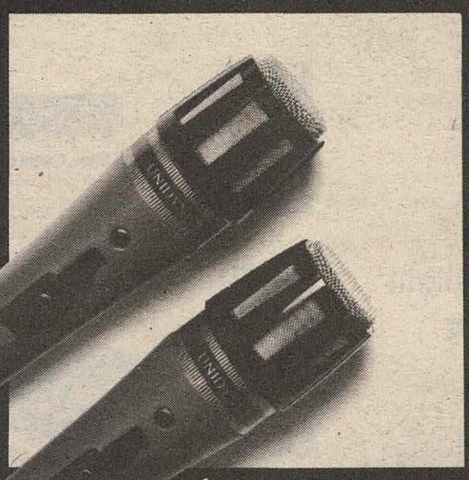

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SHURE
You simply can't make it any clearer.

OBSERVER STATION UNDERGROUND REPORTING — flashing weekly from a semi-frequency — beat! beat! drums! — blow! bugles! blow! . . . songster Don Carlos secures his status as roots artist of this year with a batch of current new music including issue of an LP on Negus Roots entitled 'Harvest Time' (NER LP 005). Recorded at Tuff Gong and Channel One studios, produced by Robert "Flacko" Palmer, the album is a nine track set featuring his recent 'Magic Man' single for the label with harmony vocals supplied by the singer's regular spar Al Malcolm aka Goldie Locks . . . **through the windows — through doors** . . . the same combination of Don Carlos and Gold also join forces on an album circulating pre outlets on the Hit Bound label out of New York called 'Them Never Know Natty Dread Have Him Credential' (JJ 084). Produced by Niney, the set is a ten track recording dispensing third variations on Carlos' two big summer tunes 'Dice Cup' and 'Hog And Goat' . . . **burst like a ruthless force, into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation** . . . issued on Rusty International discomix courtesy of Captain Sinbad is a further Don Carlos title 'Isabel' which also invigorates a toast of the same from Billy Boyo for 'One Morning'. Flip is regeneration on Sinbad's former Explosion pre 'Radication Dehbout' (RI 001). Current also from Carlos is the Cha Cha 10" 'Can't Waste Time' with a Papa Bruce toast of the same on the B-side . . . **into the school where the scholar is studying** . . . Cultural Foundation is the imprint responsible for the new album from currently touring Culture outfit led by Joseph Hill and entitled 'Lion Rock' (CULT 001). Self produced by Hill at Dynamic and Aquarius, the set is of ten tracks duration commenting such as 'Babylon Big Dog' and 'Jah Alone A Christian' and paying 'A Double Tribute To The O M' . . . **leave not the bridegroom quiet — no happiness must he have now with his bride** . . . precursory to their '82/'83 tour of the UK and Europe arrives a new album from The Gladiators trio issued on the French L'Escargot label and entitled 'Back To Roots' (ESC 419) . . . **nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing his field or gathering his grain** . . . roving cub Dominic Kenny advises this STATION that "tongue jiver" Brigadier Jerry brings his UK tour to a close last Thursday with a send off at Balham's 200 Club and has followed up 'Pain' with a latest Jwyanza title: 'Gwan A School' . . . **so fierce you whirr and pound you drums — so shrill you bugles blow** . . . new Trevor Walters title due on Ital is a revamp of the Jimmy Jones song of DIY heart surgery 'Handy Man' . . .

★ ★ ★

BEAT! BEAT! DRUMS! — BLOW! BUGLES! BLOW! . . . a pre-Christmas carnival ball is to be held at High Wycombe town hall, 8 Easton Street this Friday from 7pm until 2.30am featuring cabaret from Gail Grier with Torso Erotic Dancers and guest appearance by Sandra Dee, Roy Alton and the effervescent Cecil "B". Live disco dancing from High Wycombe Soca Rockers plus fashion show. Tickets and coach information from Raay Al: 01-607 9632 . . . **over the traffic of cities — over the rumble of wheels in the streets** . . . at the Studio 200 Club, Balham High Road, SW12 on Saturday night Soul To Soul invite you all to their leather and suede Christmas dance — from 8pm until 2am — featuring Super Duper Master B + Papa Harvey from the Soul To Soul posse + East London's number one FBI with man Errol T as the mike mc . . . **are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses? no sleepers must sleep in those beds** . . . calling all good people to a special Christmas dance at the Ambassador Hotel, Euston Road, NW1 on Saturday — 7pm to 2am — with the latest in lovers and soul from Cousins International . . . **no bargainers' bargains by day — no brokers or speculators — would they continue?** . . . Caribbean Community Project hold a Christmas party at the Granville Centre, Granville Road, NW6 on Saturday dancing to top sounds until 1am. Food and drink available. Entrance: £3 . . . **would the lawyers be talking? would the singer attempt to sing?** . . . the friendly club Dougie's Hide Away at 114 Junction Road, Archway, N19 present on Saturday — 8.30pm to 3am — music by Shadow Hi-Fi: London's soca pioneer. Tickets: £2.50 tel 01-272 4009 or £3 at the door . . . **would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case before the judge?** . . . on Sunday at the new Albany Empire in Douglas Way, Deptford, SE6 live onstage Joseph Hill with The Soul Defenders. Tickets from box office: 01-691 3333 . . . **then rattle quicker, heavier drums — you bugles wilder blow** . . . seasonal greetings from Spotlite Club who change location from Vauxhall this week to the Thames at Swan Pier, Swan Lane, London Bridge every Sunday — 8pm to 1am . . .

★ ★ ★

BEAT! BEAT! DRUMS! — BLOW! BUGLES! BLOW! . . . at Centreprise bookshop, 136 Kingsland High Street, E8 this Friday is screened *You Have Struck A Rock,* a film detailing the black women's campaigns in South Africa during the '50s. 7.30pm . . . **make no parley — stop for no expostulation** . . . also in Hackney the following Saturday afternoon — 1 to 5.30pm — is a Peace Fair organised by the local CND with exhibitions, balloon races, games, kids activities, music, crafts and refreshments at Hackney Central Baths, Lower Clapton Road, E5 followed by bands and disco at the town hall in Mare Street 8 until 11.30pm. . . . **mind not the timid — mind not the weeper or prayer** . . . a Kenya Evening in solidarity with poltitical prisoners meets at the Africa Centre in King Street, Covent Garden on Tuesday (14) at 8pm with speaker Gotto esq, film *Mau Mau* plus performances by John Agard and African Dawn. Admission: £1 students and unwaged 50p . . . **mind not the old man beseeching the young man** . . . every Wednesday at 7pm Centre Stage Studios at 35–39 Old Street, EC1 on the top floor hold Jazz Dance classes . . . **let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties** . . . released on the UK 7" KR label is a Junior Boothe production with The Mighty Diamonds adapting Reed-Mason's hit for Humperdinck 'The Last Waltz' as 'The Last Dance' c/w a Simpson-Ferguson original 'Lucky' (KR 16) . . . **make even the trestles to shake the dead where they lie awaiting the hearses** . . . out of Chicago *Riddim* is a free monthly reggae newspaper available on subscriptions from PO Box 14301, Chicago, Illinois, USA . . . **so strong you thump O terrible drums — so loud you bugles blow** . . . One Love . . .

don't touch that D·I·A·L

BY TONY BACON

A TUNER is a tuner is a tuner. You need to be able to tune in the stations you want, you need to be able to plug it into your amp. And that's about it.

The British manufacturer Quad has always had a reputation for quality products, thanks mainly to its series of pre-amps and power amps of which the latest is the 44/405 combination — primarily used in quality hi-fis.

Quad were among the first companies to make experimental tuners when the BBC began VHF tests in the 1950s, and since then they've brought out three updates of their original unit, of which we're looking at the latest of the line, the FM4, launched earlier this year.

Quad don't introduce new lines every few months or so, like a lot of bigger manufacturers seem to. I get the impression that the only justification for a lot of these so-called innovations is merely to get us to part with cash and dump our hopelessly outdated cassette deck, or whatever which we bought nine months ago!

An example of Quad's slow but effective determination is their electrostatic ESL63 speakers. Work began on that particular project in 1963, hence the name. But the finished version of the speakers didn't go on sale until last year.

Of course you pay a lot for this kind of ruthless research and development and there's something doggedly British about the whole approach.

Quad's first tuner was introduced soon after those BBC tests decided that VHF (FM) was A Good Thing, and Quad's first valve-based design was dubbed the FM1. A stereo version followed, the FM2, and then a transistorised update, the FM3, went on sale in the early 1970s.

Now Quad have responded to the somewhat old-fashioned air of the FM3 by introducing the wonder of the microprocessor to their new tuner, named (surprise surprise) FM4.

Just before we investigate how the thing shapes up, it's worth mentioning another of Quad's traits — quite simply, simplicity. They've always gone for a minimum of control knobs and switchery, and shun unnecessary gadetry, claiming their case falling somewhere between that fewer breaks in circuitry mean cleaner signals.

The FM4 follows the Quad tradition in this sense, and is a joy to behold if you've had to wade through showrooms full of units bedecked with every conceivable switch and meter.

A cool grey panel confronts the user, and the controls are few. In fact the FM4 fits in very well with its partner-in-sound, the 44 pre-amp, and uses the same colour scheme and general layout. Not that there's much to lay out.

On the left of the front panel are eight pushbuttons in two banks of four, each button with a tiny green LED close by. On the right there's a tuning knob sitting in a keyhole-on-its-side shape, wherein lies the visual display. That's the lot.

Of course it's very comforting to know that, inside, a good old microprocessor is busy doing all the carrying and fetching of radio stations required, but really it doesn't matter.

What is important is that the whole thing works, simply and efficiently. About 20 ICs lurk within to do the business.

A few preliminaries before you plug it in and interconnect. Power is delivered via a shrouded three-pin cable-ended socket, called a CEE22. These, incidentally, have only been 'shrouded' recently — that is, the plug housing has a covering around the pins or socket — as it was realised that the previous design was rather unprotected, and there was also apparently a possibility of plugging the earth pin into the live supply. Not a good idea.

If you've got a 44 pre-amp to partner the FM4 you'll do best to power the tuner direct from the mains outlets on the back of the pre-amp — earlier pre-shrouded pre-amps will require a bit of swapping around of plugs to get the right combination, as did mine.

So you've got the power to the tuner. All you need now is a signal and, as Quad point out again and again, 'the performance of the FM4 is entirely dependent upon the signal received from the aerial'.

The aerial socket on the back of the FM4 is a co-axial type, just like the sort on the TV. In fact (cue shudders at Quad HQ) I used the TV aerial, which seemed OK. But to get the best from the Quad you'll need a good, well-positioned, dedicated aerial.

Power and signal now flowing, the rest is easy. The bottom right pushbutton is marked Tune; pressing it allows you manually to tune into the required station (VHF only) with the tuning knob, giving a numerical frequency readout on the display, together with 'Stereo' when relevant.

So if I want, say, Radio 4 here in darkest London I need to find 93.50MHz on the display. The other seven pushbuttons are labelled BBC1 (ready for when Radio 1 goes totally VHF), BBC2, BBC3, BBC4, ILR ('Independent' Local Radio) 1, ILR2, and BBC LR (Local Radio), and into these locations you can store stations for instant recall.

No PIR for pirate yet.

The storing process is simple. Once you've got the station on the display — and an ingenious double bar-graph system helps you pinpoint the frequency — then you press Tune and the required location pushbutton simultaneously (you don't *have* to obey their label, of course), and a second or two later the relevant LED will light to tell you the station's stored in that location.

Once you've stored the stations you want, all you have to do is press the required station pushbutton whenever you want that station. No more. If you want medium wave or long wave — tough.

Nearly £230 is a hell of a lot for a tuner, but the FM4 certainly is (groan) *user-friendly*.

It's a little snobbish in its requirements, but as the aim is quality I suppose we can overlook that. Top-end tuner-searchers stop here.

QUAD QUOTIENT

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MEASUREMENTS: 321mm (12¾in) W × 64mm (2½in) H × 207mm (7½in) D.
WEIGHT: 3kg (7lb)
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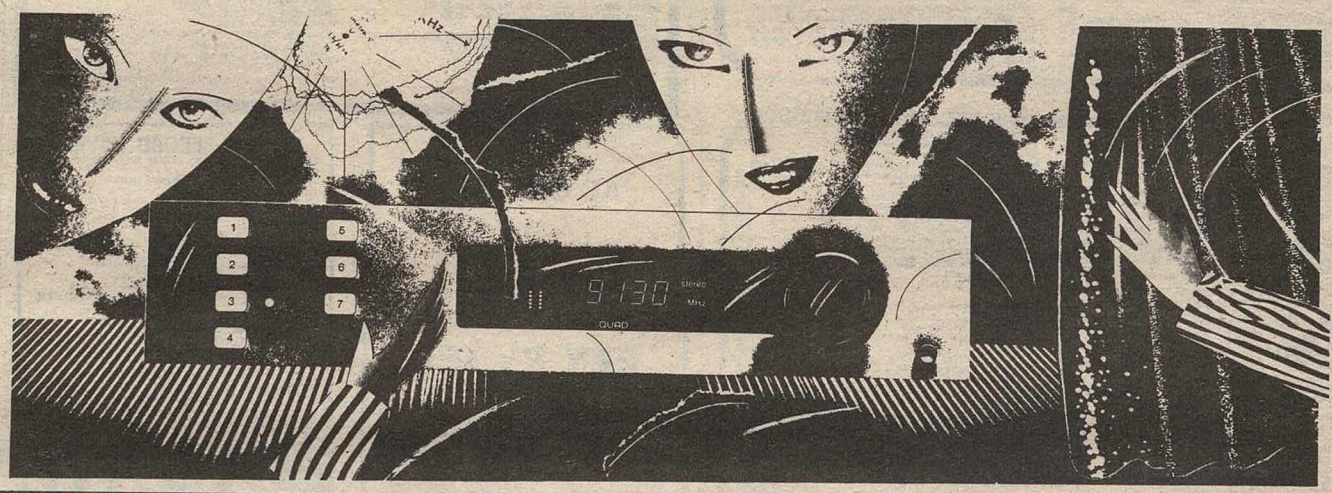
AERIAL INPUT: 75 ohms unbalanced.
SIGNAL/NOISE: Input signal 1kHz at 1mV A-weighted Mono 76dB; stereo 70dB.
DISTORTION: Input signal 1kHz +/— 75kHz Mono and stereo 0.15% +/— 25kHz Mono 0.05%; stereo 0.10%.
INTERFACE: Mains in CEE22 socket; Mains out CEE22 plug; Output five-pin Din plug; Aerial co-ax socket.
INFORMATION: Quad Electroacoustics Ltd, Huntingdon, Cambs

A TUNER FOR THE FLUSH



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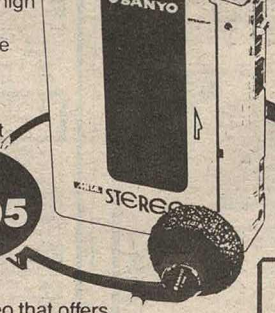

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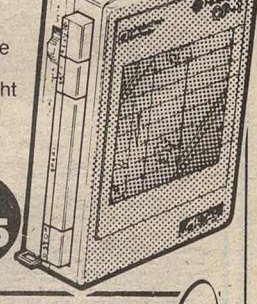

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Greenham Common Protest Contd.

From page 7

had a programme: 'Holloway — The Place and the People'! It showed the old Suffragette wing and the old uniforms and it was actually very interesting. Then you find yourself there and you're in a room, not a cell — with other people of course, but now you have a loo, you have running water.

"And yet you are still in the same situation as the women had found themselves in all that time ago! Because no one was dealing with the problem which put them there: the right of a citizen to voice opinions about what is done in her name."

Rebecca Johnson arrives; she has just spent five days in Holloway, and eight more in 'open prison' Sutton Park in Kent — half a Borstal and half a woman's prison. Rebecca explains how the 'open prison' actually creates terrible psychological stress, since its staff can actually increase sentences ("they maintain control through a system of sanctions but there's a lot of setting women against each other — they tried it with me my first day there").

Despite the fact that she's sleeping badly since leaving prison, Rebecca looks fresh and energetic; good humoured and graceful in her rather smart black dress. She and Helen compare notes on Holloway in general and on their individual refusals to work in particular. Helen's objection centred around the work she was assigned: "They led me down to the shop and there were all these women sitting in rows — working on these toy spacecraft, putting little *guns* on: These little war toys get whizzed into a box with a Union Jack on and sold abroad."

Rebecca: "Well I was confused and distressed at the time I refused, because we were all going to be transferred to Kent right away, then the Governor came along and said to me, *'You!* Not *you;* you're staying' — nothing else. Then when I did refuse to work, as I was pleading wrongful arrest *anyway,* they put me in this strip cell — fortunately that refers to the cell and not to me. What was bad was that I'd been taken there before breakfast and not told why or how long I'd be there."

Helen: "This is the way they actually inflict real terror in prison — they move you

JWMF

FROM PAGE 41

something about their music, they are ready to pay attention to The Clash's rock and roll as well, and stuff like 'One More Time' and 'Clampdown' knocks them out. *"Anger can be power"* was heard and understood.

The Clash took their chance and made it mean something.

Peter Tosh is the best I've ever seen him. He's less self-involved than usual, more communicative, dramatic without that overblown staginess he often affects. His band, however, aren't particularly hot.

Sometime around 8am Tosh ends with a half-hour harangue.

"This commemoration is a commemoration of Bob Marley, who only used to represent reggae music. Well, if this building here and this place here is in commemoration, we want to hear reggae music on the radio here 24 hours a day. We're tired of funky, and I don't want to be hypocritically looked over. And on my radio station they're listening to the American chart, what kind of bumba clot is that?"

IF YOU like rock festivals, and if you had the money and the stamina, the JWMF was a good deal for the punter. It was one of the few festivals that really earned the name, providing a round-the-clock atmosphere of interest and involvement. The days were beautiful and at night they kept you entertained till morning. The food was good and cheap, the facilities well thought out, the sound the best I've heard at a

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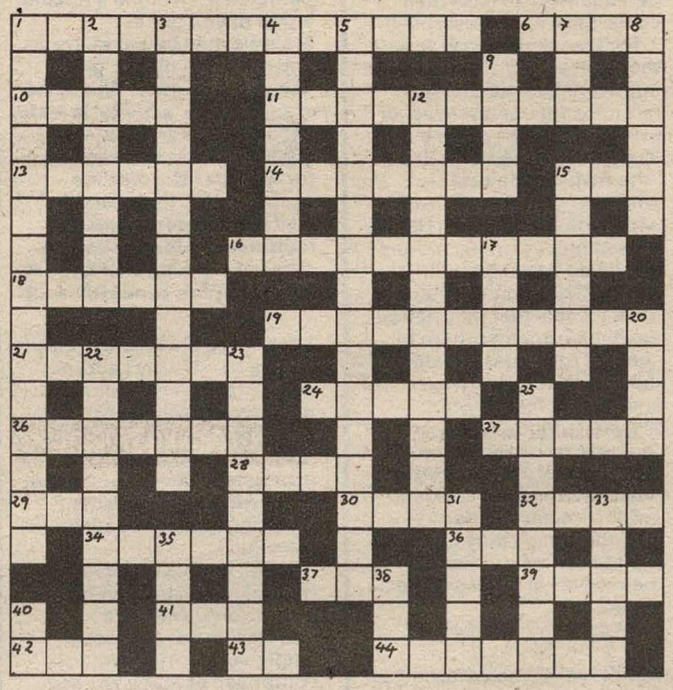

CLUES ACROSS

1 *"We moved into a basement, with thoughts of our engagement"*— line from 1979 hit (2-3-8)
6 **& 27A** And from the same group, an album that foretold the Falklands crisis (4-5)
10 Masquerade and Charade were two of their earlier singles (5)
11 Toyah's 'on tour' album (7-4)
13 One following jumble sales could unearth 'Oh Lori' oldies (extra cryptic!) (6)
14 He was known as the 'Big O' in the '60s (7)
15 This completes both the current Chelsea 'stand' and the old Surfaris 'Wipe' (3)
16 **& 44A** Their debut chart single in 1976 wasn't from the studio but 'Live At The Marquee' (5-3-3-7)
18 See 25D
19 When the day is done, here's someone who could move even David Sylvian (11)
21 **& 15D** Recently formed Spear Of Destiny are an offshoot from this band (7-2-4)
24 See 4D
26 *"I'm gonna get outa school, work in some factory, work all the hours that God gave me"* 1978 hit (3-4)
27 See 4D
28 No honestly, it's a Thompson Twins singie (4)
29 **& 42A** Dance revived, without any great success, by Buster Bloodvessel (3-3)
30 **& 39A** Isley Brothers hit from 3+3 album (4-4)
32 Duane, who had Rebel backing (4)
34 A Jacques Brel composed Scott Walker number (6)
36 US group who've had a few hits here such as 'Low Rider' and 'Galaxy' (3)
37 See 2D
39 See 30A
41 See 2D
42 See 29A
43 See 40D
44 (Yawn!) See 16A

CLUES DOWN

1 Back by popular demand — a clue! Yazoo over Morecambe? (8-2-5)
2 **& 41A & 37A** It's there in black and white from The Stranglers (6-2-3-3)
3 Highly acclaimed Squeeze album (4-4-5)
4 **& 24A** Simple Minds visions of their album selling at least 100,000 copies (3-4-5)
4 They give us, for those who fancy it, a funeral in Berlin (9-7)
7 The single connection between Simon Le Bon and Mike Nesmith (3)
8 Not all, but most of the gossip from The Coasters in 1958 (6)
9 A Flock Of Seagulls pursue me from the Middle East? (1-3)
12 John Lennon single, credited to the Plastic Ono Band (7-5)
15 See 21A
17 US old-timer well remembered for The Wanderer (4)
20 The kind of music Eno was into once (4)
22 He's scored around 30 hits but only made number one once in a duet (5-4)
23 Wattie is their leader (9)
25 **& 18A** Kinks number about the Terry's and Julie's of this world — well London anyway (8-6)
31 Siouxsie shows us how to dance in the playground (5)
33 'All The Young —, Mott The Hoople (5)
35 The Jam were 'in it' for their first hit (4)
38 Daniel —, Bauhaus inmate (3)
40 **& 34A** Heavy rock band who, until 1980, we could say — oh well they're Aussies — but now they're ours (2-2)

Compiled by Trevor Hungerford

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS
1 Feargal Sharkey; 9 Ale; 11 & 20A. 'Christ-The Album'; 12 'Evita'; 13 Lol; 14 & 4D. 'Obscure Alternatives'; 17 Dice; 18 Roth; 20 See 11 Across; 22 Alto; 23 First; 26 We; 27 Division; 28 Us; 29 Ziggy; 30 The The; 33 PS; 34 Sandii; 36 Hai; 38 Jim; 40 Cab; 42 Culture Club.

DOWN
1 Factory; 2 Arrest; 3 Gas; 4 See 14 Across; 5 Let; 6 Heels; 7 Reel; 8 Eligible; 10 Pale Fountains; 15 Bo; 16 Chariots; 19 C Mingus; 21 Bonzo; 22 Away; 23 Fish; 24 IV; 25 SS; 27 Dutchie; 31 Epic; 32 Ade; 35 Alec; 37 Ubu; 38 Jet; 39 MOR; 41 AC(DC).

around a lot, take you away from any group, they always keep you waiting."

Rebecca: "And they never explain anything, they never tell you why.

"When eventually they took me to the Governor and read out my charge — which turned out to be nothing more than refusing to work — we argued a bit and then the Governor said 'Well, we will caution you today but if you persist we will punish you.' *(She laughs)* I got my parting shot though, as I was being hustled out his door.

"I just kept saying, 'I'm *taking* responsibility for my actions; all I ask is that you take responsibility for your conscience!'"

"Militancy is taken up by women only after much trial and disappointment; but with women, as with men, it is not a weapon easily laid down."
— Sylvia Pankhurst in a letter to Lloyd George, July 21, 1913.

large outdoor gig. And in the mish-mash of a something for everyone programme there were moments of inspiration.

But for the Jamaican government, the JWMF is a step in a weird direction. A 40,000 capacity venue requires this type of multi-star mega show to make sense. That means it also requires foreign capital to finance the operation, foreign technicians to run it, and foreign acts to draw a foreign crowd. Jamaica gets a quick infusion of foreign cash, but no foundation on which to expand its own industry and support its own talent.

This means it perpetuates the common Third World syndrome of dependence on foreign resources and perpetual debt.

Rock and roll imperialism! We have met the colonialiser, and he is us.

But of course that's show biz.

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Wish to thank all the Crew on the Kid Creole Tour and everyone who came to see the show for being so wonderful.

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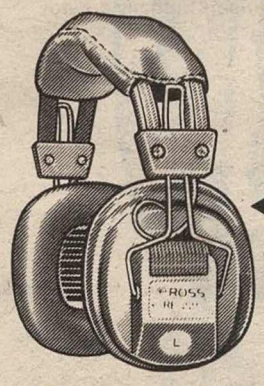
Saturday 11th December — MOONDANCE
Sunday 12th December — HANK WANGFORD BAND
Monday 13th December — BERT JOHNSON'S XMAS PARTY
Tuesday 14th December — MORRISSEY MULLEN'S XMAS PARTY
Wednesday 15th December — BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND'S XMAS PARTY
Thursday 16th December — JUICE ON THE LOOSE'S XMAS PARTY
Friday 17th December — HANK WANGFORD'S XMAS PARTY
Saturday 18th December — BATTLEFIELD
January 3rd, 4th and 5th — FAIRPORT CONVENTION

Live Ads. in NME are read by more people than those in any other music weekly
SOURCE NRS JAN./JUNE 1982

TALKING HEADS AT RUMBELOWS

When heads talk the ears have to listen. And they hear sweet music from the Rumbelows—because the latest headphones and mikes now cost less.



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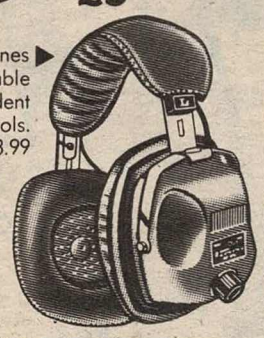

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A WINTER'S BAG

Leyla Sanai steams open reader's LETTERS

I MAY HAVE been misled by M Ewins's letter *(Gasbag 27 Nov)* but felt he/she had made a very revealing point about the role of music papers such as *NME:* To reflect or direct? Until recently I couldn't help feeling that Rock Journalism was a superfluous luxury, surviving merely as a sideline to the record buyer's interest/curiosity in the people behind the music, that any 'movements' were illusions, that philosophies propounded were only listened to indulgently since their originators were 'faces' known for their musical success.

M Ewins' letter conveyed that *NME* and its 'fledgling rivals' are in many ways responsible for leading today's equivalent of the progressive bands of the '70s — Minds, Jam, Japan, Banshees, Bunnymen etc — to their present positions of respect and awareness. Without sounding complacent, one might be forgiven for thinking that the present situation of music combining intelligence and sensitivity is in part the result of responsible media empathy.

Jenny's letter *(Gasbag 4 Dec)*, though derided by Andy Gill, did highlight another side to the problem — how far such 'guiding' should go. Pop music, being intensely fashion conscious and inherently obsolete, progresses at such a rate that ground is left uncovered and that which isn't is usually left devastated.

I can't help thinking that this wave of interest in Oriental cultures will be short-lived, plagiaristic and damaging. These areas are of fascinating interest and of great value to music. I have great faith in them. I also have great faith in the intelligence of the music press, though there are frequent deviations from a sense of responsibility. What Sylvian or Kerr says is inevitably an answer to a question you asked. You must faithfully reproduce it. I hope the intelligence and sympathy with which you treat artists is based on mutual understanding and not expediency. The movements you have had a hand in constructing are wonderful but very fragile.
Jeremy Shakespear (no relation), Exeter.

I don't know if I should still bother writing letters to *Gasbag*, but for what it's worth, here's my considered reply to Ade of Tannadice. I would agree that the concept of Samuel K Ampong was truly inspired, a native of the heart of darkest Africa whose imperfect knowledge of English had been gained from listening to Beatles records, and whose decidedly hazy knowledge of world events was due partially to a failure to fully comprehend the English tongue. Still, by the fourth or fifth letter even this joke had worn pretty thin. Anyway, if I remember correctly, the writer of these letters was revealed to be one Philip Norman, a professional journalist and Beatles biographer.

John Connolly is, I suspect, a completely different case. Here, we are not laughing *with* the writer, but rather *at* him, and his delusion that his single sentence rehashes of over-familiar catch phrases and sayings are in fact devastating putdowns of the *NME* and its staff. Still, I may be doing him a disservice, and he might be lampooning the smart-ass one-liner in both form and content

The cheapest laugh of all would be to ridicule those Scandinavian readers who bother writing in. Their English, which somehow never quite reads as it would if written by an Englishman, still does them credit. I doubt if Ade of Tannadice could write letters of similar intelligibility in any Scandinavian tongue. I certainly couldn't.

But for all that, you've got to give it to the guy, *Gasbag* is less than inspiring these days. My suggestion would be that whoever gets the task of editing the letters page should make his distaste for the job less evident, and refrain from dismissing almost every other letter with undisguised contempt. Now, with Penman off to Hollywood to become a film star, and Morley off with Peter Powell on the *Oxford Roadshow*, is there anyone left for *NME* readers to love to hate?

I just don't know what you can do with the old *Bag*. Try an essay competition with prizes? Then you get screeds of almost impenetrable prose from philosophy students crammed with quotations from writers Barney Hoskyns wishes he'd heard of. What about a poetry competition? You'd probably end up with stuff from the likes of Attila the Constipated.
The Ghost Of The Illegitimate Son Of Amrik Rai.
Did someone mention John Connolly? Arrgh . . . LS

Is it true that Ray Lowry was once a pavement artist in a bid to gain street credibility?
John Connolly, New Barnet.

There are few situations in life to which the best answer isn't 'sod it'. That is possibly the only viable answer to daytime Radio One. Re J Jones's letter, I too have been at home listening to the boring, dull, out-of-touch rubbish thrust on us all day by the DJ's. *(Yeah, the jingles have been pretty wearying of late — and the records they play occasionally are just as bad — Sympathetic Bag Ed).* However, I decided to try and do something — I wrote to the BBC and I told them I was willing to work for them, and I got a 'Go away you're too young' letter back. Still, I persisted. I wrote to *Mailbag* and was given the chance to see it in action in London. This was very interesting, and the next day I had a 'general interview' which led to being told to come back after college, preferably at 30. I've done as much as I can, so sod the BBC and sod Radio One.
Jae, N Yorkshire.
Maybe you forget to limit yourself to the standard Radio One vocab repertoire of 'incredible', 'me', 'grrrreat', 'I' and 'Duran' — LS

Darlings! Would it be possible for me to become *NME* representative in the Falklands? All those poor boys! I'm sure all of them — especially the really BIG ones, would appreciate my professionalism. I'm always interested in situations where a lot of men are camped together! Are there inter-relations? Are the Majors baton-charging the adonis-like sappers? I'd like to get some steamy photos, all bare muscles and mud . . . Uhhhhhhhh! Please send me there, I could . . . *(continued page 96)*
David Monery-Vaine, Kingsoak.
Right, on to the 'serious' stuff — LS

I honestly don't know how gullible your readers have to be to buy this paper. To imagine that the journalists on it care about anything other than their videos/credit cards/cocktail clubs/egos and comfy careers etc is sheer stupidity. Anyone can plague Alan 'I make my money and reputation out of the unemployed' Beasdale for an interview, or engage in 'anti-establishment' conversations with rock personalities (to ease their conscience and boost sales).

For the wealthy staff to side themselves with their half impoverished readers with talk of being unemployed, or even talk of 'beer money', 'credibility' or remarks like "the *NME* cocktail set — whatever *that* means" with which the likes of Lynn Hanna defend her 'I earn my money and I'll do what I like with it' stance. She and the others think the fact that they have a job (which enables them to sneer at the jobless) justifies the way they spend huge amounts of money on pleasing themselves while others remain poor or starving. Her Tory rhetoric must have had her cocktail swilling mates delirious — now they *know* they have the right to selfishly enjoy themselves at other people's expense.
An Angry Paul Weller Fan.

I don't know who writes those 'I would gladly sell my house and car to pay for your paper' congratulatory letters, but they must be easily impressed. If they are unable to look past a decrepit 'music paper' for their political entertainment (for that's all it is) they are a great danger to us all, for their activity is needed. Reading political conversations in *NME* serves only to ease their conscience and to quell a conscience that could result in activity, therefore making it inconsequential.
Anonymous.
Poor Angry, my heart bleeds for you. Your hysterical rant, like Anon's, is so devoid of reason it's almost paradoxical. No-one's forcing either of you to be brainwashed by our evil rag and risk becoming a 'great danger' to society. What kind of subversive 'activity' is *NME* detracting its zombie following from anyway? As for Angry's little diatribe against Lynn, that 'wealthy' staffer has been severely reprimanded for her 'selfish' crime of drinking cocktails 'at other people's expense' — LS

Look, hang on, hold up. May I have a word? May I address myself to your detractors, most especially one Michael Lodo, the man who accuses *NME* of hypocrisy in their espousal of liberal humanism on the one hand, and their knocking of certain musics on the other?

Lodo, heart, you have missed two hypersalient points. One: *NME* is a multifaceted organ, not a single-celled organism. It is comprised of many writers, and those writers will express different views. If, let us say, Hack A mentions that The Back-Slapping Boppers are a super-duper group, and if Hack B later concurs, it is quite likely that Hacks C through G will eventually write that the B-S B's are utterly talentless dimmocks; this is called freedom of speech, or, perhaps, 'meaningful dialogue'. I don't know about you, Mike-baby, but it sounds like a good thing to me.

Two: there is no contradiction at all in promoting universal human sufferage and, simultaneously, believing that The Back-Slapping Boppers produce God-awful music. This is called having a sense of perspective, or perhaps, 'being alive'.

I am too intelligent to require uniform ideology from *NME*. All I ask is that I should be entertained and provoked to thought. What do you want, cretin?
Mark Lieder.

Why is it you continually put down David Bowie when he's one of the few survivors of the Rock World and deserves some respect? I'm sure he couldn't give a shit what you think anyway. Besides, people say without prompting from me *(they never! — Incredulous Bag Ed)* that you lot are a load of self-important jerks who think your word is gospel. We don't care what you think.
Astrid, Vauxhall.
Survivors? — LS
Yeah, survivors — Casualty Dept.
Sorry, who are we talking about? — David Bowie
God knows — Mrs Bowie
No I don't — Rusty Egan

I've just notice while scanning the dictionary, that the definition of ORGAN includes: a medium of conveying certain opinions; a newspaper; the largest wind-instrument of music. A suitable definition of the *NME* as an organ, don't you think?
Robert, London.
You rabble are getting too big for your boots — LS

I met Bob Edmands the other day and he said he 'liked the new Led Zep album'. Is this why he's no longer a Contributor?
Percy Bysshe S, London.
That and his partiality for garlic bread — LS

The resignation of Associate Editor Monty Smith is just the latest in a recent spate of personal alterations which regular readers of the credits column will have noticed. Indicative of a Kremlin-like power struggle, it may well have assumed purge proportions.

The signs that changes were afoot could clearly be seen with the mysterious disappearance of Bob Edmands from the Contributors' list. Paul Morley seems to be rather a journalistic embarrassment at present, being demoted from the hallowed members of staff to a mere contributor. Perhaps even one philosophy student is too much for a 'Music Paper' these days. Penman has maintained his position in the power pyramid. Since arriving back from America where he probably underwent psychotherapy and found a cure (?), he has sensibly concentrated on features for *Silver Screen*, and, it would seem, found favour somewhere. Amrik Rai has undoubtedly been banished to the wilderness (Sheffield?) with the imposition of two newcomers, Ian Wright and Lloyd Bradley, above him in the credits. As for Barney Hoskyns, his emigration was both timely and fortuitous with black American youth culture becoming the latest hip thing. Tips for the top: Leyla Sayle and David Dorrell. Tip for the chop: Serge Clerc.
C B Taylor, Camden Town.
Leyla Sayle? — LS

Why do you cynical prats bother reviewing if you hate everything you hear?
Jay, Newcastle.
If it wasn't for its cynicism, *NME* would be as dead on its feet as the other weeklies. David Hume said 'Scepticism is a malady which carelesssness and inattention alone can remedy'. Caustic and cynical, certainly. Careless and inattentive, never. Byeeeeeeeeee! — LS

Put your foot in it at GASBAG, NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG.

Illustration: Ruth Rivers

TO BEGIN, a message from our sponsors. The music industry, as many readers may already know, is in a state of continual change. It is an erratic animal in a zoo of metamorphic upheaval, a ball rolling uphill and down dale, a lump of decaying cheese falling off the kitchen table, if we may be so bold to use an analogy.

In many ways *T-Zers* is a microcosm of that lump of cheese, a small but festering lump of stale cheddar languishing amid the dinosaurs that plague the news stands. In formally inviting you into this week's compilation, we must pause for a second just to thank you, one and all, for placing your trust in the *T-Zer*. Bite the hand that feeds!

And now . . . on with the column and a big hello to a passing **Phil McNeill**. Hi there, Phil. We haven't seen your face around town for a while. What gives?

"Well, it's like this. I had to take a month's sabbatical to work on this *T-Zer* I've been formulating. Do you want it now?"

Yeah, sure. We're just starting this week's column. It might make a good lead in the absence of anything on **The Jags** or **Boy George**.

"Great! Here it is then. Well, you see the **Echo And The Bunnymen** tour starts next week, which means that the band might just cop lead review in the following week's *NME*. That will make it the third Christmas issue in a row that they've stolen lead live. Fascinating, what!? The *third* year in a row! I just can't believe it! *Three* whole years . . ."

At this point, a by-now-visibly-shaken Phil has to be led away by three dots, muttering something about the Christmas issue shaping up to top the lot for seasonal style and yuletide yuks. Just to keep him happy, we suggest you reserve a copy now and allow us to get on with the rest of the column in peace . . .

The man with the most elegant pair of legs in showbiz — and we're not talking about **Jeffrey Daniel** here — was spotted "grooving" along to the progressive rock of **Ultravox** at the Hammersmith Odeon on Sunday. Tcttenham Hotspur's **Glenn Hoddle,** for it was he, was well impressed with his 90 minutes' worth of Vox pomp but declined to say whether he felt it had been a gig of two halves . . .

Trouper Of The Week award is shared between **U2** voicepiece **Bono** and **August Darnell.** Bono insisted on going ahead with the band's two London dates at the weekend, despite a viral infection which limited his vocal capabilities. Darnell, meantimes, fainted with exhaustion onstage in Leeds but decreed that the show went on and a short break ensued before he returned for the **Creole** encores. Both U2 and **The Kid,** coincidentally, share the same record label. Is this **Chris Blackwell**'s latest sales ploy? . . .

Bizarrists at the **Marc And The Mambas** show at Drury Lane were treated to an unexpected dose of **Soft Cell** when keyboard maestro **Dave Ball** joined that **Almond** nut for an encore of 'Say Hello Wave Goodbye' . . .

IS THIS the right way for a human as a policeman, or something like that anyway? **Joseph Hill** and his **Culture** cohorts were refused access into France for their two shows at The Palace in grotty Paris on the grounds that the French authorities have too many problems with "drugs and terrorism". Despite having proper work permits, the band — who had played Paris in the past — were turned back at the Dutch border . . .

Much, much more importantly, that old ally of the *T-Zers* desk **Jock McDonald,** onetime **Scrotum Sister** and now the manager of musical giants **Red Lipstique,** has just rung us with news of a hang-gliding contest he entered, only to withdraw at the last minute on finding that his 'doubles' partner was Liberal MP **Cyril Smith** . . .

Spear Of Destiny have signed to CBS and parted company with their manager **Terry Razor.** The split is amicable according to Razor, one of the sharpest of his breed since **Spandau's Steve Dagger.** "We're giving the company (Burning Rome) back to the people that made it, the band and the fans," says Tel, who is now re-opening his SS camp with new signings **Under 2 Flags** . . .

The divine **Divine** this week launches his/her attempt to support both the male and female rag trade by getting **Zandra Rhodes** to 'create' clothes for his/her behemoth of a body . . .

Why can't we get writers like this? Old favourite **Derek Jewell,** looking back on '82 in the *Sunday Times* . . . "nor was there anything more encouraging than the birth of **Asia.**" And we thought it had been there for centuries . . .

PiL's guitarist **Keith Levene** and ex-**Pulsallama** bass player **Laurie Montana** have been locked in holy matrimony in the city of New York. The bride wore white, Levine a suit brought over by his parents and a Mr **J Lydon** kept the composure necessary to his role of best man by dipping into a case of lager throughout the proceedings. A cast of hundreds enjoyed the affray and the reception was deemed a success by the bride's parents in that no-one was slain . . .

AND NOW something totally straight. **David Byrne** called the WEA press office requesting tickets to see **Sandii and The Sunsets** at the Venue. They thought it was a spoof, but apparently he is here and is in the studio producing **Fun Boy Three.** Meantime, Rasta **Don Letts** is shooting an extra-hard video to promote the Funster's new single. Any bets on Beeb bans? . . .

Sad news. Rock's foremost intellectual **Green** of **Scritti Politti** saw his home library burnt to the ground last week. Both books were destroyed. And what's more, he hadn't even finished colouring one of them in! . . .

Kurt Lamour — real name **Romulus Harpsicord - Debutante** — married **Koo Stark** in a TV documentary by **Julian Temple** . . .

And now another charming insight into the workings of the music business: **Dead Or Alive** have lost their drummer **Joey Musker** — the last original member save for singer **Pete Burns.** The reason? CBS had expressed an interest in signing the band, but felt that Musker's aggressively normal image didn't suit a commercial package built around the flamboyant Mr Burns. Disinclined to settle for ghost-membership, Musker quite to set up a drum school for the unemployed in Liverpool. "I feel a bit of a plank", he said, "but I'll never change me image for anyone" . . .

Even sadder, indeed deeply tragic news, however, is in the pipeline for pop-pickers everywhere: *Noise,* the crass colour supplement of *Snouds,* has headbanged its last and is set to fold . . .

And what's all this about **Leisure Process** man **Gary Barnacle** and **Kim Wilde?** Love cascade? Need we say more? And what of **Rick James** and **Linda Blair?** "She's my girl, that's all," is what he said . . .

Another man with a purpose is **Talking Head Chris Frantz,** the only notable pop personality at the JA World Music Festival who was not performing: "I was in Nassau, so I just thought I'd pop over. Actually, I don't know what I'm doing here." Wife **Tina Weymouth** recently had a child and Chris says mother and child are doing just fine . . .

Last week's deliberate mishtakes, just in case any of you fools out there didn't spot them were in the *Live* pages and the *Portrait Of An Artist* section. The film *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof* was, of course, directed by **Richard Brooks** and not **Elia Kazan** as **Animal Nightlife's Leah** stated in her portrait. Easy one that, but how many of you spotted that last week's live review of **Roman Holiday** wasn't, in fact, Roman Holiday? It was actually a review of the other group on the bill, namely **The Rhythm Men.** Sly, ain't we . . .

The beasts of blasphemy, lechery and blood **The Specimen** are taking their club The Batcave to Heaven this Monday (December 13) for a night of barbaric cabaret. Acts include a naked trapeze man, a fakir, a gladiator, a yodelling dog, a giant inflatable model of a sleeping **Martin Fry,** a lump of cheese and two bands, both rubber . . .

Men At Work, the Aussie rock band currently whooping it up on the Yank album chart, ejected a drunken stage-invader during their gig in Perth, only to discover it was none other than Australian fast-bowler **Dennis Lillee** — the scourge of English batsmen until an injury kept him out of the Aussie's most recent test side. Lillee, somewhat the worse for wear on Fosters, eventually made it backstage where he invited the band to his next match, saying he would make sure they were on the guest list *(Maybe a gag here about bouncers? — Ed)* . . .

From an altogether different part of the world, **Tom Robinson** assails us with snippets of his gigs in East Germany. At a Leipzig concert, Communist troops shouted for 'Motorway', while the band's Russian accordion player was accompanied by three 'roadies' who were KGB agents. Red Robbo also reckons that he now understands German enough to sing 'Martin' in a Berlin accent . . .

Apologies for the non-appearance of the promised **Charles Shaar Murray** piece on **Greg Isaacs.** CSM is flu-bound and is sipping his **Night Nurse** in an attempt to bring forward his encounter with the only man cool enough to wear flares and get away with it . . .

HARLEM BLUES:

The blues has often been called the Devil's music, so 'Satan' seemed an appropriate monicker for the funky guitarist who set up his amp last month on Harlem's 125th Street, a stone's throw from the Apollo Theatre.

With his hair tied into two little 'horns', Satan offered a top quality show, alternating downhome blues riffs with Wes Montgomery octave runs. But it was when he took off on the Doc Pomus classic, 'Lonely Avenue' that the crowd got down, singing the blues in unison like a national anthem, dancing and shaking their everything.

Accompanying the guitarist on an oldtime washtub bass was Professor Six Million, known to downtown folk punters for his cardtricks, patter and occasional drumming. Street musicians are a rare sight in Harlem these days, but Satan's music hit the spot. The passers by needed no excuse for partying; the blues is still a part of the people.

Pix and words: Val Wilmer.

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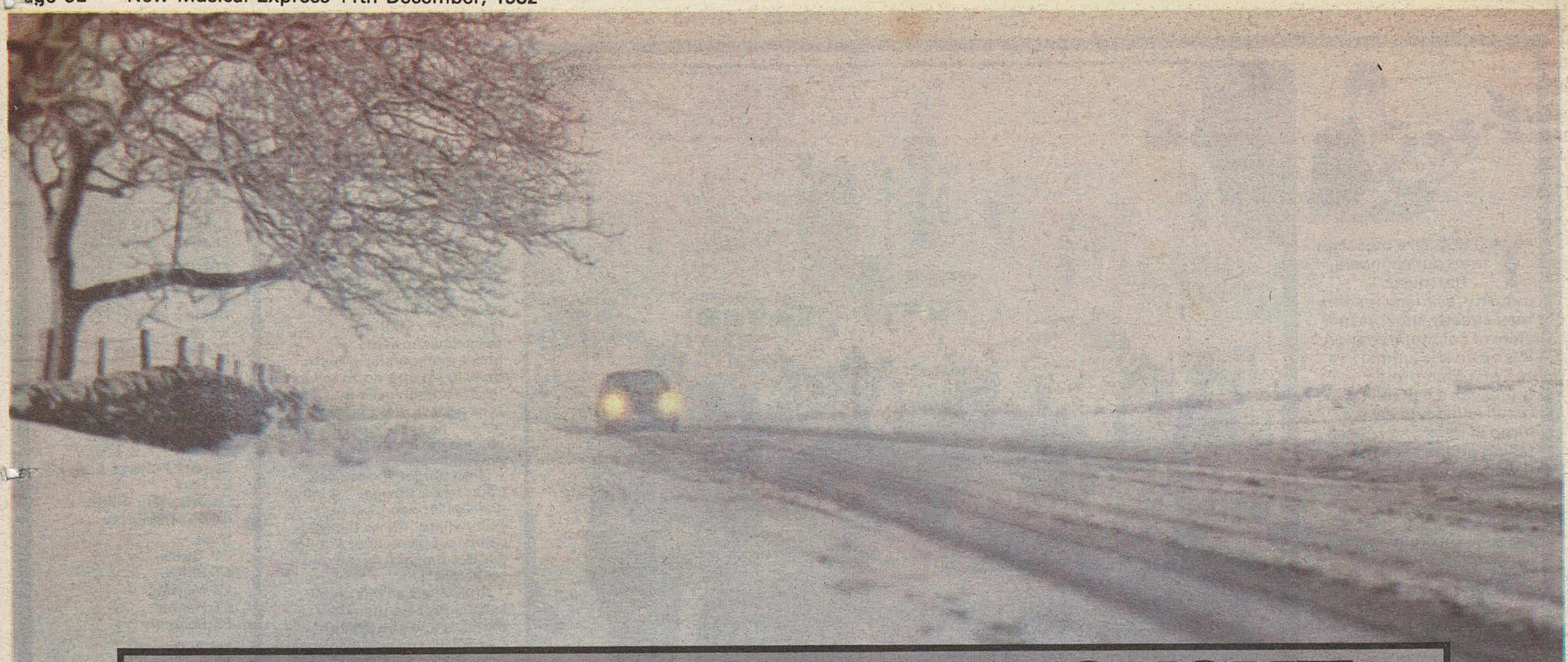

"I'D NEVER REALLY THOUGHT OF JUDAS PRIEST AS A SAVIOUR"

When the snow finally clogged up the wipers, I knew I was in for rather more than a difficult journey.

At first, it had all seemed rather quaint and English; feathery flakes floated onto the bonnet of the car as I climbed in, and set out to cross the Pennines.

It was late, certainly, but I've always preferred night-driving, and anyway, I had a new toy to try out. A Pioneer electronic programmable stereo cassette-radio — all advanced gadgetry and hi-tech finish — and on my own I could press buttons and twiddle knobs for the whole trip.

As I pulled onto the main road, I flicked on the radio, and almost immediately there was the announcer, warning motorists of expected heavy snowfall on high ground. Although wheel tracks were already showing black against the settling snow, and the flakes swooped over the screen like tracer bullets, I felt I'd be home and dry before the real bad stuff came down.

I recall punching the button for the BBC World Service, and hearing the comforting tones of Alastair Cooke, reading his letter from America, every word as clear as having the man in the passenger seat. The radio locked firmly onto the waveband, even among those high and craggy peaks.

As the road surface quickly turned treacherous I slotted Jackson Browne into the cassette player, and turned up the volume to concentrate my attention. The auto-reverse had played the whole thing through twice by the time I noticed that for over half an hour I'd passed no other moving vehicle. Just a couple of abandoned trucks at the foot of inclines, and a solitary car, parked forlornly at the side of a lonely phone-booth; the driver hunched over the mouthpiece, lit by the dim yellow light inside.

My progress was by now at a funeral pace. I remember thinking how apt the phrase might be, and bitterly regretting ever considering this journey. So, as I've already remarked, when the snow finally forced me to pull over, I knew I was in deep trouble.

I turned off the engine and the heater, and decided to huddle down into my coat, cover myself with the picnic rug, and keep the radio on. I told myself that the news might be useful, and that in any case, the battery was now good for nothing else.

I sat and shivered for twelve long hours, at first listening to the worsening weather reports, and then playing all the tapes in the car, some (those left by my teenage son) for the first, and last, time.

Then, suddenly, I realised that something was moving, far to my right.

The drift was piled higher than the window on that side, but I could clearly hear the thump of a heavy motor. I wound the passenger window down and shouted.

I shouted 'till my throat was raw. Nothing happened. The snow muffled everything like a smothering, suffocating, pillow. The motor was now ahead of me. Soon it would be gone. And I'd still be here.

Then, a brainwave. Shuffling with numb hands among the pile of tapes. I found what I was looking for. One of my son's; 'Hero' by Judas Priest. I'd thought it remarkably powerful when I'd played it, though 'heavy metal' is hardly my thing.

But now I slotted it into the cassette player, blue fingers fumbling in their haste. I turned the volume up full, pushed the tape firmly in, and covered my ears with my hands. The sound vibrated the whole car, the Pioneer cross-axial speakers on the rear parcel shelf practically took off, and even with covered ears I marvelled at the pitch of the lead singer's howl ...

The snowplough men told me that they'd been a shade scared at first by the banshee wail issuing from an apparently empty landscape, but had quickly caught on.

They'd got to me before the tape finished, and just as the car battery gave out.

I suppose I ought to drop a line to Judas Priest, whoever he, or they, might be.

Although it was really my Pioneer that saved my life.

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